Liberty

JUNE 19, 1943
10c

BOOK:
TUNIS EXPEDITION
by Col. Darryl Zanuck

LIBERTY

A WORLD-WIDE LANGUAGE—BASIC ENGLISH

LIBERTY

Herbert Lehman—PROVISIONER TO THE WORLD

LIBERTY

THE JEEP—OUR AMAZING BLITZ BUGGY

LIBERTY

THE WOES OF A HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST

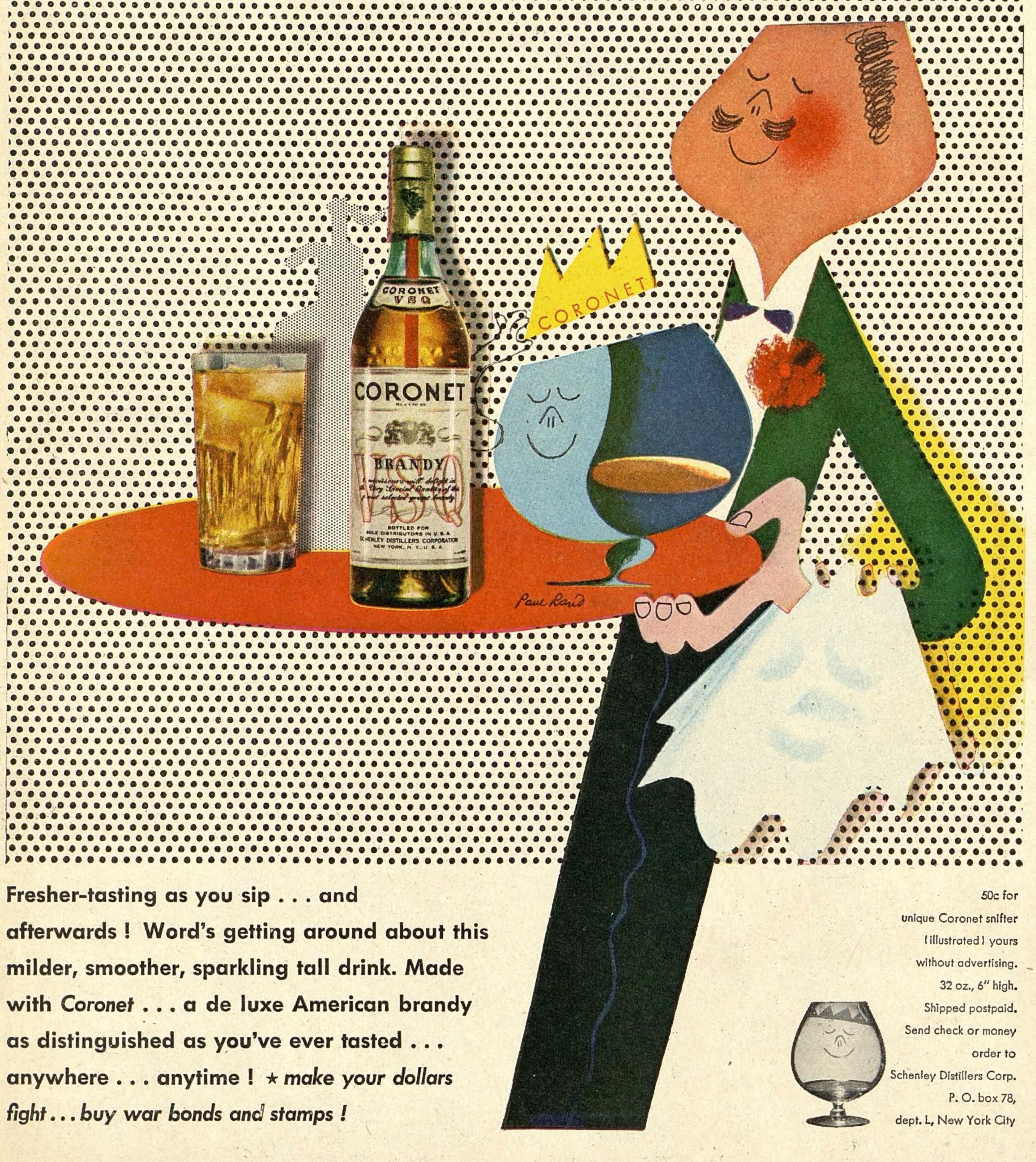
LIBERTY

rt Stories by · Jerrold Beim · James Francis Dwyer · James Aswell

the trend's to

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

. . . and soda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SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.
CORONET
Paul Rand

Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards ! Word's getting around about this milder, smoother, sparkling tall drink. Made with *Coronet* . . . a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime ! ★ *make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps !*

50c for
unique Coronet snifter
(illustrated) yours
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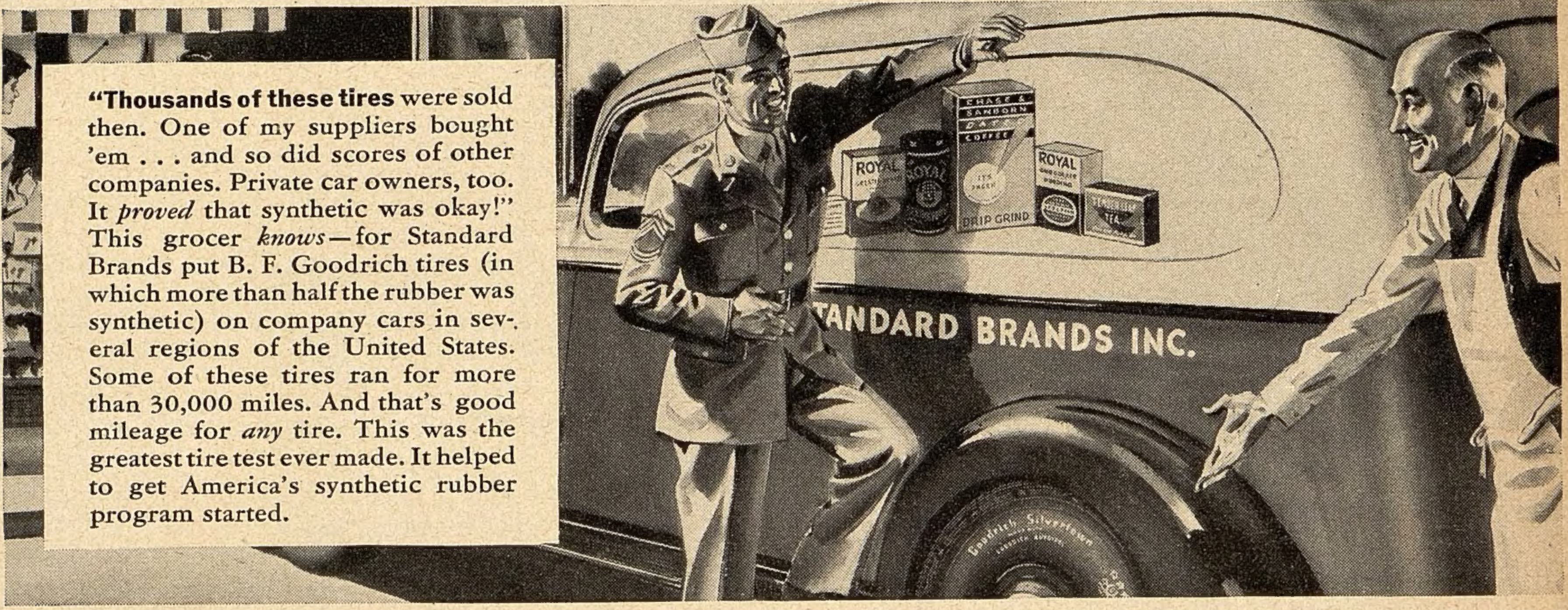
Shipped postpaid.
Send check or money
order to
Schenley Distillers Corp.
P. O. box 78,
dept. L, New York City

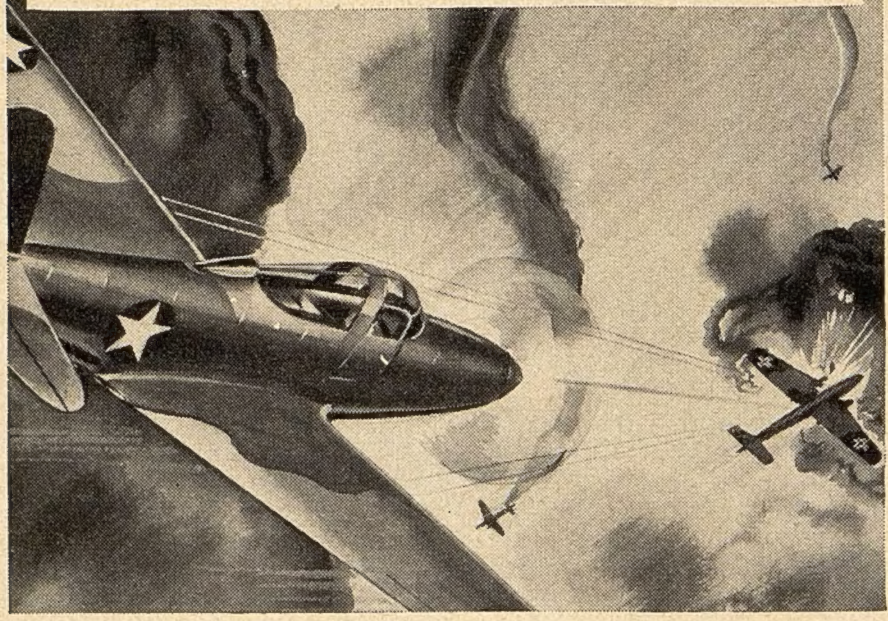
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wed. evening, Columbia Broadcasting System · *Cal. grape brandy 84 pr. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.*

"YOU'RE RIGHT... 'WAY BACK IN 1940 THEY HAD COMPANY CARS RUNNING ON B.F. GOODRICH TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER"

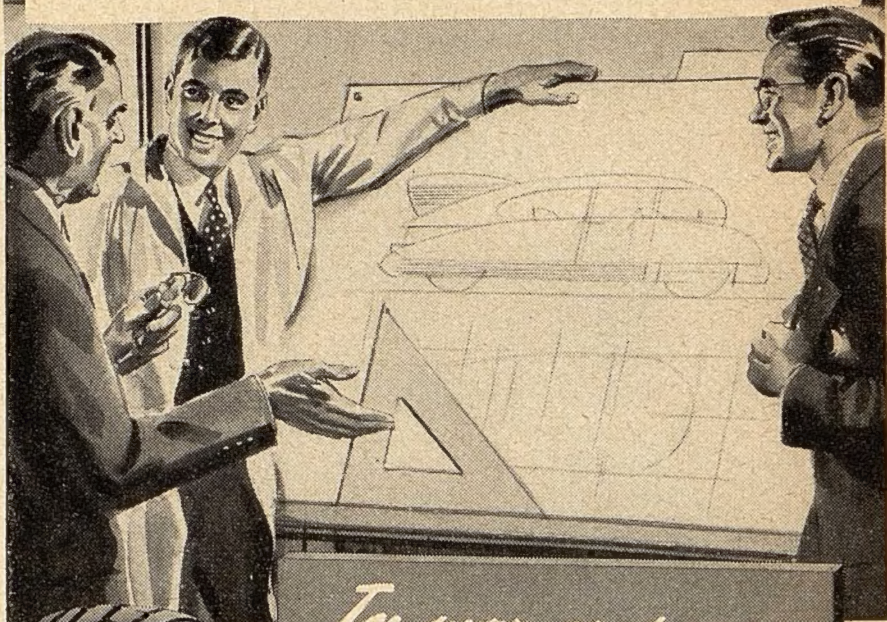


"Thousands of these tires were sold then. One of my suppliers bought 'em . . . and so did scores of other companies. Private car owners, too. It *proved* that synthetic was okay!" This grocer *knows*—for Standard Brands put B. F. Goodrich tires (in which more than half the rubber was synthetic) on company cars in several regions of the United States. Some of these tires ran for more than 30,000 miles. And that's good mileage for *any* tire. This was the greatest tire test ever made. It helped to get America's synthetic rubber program started.

Your War Bonds are helping to pay for the synthetic rubber used by our armed forces on battlefields around the world. Jeeps run on it, fighter planes land on it, and guns move on it. Synthetic rubber is used in self-sealing fuel tanks for planes, too. It's easy to see why everybody can't have synthetic rubber tires right now.



What the future has in store for new car buyers, we can't say. But tires seem likely to be made wholly or partly of synthetic. Wise buyers will look for the tire that has already been proved. And they'll get that kind of tire from B. F. Goodrich, the company with the greatest *experience* in synthetic rubber.



LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH
in "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"
OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

Inside information by a man who has lived where the news is being made

ARMY NAVY

Goodrich Silvertown

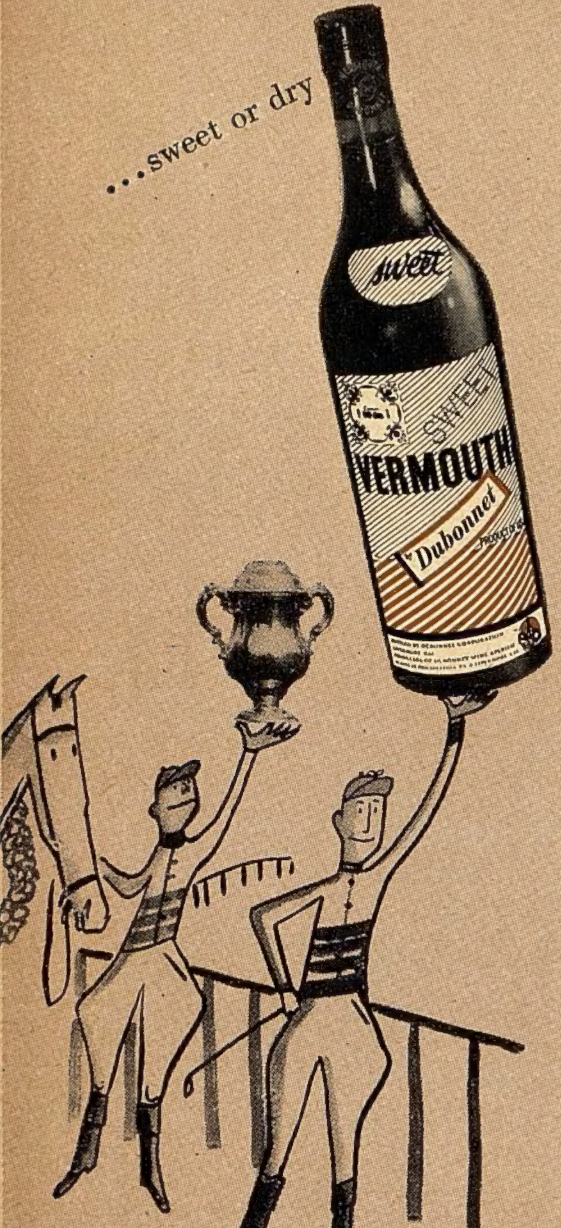
In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

BFG

the one and only!



Race horses or Vermouth—blood lines will tell. Vermouth by Dubonnet is a Vermouth backed by a great quality tradition. Everything the 97-year-old name "Dubonnet" stands for is in this Vermouth . . . highest quality ingredients and the skill to blend them to perfection.

☞ *Write for free "Smart Drink Guide", Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.*

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Liberty
Short Stories by - RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS - ALICE MEANS REEVE

NEXT WEEK

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN NORTH AFRICA?

If you have a brother, a sweetheart, or a son in North Africa, you've probably been reading every dispatch from that theater of war since American action began on that front. In your mind you probably have a sketchy vision of political and military movements as you would remember a Hollywood scenario. Next week Liberty will present an exclusive blow-by-blow account of the invasion, the political set-up and behind-scenes background that should answer all your whys and whens. The information divulged will come as a surprise to many.

CASE HISTORY OF AN INGRATE

You'll learn a lesson from the article about the young soldier who thought he was not appreciated by the army, his superiors, his fellow soldiers. Army life does a great deal more than make a fighter out of a man. It enriches every soldier with a fellowship and unity and unselfishness he never knew before in a highly competitive civilian life. Read about one boy who had the wrong slant, as told by one of his buddies.

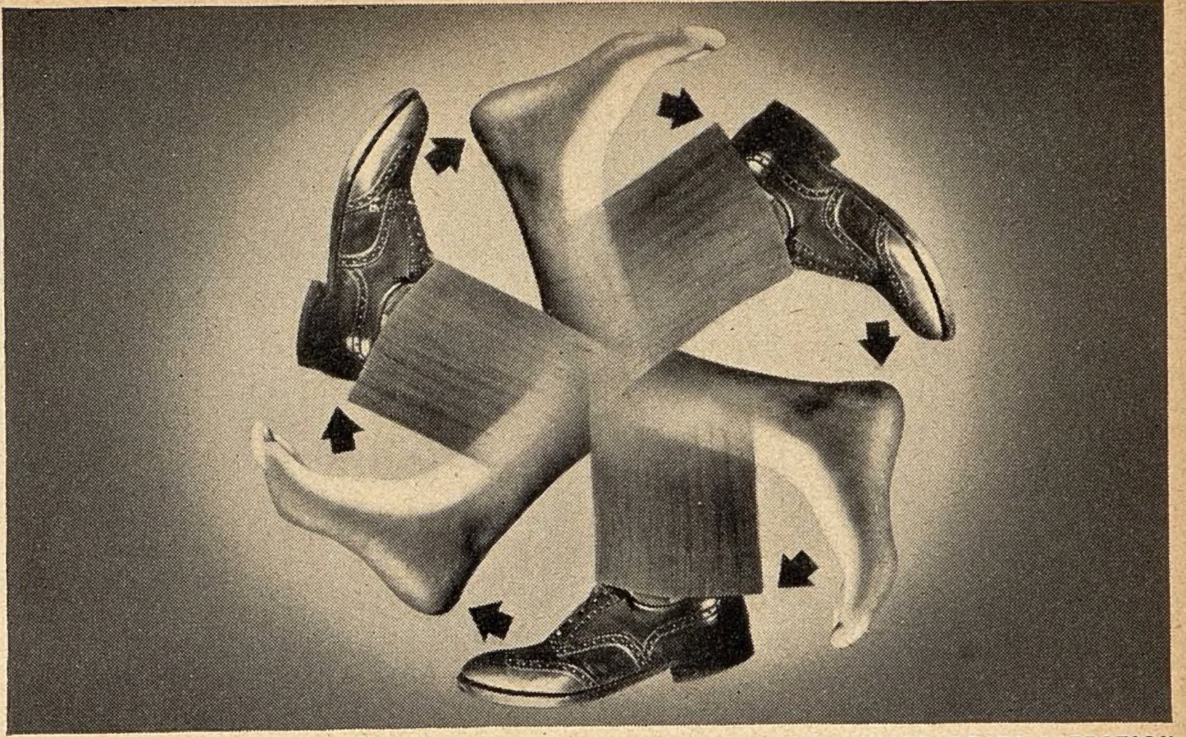
LIKE TO GO NIGHT RAIDING?

We can't all go, but we can get a great vicarious thrill as we ride along on a raid to Wilhelmshaven, or some other German city—in the pages of Liberty. Actually the raids were not made at night, for this bomber did its work in sunlight. But the big ship was called "Night Raider," an incongruous but satisfying name to its crew of ten American boys. We'll have the motor tuned up for you, ready to take off, next week.

LOCKER-ROOM YARNS

Some of the funniest things in sport happen on golf courses. Jimmy Hines recalls the time that a minor earthquake actually jarred a pro's ball into the cup in a California P. G. A. match. There'll be a collection of such anecdotes for you duffers next week.

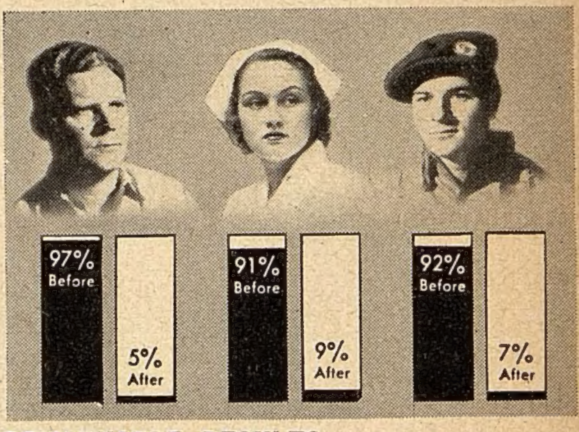
BARGAIN BOOK: Congo Song, a torrid novel, by Stuart Cloete.


SHOES INFECTED WITH ATHLETE'S FOOT MAY START VICIOUS CIRCLE OF RE-INFECTION

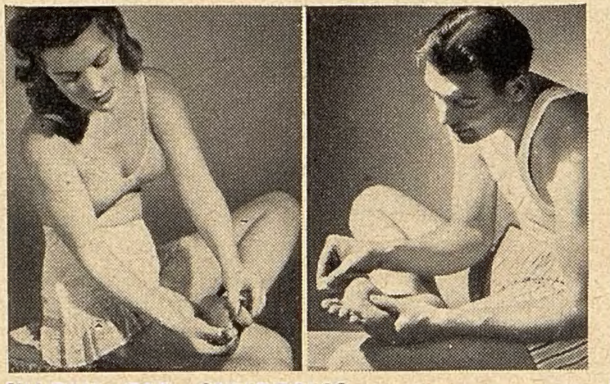
U. S. WAR EFFORT SPEEDED BY NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT

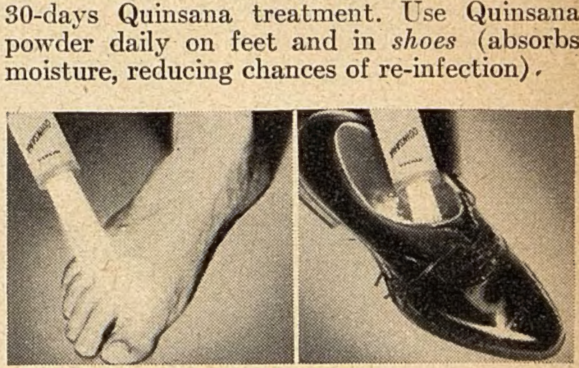
KEEP AMERICA MARCHING
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

A NEW fungicidal powder is scoring sensational victories in the fight against Athlete's Foot—on the fighting fronts, on the production front! Results obtained with *Quinsana* are important news, since surveys show that Athlete's Foot infects over 70% of adults, including war workers, each year. Quinsana is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—creating a *vicious circle* of re-infection.



REMARKABLE RESULTS among thousands of persons is shown above; note incidence of Athlete's Foot before (*left*) and after (*right*) 30-days Quinsana treatment. Use Quinsana powder daily on feet and in *shoes* (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection).


WATCH FOR SYMPTOMS of Athlete's Foot—peeling, cracks between toes, itching, soggy skin. Mild cases may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean *germ* infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily).


DAILY 2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana helps *prevent* as well as relieve Athlete's Foot. Excellent also for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.*

MENNEN QUINSANA

MENNEN
QUINSANA

for Athlete's Foot

50¢

★ VOX POP ★

“The Voice of the People”

MR. WINSTON IS UNPOPULAR

Camp Robinson, Ark.—Who is this jerk from Brooklyn, R. C. Winston by name (May 8 Vox Pop), who doesn't believe that sailors and soldiers should frequent night clubs?

I wonder if Mr. Winston has ever had to stand in formation all day long and listen to lectures on the scientific way to kill a man, or lie around in the mud and dirt while learning to be a soldier.

The records prove that our soldiers and sailors do less drinking than the average civilian; and as for night clubs and show girls, let me borrow a phrase from Gypsy Rose Lee: “Let the boys see what they are fighting for.”—*Jack C. Christiansen, 2d Lt., U. S. A.*

United States Atlantic Fleet, Fleet P. O., N. Y.—Of all the stuffy, unprecedented, babbling crackpots I've ever encountered, R. C. Winston is certainly the worst! Mr. Winston, have you ever been on patrol in the North Atlantic? Have you ever blistered your tail feathers in some God-forsaken hole in the South Pacific? Have you ever seen the wake of a torpedo off the starboard bow or heard the drone of a Jap dive bomber and know he's got his sights on you?

SOME FUN IN LIFE
F. C.

Of course you haven't, or you wouldn't be so damned quick in “opposing soldiers and sailors . . . visiting night clubs and wasting their time and money drinking and watching floor shows.”—*B. J. Noblett, Y1c, U. S. N., Patrol Squadron Two Hundred Two.*

Rapid City, S. D.—Mr. R. C. Winston, c/o Liberty Magazine: *Phtttttttt.*—*Lt. L. T. Belanger.*

BETTER ALL THE TIME

Camp Maxey, Tex.—I take pleasure in complimenting Mr. Hunter and his associates on that splendid edition of Liberty of April 10, 1943.

The contents of this issue rendered me most enjoyable relaxation in my spare time.—*Pvt. Joseph Amendola.*

? ? ?

Jamesville, N. C.—One thing would go far toward making Liberty the very best magazine buy on the market. That is, to resume the practice of indicating the approximate time required to read an article or story.

In these times, when all of us do, or should, budget our very minutes, such a feature would be of inestimable value. Can it not be done?—*Wendell Peele.*

THEY WEREN'T THERE AT ALL

West New York, N. J.—In an article in May 15 Liberty (The High Cost of Maria Montez) a character named Howard Sharpe writes that Maria Montez was cast in White Savage with Brian Donlevy and Broderick Crawford. Well, I sat through White Savage a couple of times and I never saw a single trace of either Donlevy or Crawford. Of course, I wasn't really *looking* for them, but I'll swear they weren't around anywhere.—*Al Wharple.*

For sitting through White Savage twice, Mr. Wharple ought to get an Oscar from Universal Pictures. For saying Donlevy and Crawford were in White Savage with Miss Montez—when he meant a picture called South of Tahiti all the time—Howard Sharpe ought to get a call-down; but, gosh, we can't tell one Montez picture from another ourselves.

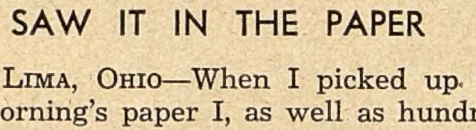
STORY IN ITSELF

New Orleans, La.—I got quite a laugh out of the order in which several stories and articles of May 15 Liberty were placed. Starting at page 14, this is the way they read: SQUARE IT, SAILOR! ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T HAVE CHILDREN? EVERYBODY ELSE DOES. WHEN FATHERS GO TO WAR IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY.—*Hazel F. Doell.*

I SAW IT IN THE PAPER

Lima, Ohio—When I picked up this morning's paper I, as well as hundreds of thousands of other soldiers in these United States, got sick to my stomach! Strikes; Walkouts; Wage Increases.

When we left our homes, wives, mothers, and friends to take up guns against the enemy, we made the mistake of thinking that our nation was behind us. How terribly wrong we were!



Those strikers are committing acts of treason against our government. What would happen to us if we laid down our guns and refused to fight? We'd be shot by a firing squad. I suggest you take care of John L. Lewis and some others. Or, better yet, turn them over to us. Wake up!—*Pvt. J. B. K.*

GIRLS IN BLUE, HERE'S TO YOU

Houston, Tex.—May I in my humble way express appreciation to one branch of volunteer war workers whose aid is invaluable—the Red Cross Nurses' Aides, better known to the registered nurse as the “Girls in Blue.”

They come from all walks of life, but, regardless of their social standing, they work as a unit, accomplishing the one thing they started out to do—help the war effort.

Being a registered nurse for many years, I am safe in saying that no one could call nursing glamorous. It is hard, backbreaking, and heartbreaking work at times. But the “Girls in Blue” are sharing this burden and making it lighter.—*Myna Northen, R. N.*

DEPRESSION ON THE FARM

Como, Colo.—In your editorial Pity the Poor White-Collar Man (April 10 Liberty)—very correctly placed in the extreme back of your magazine, for otherwise informed people reading it might throw away the magazine in disgust before reading the many good features it carries—you make some odd statements about the American farmer.

WAR
?
KEEP OUT
?
POLITICS

You will find the average farmer going his way, working from predawn to after dark, willingly giving his time without stint; and if unionized hours are imposed on him, it is by those he now is compelled to hire to replace his boys and experienced farm hands taken by the draft. You will also find the dirt farmer has little to say about what he receives for his product, and the farm bloc itself is not truly representative of farm opinion.

I'd say it's time the white-collar groups realize why costs are high and, *with* the farmer, look to the next election for correction of this condition.

Another thing wage earners and white-collar men alike had *better* know, and that is, don't depress the farmer too far, for the result may be disastrous to us all.—*R. B. Gardner.*

POWER TO IMPEACH

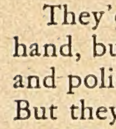
Batesville, Miss.—Mark Sullivan in The President's Job (April 17 Liberty) says that Congress can impeach a President but has only once attempted this and then did not carry it through. The word *impeach* means to accuse and not to put a man out of office. Andrew Johnson was impeached (or accused),

This "stranger" became the best friend they had

● He just happened to be there, the day Nan Blake had her smashup. But what made the Blakes so grateful was a call this "stranger" had made on them two months before.

They'd just bought their first car—second hand, but it ran. Proudly they had painted it and polished it till it looked almost like new. But they had almost made one mistake that would have been tragic now. They were saved from it by the visit of the "stranger."

The Blakes shudder when they think of what might have happened. You see, when Nan Blake had the accident, the other driver sued. The judgment was far more than they could pay. Their ready savings weren't enough; it would have meant cashing their War Bonds, even selling their home. But because the "stranger" had called on them two months before, they didn't have to pay.



This Is the Man Who Saved the Blakes!

He's a representative of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company . . . and he became the best friend the Blakes ever had.

The Blakes didn't know that wartime driving restrictions are no guarantee against accidents. They didn't know that most accidents occur at speeds *under* 35 miles an hour . . . usually close to home. But the State Farm representative patiently showed them the facts. By convincing them they needed auto insurance, he saved them from a tragic loss. Now they are grateful . . . because when Nan Blake had her accident, their car was insured.

There are 7,000 State Farm representatives in the United States and Canada whose job is to protect *you* from accident loss. They offer insurance so reasonable in cost no driver need be without it. They represent the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world, which has saved its policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of insurance.

State Farm has geared its insurance to current conditions. Rates, for example, are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Pool car drivers are now protected. State Farm's auto insurance is non-assessable.

State Farm's unique *80% Collision Plan* pays 80% of the cost of repairing collision damage to your car, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. This plan pays 80% of *every* collision repair bill up to $250, and 100% over $250!

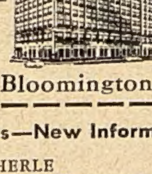
Extra wartime protection is afforded by State Farm's other coverages. The Medical Payment Plan pays medical expenses of passengers injured in your car for less than 1c a day. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against loss from fire, theft, and most of the other hazards to your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any fee or premium paid for a bail bond. Ask about State Farm's life and fire insurance, too. (*The names in this advertisement are fictitious.*)

Buy United States War Savings Bonds and Stamps

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, California

Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

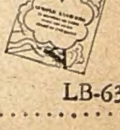


Bloomington, Ill.

FREE to Drivers—New Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.



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Name..............................
Address..............................
City.......................*State*...........

but when his case was tried by the Senate they were short one vote to convict him. The House has sole power of impeachment and the Senate has sole power to try all impeachments.—*Pvt. Harris Hubbard.*

PAGING TED SHANE

Forest Hills, N. Y.—When the price of Liberty was increased to ten cents, I could only afford to buy it every other week, because I could not miss the Cockeyed Crosswords. When you dropped the Crosswords entirely, you ceased to exist for me.

I just happened to pick up a copy today and found a Cockeyed which thrilled me. Though I am too busy to read all the stories, I'll find time for the frivolousness and relaxation this page offers me.—*D. Gould.*

WE THINK SO, TOO

Mountainburg, Ark.—Congratulations! Paul Hunter is the greatest thing that ever happened to Liberty. Your long stories also add a feature, but don't let Paul Hunter escape. Wish we had a hundred of him—America needs 'em.—*Margaret Strain.*

HARSH WORDS, PAL

Marcellus, N. Y.—I just finished reading two stories in May 8 Liberty. Once I Was a Hep Cat, by Joel Reeve, is the worst trash I've ever read.

Then, the book Night Shift, by Maritta Wolff, was a good story—but what a build-up to such a letdown! I'm still wondering if Petey gets along O. K., if Ginny and Johnny fall in love, and if Roy gets better.

Give us better stories than Once I Was a Hep Cat and a more complete novel than Night Shift.—*Mrs. E. M. Steele.*

THESE ARE KINDER

Phoenix, Ariz.—Please give us more stories like I'll Marry the General's Daughter, by Jordan Barlow (May 1 Liberty). We know there is a war on, but we would like to keep our chins up and smile, so if you give us things that help us smile we can do a better job of it.—*Mrs. Joe Spetts.*

TO THE FINISH

Mitchell, S. D.—Japan, self-confessed barbarian, boasts that she has, with savagery unequaled by an Attila or an Apache, murdered in cold blood the heroic Americans who fell into her clutches after the bombing of Tokyo—apparently dreaming that this horrible atrocity will intimidate America.

From this day forth until they finally reach the proud cities of Japan, American fighting men will bring desolation on desolation that will make the scorched earth of Russia seem a Garden of Eden.—*Loyson G. Troth.*

WOMAN-TALK

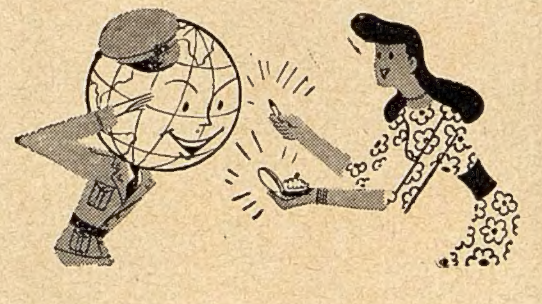
ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS? If you're an average person, you probably are, one way or another. You may not believe that thirteen is an unlucky number, but you carefully avoid walking under a ladder, or you feel slightly uncomfortable if you break a mirror. Maybe you think it's bad luck to put a hat on a bed. Portland Hoffa (wife of radio comedian Fred Allen) wouldn't do that for anything. Perhaps you believe Friday's an unfortunate day. Well, Robert Armbruster, orchestra conductor, doesn't—but he's just as superstitious as you are, because he goes into reverse and *always* signs his contracts on a Friday; says it's a *good* day for him. Or maybe you have your own private superstition—a coin you always carry for luck, or a piece of jewelry that seems to make pleasant things happen when you wear it. Bob Trout, CBS correspondent in England, has a lucky red, white, and blue tie which he dons every Sunday before his program, Transatlantic Call, goes on the air. And Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph Morgan—and herself an actress—never appears on the stage or before the microphone without wearing something blue, for luck. Even the highest of highbrows have their superstitions. Several years ago H. Addington Bruce, making a scientific study, questioned the faculty of Harvard University and found that 73.4 per cent were under some superstitious influence. Some said they somehow just didn't feel quite right when they sat down to dine with thirteen at the table. Others picked up pins automatically, or knocked on wood after speaking with undue confidence, or always tried to get their first look at a new moon over the right shoulder—just in case there *should* be some magic in the old tales. So you needn't blush or apologize when you practice your own brand of abracadabra. You're in plenty brainy company!

FRIDAY
13
dolli

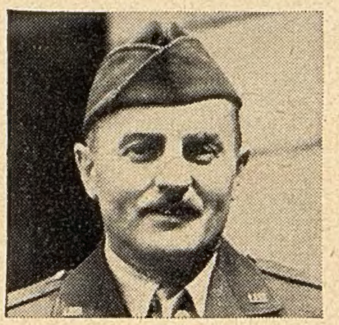
TEACHER'S PET, 1943 MODEL: A youngster of our acquaintance rang a timely change on the old "apple-for-the-teacher" theme when he presented his with a five-point red stamp from his ration book!

THE BLONDE AND THE LETTER: We came across a plaint the other day in a newspaper advice column. It was from a worried wife whose husband, while on a business trip, had taken a blonde to dinner, theater, and a night club, and had apparently enjoyed himself no end. In fact, he had such a wonderful time that he wrote a letter to a man friend about it. When the letter was returned because of insufficient postage, the wife opened it, and immediately took pen in hand to seek comfort and guidance. The columnist gave it to her. Don't take the matter too seriously, she suggested; joke with your husband about it, etc. But, surprisingly, she said not one word about the woman's opening her husband's letter. Yet such lack of respect for another's privacy, it seems to us, might easily play as big a part in wrecking a marriage as an occasional whirl with a blonde.

FACES FOR THE FUTURE: Unlike Englishwomen, whose cosmetics supplies have been sharply curtailed, we in America can continue to face the wartime world from behind powder and lipstick and other bulwarks to our vanity and our morale. The $800,000,000 business of beauty—to which the average woman contributes sixteen dollars a year—will go on, the government says, because it is operated with a relatively small personnel and uses simple equipment and materials. Fancy packaging is out, and substitutes have been found for certain ingredients which have gone to war. Lanolin and mineral oil pinch-hit—and satisfactorily, too—in creams which formerly used edible oils; there will be fewer colors to select from in lipstick and nail polish, and the polish now takes longer to dry because the quick-drying ingredient, nitrocellulose, has gone to munitions plants. Don't waste the cosmetics you have, but don't hoard, either. There will be more for you when you need them.



JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



COLONEL DARRYL F. ZANUCK, once known as the "Boy Wonder" of Hollywood, went with the first contingent of American officers to North Africa, heading a unit of photographers assigned to film operations for the U. S. Signal Corps. Tunis Expedition, which you will find elsewhere in this issue, is the dramatic record of his front-line experiences. War was nothing new for this director-adventurer. At fourteen he saw service on the Mexican border, and at sixteen he was with the A. E. F. in France as a dispatch runner. His name often leads people to think he's a foreigner, but Darryl Zanuck was born in Wahoo, Nebraska.

AS A YOUTH, Joseph W. Frazer left the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale to get into the automotive industry. That was 1912. Since then he's been a human dynamo in the business. Now, as president of Willys-Overland Motors, he concentrates his attention on the production of jeeps, medium artillery shells, aircraft sub-assemblies, aluminum forgings, gun parts, etc. He was a leader in the automotive field in converting his company's manufacturing facilities to all-out war production.

WITHOUT DOUBT YOU'VE enjoyed "Speedboat" Jensen's Potlatch thriller, concluding in this issue. All of his Danish ancestors were boys before the mast, he had his first billet at the age of thirteen, and his father was torpedoed and lost in an American freighter off Australia. But this did not stop "Speedboat" going to sea again. Nothing could!

THE EDITORS.

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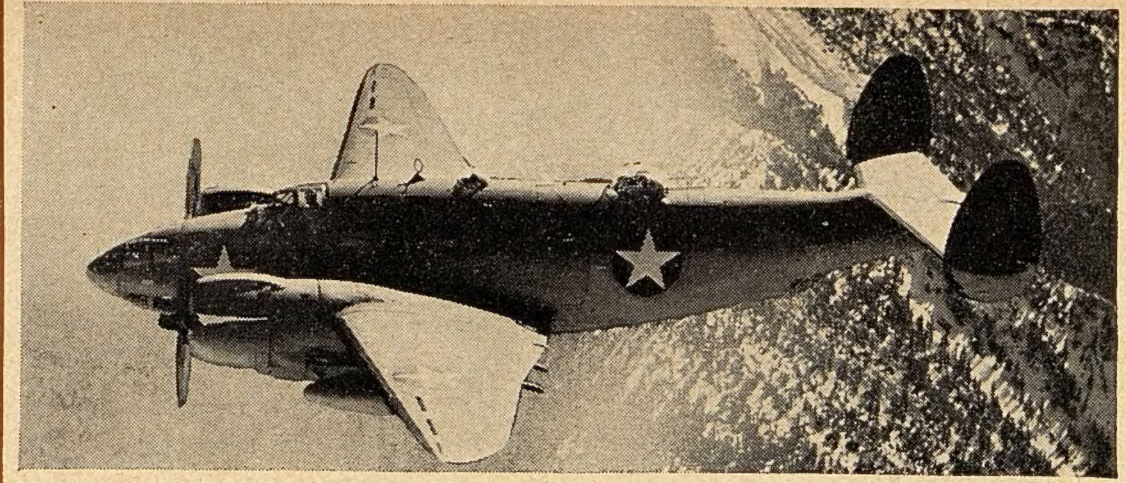


The Vega PV-1, the navy's mighty new land-based patrol plane, is hailed as the new scourge of the submarine. It may turn out to be America's answer to the problem of winning the Battle of the Atlantic this year.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview
(Third of a series)

There seems to be little doubt that New York City has gotten the jump on other localities as far as airports are concerned. That is, if huge airports are indicative of leadership in postwar aviation. A decade ago a mile-long runway was considered generous—the token of a de luxe airport. But Mayor LaGuardia's regime is constructing two-mile runways at the new Idlewild Airport on Jamaica Bay. The entire airport comprises 2,576 acres, five times the size of LaGuardia Field, and by a wide margin the largest airfield in the world.

Inside tip is that New York hopes to garner two types of valuable postwar air trade: transatlantic passenger and cargo. The long runways, which are 200 feet wide, will be capable of handling 150-ton airplanes. Early transatlantic flights, including that made by Colonel Lindbergh, were launched only a few miles from the new port. One of many noteworthy features of Idlewild is its twin pairs of runways. Each runway is paralleled by another, thus enabling outgoing planes to take off and incoming planes to land simultaneously. This will be an important aid in handling increased traffic.

South American Development

To the great Amazon River basin in Brazil, Colombia, Peru, and Ecuador in South America, an area larger than the continental United States, the airplane and U. S. industrial resourcefulness are bringing the most rapid development any such area has ever received. There the RFC Rubber Development Corporation is tapping the immense rubber resources of that part of the world.

Key to the entire project is the airplane, for outside of slow river transportation, there is no other practical means of movement. With its own fleet of planes plus contract services from Pan American's Brazilian air line, Panair do Brasil and Faucett Airlines of Peru, the RFC has moved great quantities of equipment and thousands of employees into jungle posts. And coming out of the jungle are tons of wild rubber.

In addition to food and medicine, 175,000 pounds of electrical machinery and refrigeration equipment was flown in. Thirty small radio stations and thirty-five Diesel power plants (each weighing up to 6,000 pounds) have also been delivered by air. Daily passenger service is in operation from Belem, at the mouth of the Amazon, to Manaos, the old rubber capital far up the river. From the west, Faucett Airlines flies from Talara, on the Peruvian coast, to Iquitos, at the headwaters of the Amazon. Original weather studies were begun for the first time with modern equipment, and radio beacons are now being installed up and down the famous Amazon. Rubber trees are spotted by reconnaissance planes, and right now planes are being used to recruit 50,000 workers from other parts of Brazil. It's one of the biggest tasks the airplane has ever undertaken.

Long-Range Flying

The Army Air Forces has solved one of its toughest shipping problems. Medium and heavy bombers can be flown easily to England and Africa, but fighter planes with short ranges have had to be shipped in surface boats. This not only takes up much valuable shipping space but is slow. Now it is revealed officially that Lockheed P-38 Lightning twin-engined fighters have been flown across both the North and South Atlantic in considerable quantities, thus setting something of a record for mass movement of pursuits and interceptors.

This is made possible by the use of streamlined, laminar-flow droppable tanks hung from special fittings under the wings. The increased range the additional gas provides makes possible the longer ocean hops, and many fighters have actually flown the entire 8,000-mile distance from Los Angeles to England, thence to Africa. Out of the first movement of fighters, numbering in three figures, only one was lost at sea, and six others were damaged in bad-weather landings.

On ocean hops the fighters are accompanied by heavy bombers and transports, the latter carrying maintenance crews. Pilots are given additional long-range oxygen equipment, and on the arctic route special cold-weather packs and rubber boats are carried. On the southern route, via South America, "jungle kits" are carried. It is to be expected that other types of fighters will soon be flown under their own power to fighting fronts.

Seaplane vs. Landplane

What will be the predominant type of airplane for postwar transoceanic transportation—seaplane or landplane? This is still a controversial subject in the aviation industry, with prominent proponents on each side. But actually during the war the landplane has come to the fore for overocean flying. Even the Assistant Secretary of Navy for Air, Artemus Gates, admitted recently to a Congressional committee that "if the war ended now, the tendency probably would be completely toward landplanes."

For one thing, the landplane invariably has more speed than the seaplane of comparable pay load. For another, it has more utility. A four-engined cargo plane can fly an emergency load from Cleveland to Oklahoma City, pick up another load at Fort Worth and rush it to Seattle, then hop to Atlanta for a load to fly to Africa and straight through to China. Seaplanes are limited to water ports, a limitation which counts against them for the present far-flung war. On the other hand, seaplane proponents visualize huge flying boats as the real answer to postwar transoceanic flying because airports can't support the huge tonnage of landplanes, while flying boats are nothing more nor less than ships with wings. Right now, however, the vast proportion of global flying is by landplane.

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

The coop plant's personnel at work: Frank Harpel, 77, and (right) Abe Laubach, 73.

MUNITIONS FROM THE CHICKEN COOP

BY EDWIN DIEHL

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HARPEL, seventy-seven-year-old retired manufacturer, stepped down from the back stoop of his daughter's home in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, and started for work at precisely 7.59 A. M. He arrived thirty seconds later at what had once been a two-story garage and chicken coop.

"Morning, Frank," greeted his young assistant, seventy-three-year-old Abram Elias Laubach.

"Morning, Abe," said Frank.

The amenities over with, at exactly eight o'clock the two entered what is probably the smallest war plant in the country—a back-yard foundry turning out "howlers" and light-indicator boxes for the United States Navy.

A "howler" is the sailors' name for a shipboard siren. Frank Harpel had never heard of it when he left Elizabeth, New Jersey, six years ago, after retiring from the manufacturing business, and came to Phillipsburg with his wife to live with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton N. Rahn.

Frank enjoyed his retirement for a while. But northern New Jersey was fast becoming one of the arsenals for the Arsenal of Democracy. War plants were beginning to boom all around Frank. Finally, in 1941, he grew tired of sitting idle. He felt "out of it." His son-in-law suggested he take over the two-story garage and chicken house and install a little foundry. He rolled up his sleeves, and in no time a small smelter was going full blast on the second floor.

One day a friend dropped in and mentioned that the Navy was awarding contracts for aluminum devices. Frank went to Philadelphia to investigate. One concern showed him a sample light-indicator box. The Navy uses these boxes on board all ships to flash signals.

After a quick examination of it, Frank proclaimed: "I can make 'em —better and cheaper."

The officials of the company smiled to themselves but suggested that he make one to show them.

They probably thought they had seen the last of him. But a few days later he came back with a sample he had molded in his chicken-coop foundry. He had made a few changes —did they mind?

They looked at his finished sample and reached for pen and contract.

Soon a government man was around to see what was being done in that two-story clapboard structure. To his delight, Frank Harpel found himself being propelled out of retirement. When it was all over he held a contract in one hand and a government priority Number AA-1, for aluminum, in the other. The orders were for light-indicator boxes and "howlers"—the latter calling for precision work.

The day I stopped in to see him, he said, "Got to talk while we work. Too busy to stop work these days. There are many parts that go into these sirens. We make 'em all."

In one corner of the small foundry Abe Laubach was busy mixing silicon sand with oil and dampening it with water. The mixture was packed into core boxes.

Frank pointed to a gas stove built in tiers. He explained, "We bake the sand for three quarters of an hour at about 500 degrees. And this is what we have when it's finished."

HE picked up an odd-looking piece that had cooled. Handling these sand cores is—appropriately—an eggshell job. He put a baked core into the mold and snapped the lid down. Then he swung the forty-pound crucible of aluminum from the smelter and poured the melted metal into the mold. "The aluminum is liquid now," he said. "It'll run all around the sand core and form a rotor for a siren."

After the metal had cooled in the mold, he removed the finished pieces and broke the sand cores from inside. He made a quick but thorough examination for any imperfection and did a grinding job on the rotor. They were then ready for packing and shipment.

This "retired" manufacturer does a $12,000 business annually. He uses about 500 pounds of aluminum pig metal a week, producing 400 castings every six days. And at this writing he has just put up a new building—a structure slightly larger than the living room in the average home. When he has it all ready he expects to triple his output.

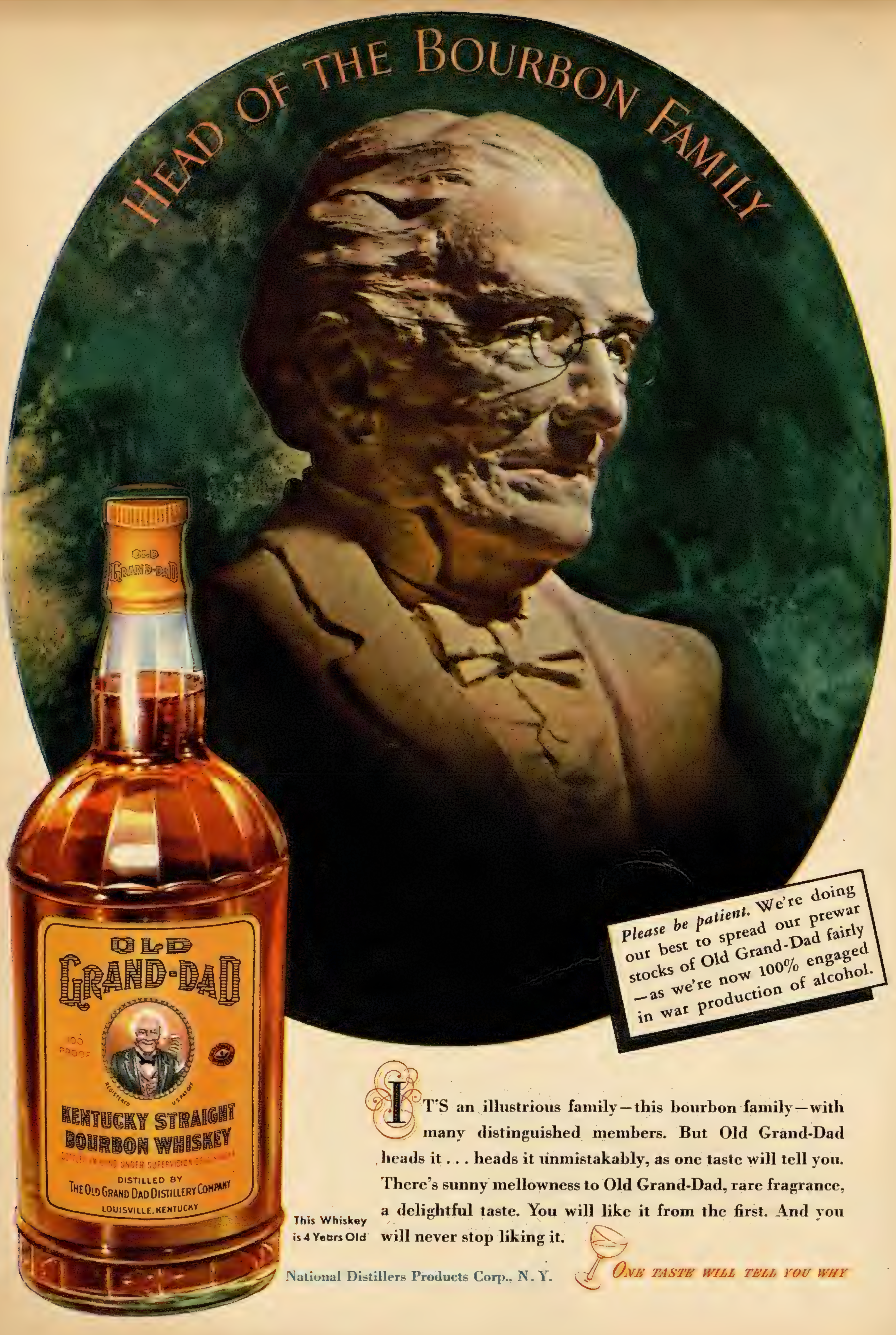
One thing worries him now. He'll need additional help to step up production. "I don't want anybody younger than seventy!" he said firmly. "The youngsters don't know how to do it. But with man power the way it is, I may have to lower the age limit to sixty-five."

Recently a national radio program wanted Frank to come to New York on a weekday evening to tell about his work.

"What?" he told them. "You want me to take time out for that? Hell, no, there's a war on—and there'll be on absenteeism in *my* plant!"

THE END

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY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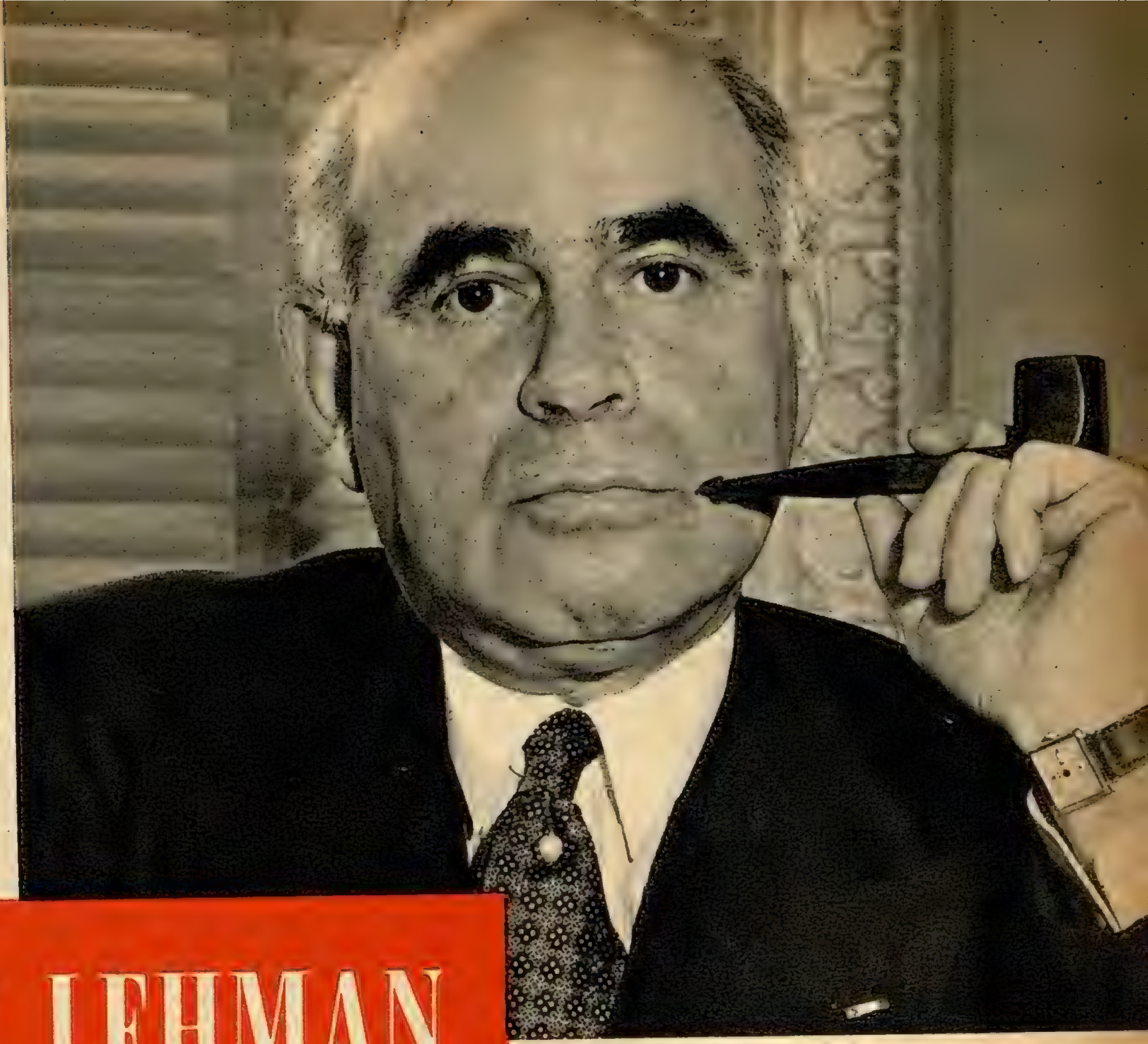


The reporter who covered his gubernatorial campaigns tells you about the oddly aloof yet warm-hearted man whose staggering job it is to feed and clothe war-torn areas

HERBERT LEHMAN

PROVISIONER TO THE WORLD

BY WILLIAM R. CONKLIN

ALL that most Americans know about Herbert H. Lehman—the man who will feed and clothe the war-ravaged world—is that he was a pretty good Governor of New York who inherited a state deficit from Franklin D. Roosevelt and passed on a deficitless state to Thomas Dewey. The new Director of the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation is a political enigma.

Lehman does not conform to the traditional American politician in any sense. The bulk of his training was acquired in the soft-carpeted directors' room rather than in the rough-and-tumble political arena. By comparison with such colorful characters as President Roosevelt and Fiorello LaGuardia, he seems pallid indeed. He does not greet an audience as "My friends," and he finds it quite easy to pass a fire without stopping to gaze at it. He enjoys a funny story, but seldom has one to tell in return. Though he has attended thousands of functions, he goes in his official capacity and not as "one of the boys." When a political dinner is over and a convivial crowd goes night-clubbing, Lehman goes home. He's not the type, as Jimmy Walker was, to have the boys leaning over each other's shoulders to catch the latest quip. If they know Lehman, they know there won't be any quip to catch.

In appearance Lehman is the typical banker. The closer the pattern of a suit or a tie comes to being a whisper, the better he likes it. His long-stemmed, use-blackened pipe is always handy and usually in his mouth. When something bothers him, he paces back and forth until it's settled. While Adolf A. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, undoubtedly holds the national championship for speed in the ambulate-cogitate league, Lehman has no peers for endurance. His hands are large and capable-looking. On a campaign poster, his visage is that of a solid man; no fiery expression, no darting gleam in the eye, but just a substantial citizen with an aura of beneficence about him.

The somber Oxford gray of the traditional banker's suit constitutes about the only color Lehman has contributed to public life. In four years as lieutenant governor of his state and ten as governor, only one really dramatic thing happened to him. That occurred one December day back in 1929, when he was acting governor in Governor Roosevelt's absence. A subordinate answered the telephone, listened a moment, and quickly passed the instrument over the desk. The message, chopping out in short-winded phrases, told Lehman that convicts had rioted at Auburn Prison, had captured the warden and eight guards, and threatened to kill the nine unless immediate release were guaranteed.

"Under no circumstances," he said, "are you to accept any demand or ultimatum from the leaders of this mutiny. There is to be no compromise, no matter what the outcome. No compromise—understand?"

State and local police broke up the mutiny and rescued the nine prison officials unharmed. For a lieutenant governor in office less than a year the Auburn riot had presented a tough problem. When he recalls it today, he says:

"There was nothing else I could have done. That mutiny was as much a challenge to the power of the state as an armed invasion of the state would have been. It could not be tolerated, and therefore there could have been no compromise. But it was a tough few hours—a very tough few hours."

Lehman was not a professional politician when he was first placed on the Democratic ticket for lieutenant governor of New York State in 1928. He was then fifty years old, black-browed, heavy-set, with a face that suggested the benevolent philanthropist rather than the colorful political

(*Continued on page 41*)

THE WEDDING PAGEANT AT CLOUD CENTER

Old Pop proves he can outscheme any loan shark in the hills—even with an idea three hundred years old

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

POP HALLAM of Cloud-Center, way up in our mountains of North Carolina, will be one hundred years of age if he lives till the next spring sowing. He argues that he is really one hundred and six right now, because his mother didn't go down the hills to register his birth till he was seven years of age, she being too busy on the farm. He thinks they calculated his age from the registration and not from birth.

Pop owns the meanest piece of ground that the Almighty ever made. The cabin and the ground are mortgaged for two hundred and fifty dollars to a loan shark at Asheville. Pop got the loan when his wife was dying thirty-two years ago and he hasn't been able to pay it off. Seven per cent, too. Counting fines when he couldn't meet the half-yearly payments, he's handed about six hundred dollars to that fellow in the city.

It gets him riled at times. He wants to leave the farm to his only living relative, young Johnny Hallam, his grandson, who lives with him, but he's proud and wants to leave it free of debt. It sort of worried him for years. Made him talk strange to his nearest neighbor, Sam Ludlow.

"Only way I can see," Pop told Sam, "is to get that mortgage shark out in the woods, when he comes up here for the payments, an' brain him with a hickory stick. They tell me that a man's claims an' his debts die with him."

Sam Ludlow was startled. "You can't do that, Pop!" he cried. "They'd put you to sleep for good for murder."

"Wouldn't matter to me," said Pop. "God would know that I did it for Johnny."

Sam was that scared that Pop would kill the loan man that he always hung around when the fellow came up to collect the interest. Sam Ludlow is a good fellow, kind as they make them.

"The Lord will find a way for you to pay him before you die," he used to tell Pop.

"Been thirty-one years waitin' on Him," Pop would snap. "Buried her the summer o' 1910. Glad she didn't know about that mortgage afore she died. Would have worried the life out o' her."

LOTS of folks are curious about the mountain people. Inquisitive fellows come in from the outside, poking round and asking all kinds of questions. Some of them make notes and go away and write books about the way we live. A judge down in Charlotte said once that it's lucky the mountain folk don't bother to read those books, for if they did the Peeping Toms would get a charge of buckshot into them when they came into the hills.

Last spring a professor came into the mountains. He was from a college called Oxford over in England, and he had a contract to write a book about Raleigh; not the state capital but the Englishman who landed on Roanoke Island. They have a play called The Lost Colony at Roanoke every year, all about this mob that Raleigh brought over.

The professor was a friendly fellow for an Englishman. He took to Pop Hallam like a bear to a honey pot. They'd sit together in the dog run 'tween the rooms of the Hallam cabin, chairs tilted against the wall, and they'd clapper for hours.

The professor told some of us that if a chap named Chaucer—who, he said, was an English poet who died six hundred years ago—came to life, he would understand Pop Hallam's talk quicker'n the talk of any one he met in Piccadilly.

"How come?" asked Zeb Miller.

"Because Mr. Hallam speaks pure English," said the professor.

"An' what do we speak?" asked Zeb. "Chinese?"

"Your speech has become—er, ah—a little fouled, I am afraid," said the Oxford man.

Zeb was annoyed, but Pop Hallam enjoyed the answer. The professor gooled over Pop's words. He kept on writing them down for the book. Pop called the stars by curious names. "Lost Ell an' Yard," he called

Orion. Another was "Job's Coffin in the Sky," and the Dipper was "the Beadle's Saucepan." He was plumb full of words that the Oxford fellow called old English. Pop called a poker "a firestick," the kitchen, the "cook room," a little baby was a "teeniney." He said "hit" for it, a bag was a "poke," green stuff like lettuce was "sallet," and Johnny Hallam was his "gran'boy."

The professor asked Pop if he knew where his people came from in England, and Pop said he had heard his father say that they had come from a place called Hereford. He had remembered the name because it was the same as a race of cattle. Pop called it Here-ford, as we do down here.

"Her-e-ford," said the professor.

"Here-ford," snapped Pop, not liking to be corrected.

"But," began the professor, "we say in England—"

"My father called it Here-ford," said Pop doggedly, "an' my granboy, Johnny, has won a bull in the 4-H young farmers' club that has the same name. A Here-ford bull."

Zeb Miller spends hours arguing with Sam Ludlow about the coming of that English professor. Sam insists that the Lord sent the Oxford man to America to help Pop Hallam by starting what Sam calls a train of thought, while Zeb Miller says that it would be silly to think the Almighty would make so many complications about a job He could do in a second. A lot of mountain folk stand up with Sam, while a few of the more intelligent believe that Zeb Miller is right and that the Lord wouldn't want any "holp" (as we say "help") from an Englishman. But it was queer that the Hereford bull started the thing.

Young Johnny Hallam was eighteen years of age when he won that bull in a state competition. Johnny got him as a prize for breeding three of the finest Berkshire pigs ever seen in North Carolina. By the way, the Oxford man called them "Barkshire pigs," but that has nothing to do with this story.

The bull was a nice bull, two years old and awfully intelligent. Johnny Hallam had a way with all animals. He had a coon that followed him all around the place and went to sleep with the hounds in the dog run, and a possum that slept in his bedroom.

Pop named the bull Nebuchadnezzar, but that was too long for most of the folk, so he was called "Neb."

That bull was certainly a wonder. He knew a lot of things without being told, and that is pretty unusual for a bull. He guessed when Johnny wanted to draw wood and water, and he was that danged smart that he knew the difference between green stuff for him and green stuff for folks. Johnny could leave him in

(*Continued on page 63*)

He took Mary up in his arms and kissed her prettily, the big cameras grinding away.

One steel cable is serving this jeep as a suspension bridge.

Here's an agile army "peep" taking to the air—as passenger.

OUR AMAZING BLITZ BUGGY

Official name, General Purpose Car, but Jeep to doughboys of all nations. The fighting exploits and future uses of the vehicle which has become a symbol of U. S. might abroad

BY JOSEPH W. FRAZER

President, Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

A TOOTHY Jap sniper had winged Corporal Jamie O. Sarver in the chest. Things looked mighty bad for Jamie. The marine outpost on Guadalcanal was miles from the field hospital—too far for any of his buddies to carry him back—and the jungle as tangled as an Ozark brier patch, so thick that a truck couldn't get through.

What to do? The C. O. did what any officer faced by an "impossible" transportation problem would do. He called for a jeep. Jamie was put aboard. It twisted back to the field hospital through shell holes and undergrowth—and Jamie lived to tell about it.

His story and hundreds like it have come to me since the first jeep rolled down the assembly line at the Willys-Overland plant in Toledo. Most of the stories say the same thing. From grub-toting to lightning stabs at enemy sore spots, the jeep is filling one of the greatest needs of the war. Neither we nor the army officers who worked with us in developing it ever visualized the thousand and one jobs it would do in this war.

It is unlike any other combat vehicle. This baby of the blitz has a wheel base of only 80 inches and is slightly more than three feet high. With 63 horsepower under its hood, it travels in two completely different sets of gears. One, similar to the average passenger car's, enables it to roar along a smooth road at 75 miles per hour. The other, a low-low with four-wheel drive, enables it to climb a 65-degree hill without faltering, charge through dense underbrush, cross streams half submerged, conquer the toughest desert sands, the snow on Russia's steppes, and the swamps and bogs of the jungle.

Its uses range from reconnaissance to antitank combat. With a .30- or .50-caliber machine gun mounted on it, the vehicle becomes a highly mobile and effective weapon against ground troops and planes. It will pull a 37-millimeter antitank gun and get fire power quickly to places where a concentration of fire power is needed. With a few changes it makes a first-rate field ambulance that will haul four casualties and, because of its speed, save the lives of such fighting men as Jamie O. Sarver.

The jeep also acts as a "guinea pig" on doubtful terrain for half-tracks, tanks, and other heavy units. Army officers figure they can quickly retrieve a bogged-down jeep, but a heavier unit might be permanently lost. It spreads a smoke screen for attacking troops, supplies outposts with food and medical equipment, and is the only four-wheeled mechanized unit which has been successfully transported through the air.

In Australia, American doughboys were faced with the urgent task of laying an underground cable at an airdrome without interrupting field operations. Normally, it would have taken several days. But the jeep performed its usual magic. It was hitched to a plow and the ditch was dug at ten miles an hour. Close behind it came another jeep towing a roller that covered the cable and leveled the ground. The job was completed within two hours.

In Burma the British forces use the jeep for liaison work behind the lines. With its four-wheel drive, it can bounce over the roughest rice paddies and plunge across irrigation ditches. The British report the jeep excellent for night patrol work and for towing smashed planes from bomb-pocked airfields.

The last guard at Rangoon was evacuated to Lashio in jeeps. They rolled along the bumpy roads at forty to fifty miles per hour, and pulled many a three-ton lorry from the ditches along the highway. One reporter, after watching them perform in China, said they would have been a tremendous asset in the mountains and mud-bogged valleys of Greece and Albania. I think they may yet get that chance!

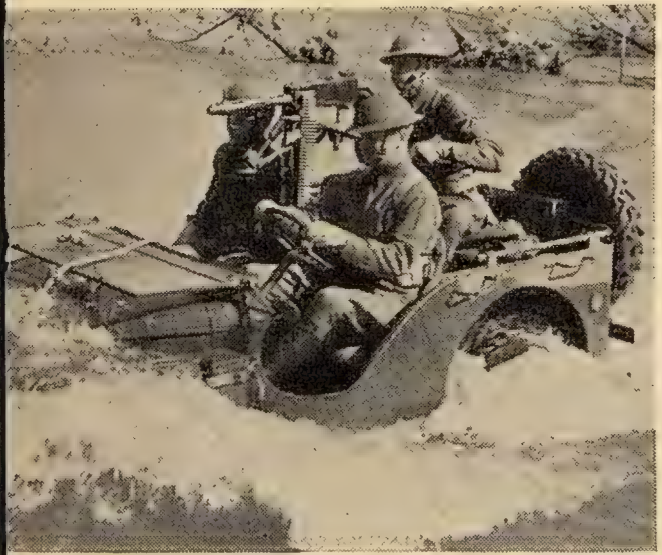
Recently John D. Dun, former editor of the Toledo Times, returned from a year's service as an ambulance driver with the British and Fighting French, told me he never felt completely away from home as long as he was driving our jeeps through the sands of Egypt and Libya.

"When the American four-wheel-drive vehicles arrived in great number," he said, "British generals and colonels lost no time in trading their British-made station wagons for the American cars. The jeep's ability to negotiate the desert terrain far surpassed that of British vehicles, and it was not unusual for a jeep to be called upon to rescue a three-ton truck stuck in the sand. The British used their jeeps in groups of fifty to sixty for sorties around the Rommel lines in raids which took the enemy completely by surprise. The jeep caravans," Dun added, "were able, because of their low silhouette, to hide behind sand dunes and in wadis, undetected by the enemy."

The jeep has been outfitted as a self-contained fire-fighting unit for use in defense against incendiary bombs. It can be equipped with a snow plow to clear military roads

n amphibian jeep climbs over an obstacle.

ee what army jeeps can do as plow horses!



rding a stream. No pontoon bridge needed.

and landing fields. With a few changes it can serve as a field telephone unit, a field radio station, a searchlight mount, and a mobile antiaircraft unit.

Lieutenant Colonel Raymond S. Scollin of Coronado, California, tells us that "jeeps transport small quantities of vital ammunition to marine fighting outposts in lightning trips which no other vehicle can accomplish because of the almost impassable terrain; they seem ideally suited and well-nigh indispensable to operations in such areas as the Solomons."

At Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, jeeps rushed pilots to their planes for hurried take-offs when the alarm sounded warning of approaching Jap planes. Observers were whisked to their posts and reliefs secured in jeeps.

Effectively camouflaged, the scout cars were easy to hide in convenient bush clumps when an enemy force was detected. Jeeps journeyed to water holes, huts, streams, or wherever the precious fluid was to be found and, as mechanized Gunga Dins, returned in comparative safety with full canteens for all hands. Men afoot would have been all too often picked off by hidden snipers, who were foiled by the agility and speed of the jeeps.

To make the jeep even more effective in tropical areas, radio apparatus on blitz buggies has been given a "louder voice and longer ears," thus assuring the maintenance of the long lines of communication required in this type of warfare. Special generators permitting mechanized scouting parties to transmit and receive shortwave messages from command posts miles away are now being placed in these jeeps on a mass-production basis.

When evacuation of Rangoon became necessary, there were several hundred jeeps on the docks ready for delivery to the Chinese and British. It seemed probable that they all would be lost because of a lack of experienced military drivers. So officials turned jeeps over to any one who could drive in order to get them north. In this fashion war correspondents in Burma acquired jeeps, with the understanding they were to be returned to the army after the escape from Burma. As a result, the world received speedy news, which otherwise would have been impossible, of the progress of the Burma campaign.

For instance, when the retreat reached Mandalay, that city was on fire. Correspondents visited the flaming town every day by jeep and drove back fifty miles over terrible roads and through rain to file stories from Maymyo.

Meantime jeeps were employed by the British and Chinese armies in rear-guard actions, for quick transport of machine-gun and tommy-gun crews over difficult terrains, and for sudden sallies.

JEEPS also were used as staff cars by General Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stillwell, and lesser senior officers for maintaining constant communications. Some of these jeeps followed the Burma Road to China and now are in action there. Others managed to cross jungle and hills to India, where they now are playing an important defensive role.

The value of the jeeps in India increased enormously with the advent of the monsoon, when the whole eastern frontier was swamped. Activity at vital airfields and other strongholds might have come almost to a standstill without the sturdy four-wheel drivers, which plowed through deep mud, hauled planes to hangars and to runways, and kept supplies moving in. When the end of the rains increased the danger to the Indian frontier, the jeeps played an important role as a new type of motorized cavalry, permitting concentration of fire power where needed.

Correspondent George Lait of International News Service sent us a special dispatch a few weeks ago in which he said: "What camels were to Alexander the Great, American-

These three "sightseers" taking a jeep ride on Guadalcanal are Secretary of the Navy Knox and Admirals Halsey and Nimitz.

Chinese in Chungking get a close-up of the famous jeep—and like its looks!—as Yanks drive in to visit a temple.

made jeeps have proven to be for General Alexander."

Prior to the time the first jeeps arrived in the western desert, he relates, it was almost impossible for dispatch riders and messengers to travel from unit to unit by motorcycle, but today, with a thousand leaping jeeps available, British army communications are perfect.

Lait told me of an incident in North Africa which filled the hearts of Willys engineers with genuine pride. A senior officer of the Highland Division in a recent battle was caught in a Stuka raid while rushing in a jeep from one of his units to another. A 500-pound bomb landed ten yards away, overturning the jeep, riddling it with shrapnel, and killing the driver. The officer was knocked out but regained consciousness. Soldiers rushed up, vainly attempted to revive the driver, and righted the battered jeep. The officer jumped behind the wheel, stepped on the starter. The motor coughed a couple of times, then purred. The officer drove off to continue his mission.

Every Tommy on the western desert has expressed a wish to own a jeep after the war is over, Lait tells us, and so has every war correspondent.

There are thousands of other stories, too numerous to tell—stories of the jeep's part in the bloody Battle of Stalingrad, in Iceland, the Aleutians, Tunisia, and everywhere around the world where men and machines are clashing in this war.

WHEN we first considered the military advantages of the scout car —about two years before the sneak attack at Pearl Harbor—it was generally agreed among us that such a vehicle, in order to meet the rigid demands of the modern battlefield, would have to embody more power and performance, pound for pound, than any known mechanized weapon.

This idea began to crystallize in March of 1940, when representatives of several automobile manufacturers were invited by the army to Fort Benning, Georgia, to witness the demonstration of a motor-driven platform on wheels known as the "belly flopper."

This strange-looking contraption, reminiscent of the toy cars entered in the Soapbox Derby, carried a machine gun and was propelled through tall grasses and marshland with two soldiers lying flat on their stomachs. It was crude, terribly crude, but it stimulated thought. It was in reality the embryo of the jeep. The low silhouette had definite advantages for reconnaissance work, but the vehicle itself was too flimsy, too slow. To serve as an effective scout car, it would have to be stronger, more durable, more powerful, yet light, fast, and low.

The army recognized the need for such a vehicle, but its exact form and shape were still nebulous. They handed our engineers a miniature sketch with a maximum weight spec-

(*Continued on page 40*)

LIBERTY'

LETTER FROM FAR AWAY

"Missing" is an ominous word—but only a Higher Power should write "Finis" to a faithful life

NED brought the letter home from the post office in his breast pocket, burning his heart. He did not open it, but propped it against the old blue vase on the hall table. The official telegram had come two days ago. Now the letter, dated weeks before, was superseded. It would throw no light into the sinister murk behind the telegraphed word MISSING. Other letters might now be on the way—ghostly, boyish, heartbreaking letters; and each would lay the wound wide open all over again, until the time arrived when there would be no more letters; which would be worst of all.

The thing to do now was simply to keep going automatically. There were decisions to be made, packing to be done, a thousand and one small arrangements in connection with his departure; for of course he would go on to San Diego, just as planned. As he had planned with Rick.

It was queer that the business that weighed on him most—worried him, ached in him—was about the old dog, Duke, Rick's shaggy sheep dog. He looked out the window now to where Duke dozed under the chinaberry tree in the fickle Deep South shade. Duke had been an extraordinarily active puppy; but now, far down on the western slope, he slept contentedly through the day, snapping at flies and wasps which hummed too close, moving around the yard from one favorite and well-worn lounging spot to another with cooler shade. At night he came in and slept, as always, beside Rick's empty bed.

Of course the step had to be taken. Ned was a normal, healthy, not overly sentimental American of forty-seven. He had simply had two pretty stiff tragedies to get through in ten years: Grace's death and now Rick's. He would get through them, he would keep going, but he couldn't help thinking how utterly alone he would be after the vet came and took Duke away to be put to sleep.

It was the humane, the only thing to do. Rick hadn't mentioned it, but he must have foreseen the inevitable solution. Yet it was hard to do.

The house was alive with memories of Grace and Rick, but Duke seemed to be linked with them both by an almost unbearable associatio He remembered how Grace ha bought the puppy at the state fair i Shreveport when Rick was seve After that, almost every episode i Rick's life was linked with the dog.

Ned never had thought about much before, but now he remembered the way Duke had seemed t be especially solicitous, by turn playful and sympathetic, with Ric in the terrible week after Grace' death. Rick had been nine then. " think Duke knows, pop." Illusio What fools people were to allo their lives to become so vulnerabl interwoven with the lives of dogs.

And Ned thought wryly of th time Duke had got lost during a auto trip to New Orleans, and of th frantic two weeks of search and th $150 advertising campaign, includin the reward, which had been necessary to recover him. And of the tim Duke was bitten by the rattlesnak And of the time Rick had had typhoid and Duke had slept on the be with him during the long convalescence but had never violated th taboo afterward, seeming to realiz that this was a special case. An of the time Duke had brought fiel hands to the rescue of Rick in th quicksand by furious barking. "Gee pop, Duke saved my life!"—i proud wonderment. "I wish I coul save *his* some day in return."

But Ned had a good deal of determination. When a thing had to b done, he could do it. He set his jav firmly and picked up the telephone

"Hello, Mike? I have a dog here want you to take away and chloroform. Will you come get him? . . Fine. At four, then."

He glanced apprehensively at th clock. It was a quarter of three. H paced up and down two or thre times, and then wandered irresistibly out into the yard.

Duke rose promptly but rathe rheumatically and, tail wagging, approached. At the feel of the dog' muzzle against his hand, Ned force a smile and patted the graying head

The odd conviction swept him tha the dog knew what was going to happen and was undismayed. The animal's big brown eyes, all bu obscured by overhanging hair, had a calm acceptance in them of all thing on earth and beyond it. Ned bega to feel a faint, subversive envy o Duke. God knew, there was nothin in the future very alluring for *him* either, and to go to sleep now—Bu he shut off that line of thought. I simply was not permissible.

LIBERTY'

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

It was not permissible because he and Rick had planned everything that he had been doing and was going to do. They had entered the war effort as a sort of team. Rick to Pensacola and Naval Aviation and Ned to night school to put at last into practical use the twenty years of puttering in his machine shop above the garage. He would perfect himself in an essential skill that aircraft factories could use, rent the cottage, and take a job. He had the job now on the West Coast. The cottage was rented. He had planned to leave tomorrow. There were only details left, like arranging for gas for the journey—and Duke.

"All right, boy. You can come inside with me if you want."

Duke pranced in happily while Ned held the door open. The dog went straight to the hall table where the envelope rested against the vase, upped his muzzle toward it; his tail wagged furiously. Illusion! But Ned's heart skipped violently.

"Come on, then," he murmured. "We'll read it together."

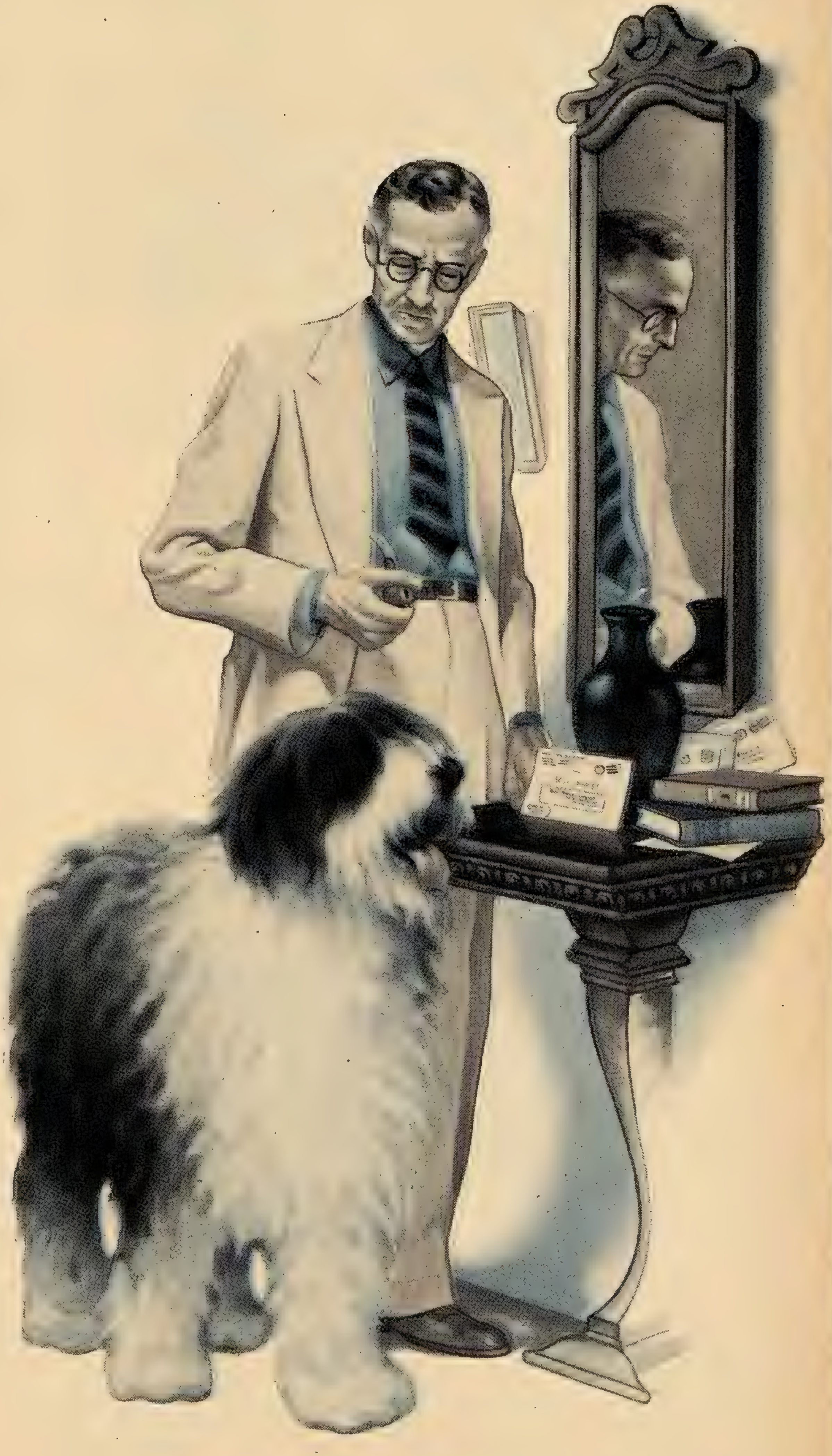
"Dear Pop: It has been a hell of a week. Things popping, and how! I got two Japs for sure, plus a probable. Maybe I'll get a star for them." He read on aloud, about the food, the heat, and Rick's special pals. It was an eager, young, chatty letter. And then: "Say, pop, I know you'll think this is foolish, but I want you to do something for me. We move tomorrow into a new sector, where the going is said to be tough. I've had a lot of luck already, and if I should throw snake-eyes—I won't, but if I should—I wish you'd have old Duke put to sleep. Only do it when you've given up hope. I hate to write this—it may sound mushy—but, you see, I'd sort of like to have him maybe join me, if that's the way things are arranged afterward. Now! That was a hard one to get out, but I feel better now that I've said it."

Ned looked down at Duke, curled at his feet, but watching him out of the bottoms of his big eyes. Ned sighed deeply, leaned over, and cuffed the dog gently.

"You old rascal—I think you knew your life preserver was coming. *Only do it when you've given up hope!* That time won't come, not ever. Now I've got to find out about having a crate built for you on the back of the car."

He walked, straight and firm, toward the telephone.

THE END



The dog upped his muzzle toward the envelope. Ned's heart skipped violently. "Come on, then," he murmured. "We'll read it together."

When there is no word in Basic for a familiar object, the idea may be conveyed clearly, nevertheless. For example: A stool would be described in Basic as a "seat without a back."

A WORLD-WIDE

Imagine understanding and being understood everywhere! Here's a simple language containing only 850 English words the whole world can learn and use easily

MEN and women from every nation on earth will be able to make use of the same language after the war, if we take the suggestion made by representatives of six European countries now in London. Since November, important men from Holland, Belgium, Norway, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia have been at work, with the hope of making English the second language of men and women everywhere. It is to be English because that language is now used by two nations made up of 200,000,000 persons, and is the second language of other millions. English is, in addition, the trade language of the Orient and most seagoing men have some knowledge of it. Another strong argument for English as the second language of all men is the fact that a system of very simple English—Basic English—is a new development among language experts.

Basic English is a "pocket language." A foreigner can learn to speak it readily inside a month. Its entire vocabulary and its five simple rules can be written on a single sheet of paper or recorded on one phonograph record. It has only 850 words, to replace the 7,000 to 15,000 in everyday use, but it is a limited English, not a changed English. If you suspect that it must be a strange-sounding jargon—like the pidgin of the Chinese house boy—read the first paragraph of this article, which is written in Basic English.

Basic is a surprisingly supple and useful little tongue. Instead of its being made up of none but the commonest words in our language, English has been stripped of many everyday words to make room for others which would be hard to replace with substitutes. Basic students do not learn the word "kitten" or "unless" or "city" or "husband," because it is quite easy to say "young cat" and "if not" and "large town" and "married man." But they do learn such words as "distribution" and "digestion," which would be harder to paraphrase. There is The General Basic Dictionary, which covers the 20,000 chief words in English with the 850 words of Basic, and soon there will be The Basic Dictionary for Science, covering more than 20,000 terms.

Because there is so little to learn, a foreigner can get a really good grasp of Basic in a surprisingly short time. In the words of Dr. I. A. Richards, one of its chief exponents, "Its aim is to give every pupil a complete mastery of every word and idiom within its limited vocabulary, so that when he has finished the course, and followed it by reading various Basic books on general subjects, he will be able to speak and write in Basic as correctly and fluently as in his own language." And that achievement can be a matter of weeks!

Basic English has gained new adherents since the war, but it is not a war baby. Since 1931, textbooks explaining its use have been available in a number of world centers. Its first conception came, ten years earlier, to Mr. C. K. Ogden of Cambridge University, England, while he was writing a book in which he found it necessary to define many words. Mr. Ogden and Dr. Richards, his collaborator in the work, found that they were using the same words over and over to define their terms—even if these were as far apart as "beauty" and "locomotive." They began to suspect that there exists a limited set of words in English by which the meanings of all other words can be stated.

International languages of the Esperanto type were even then a hobby of Mr. Ogden. He suspected that these earlier experiments had failed because few people were willing to learn a whole new tongue for the single purpose of communicating with like-minded foreigners. The Esperanto student is like the owner of a telephone in a world where only a few thousand widely scattered telephones exist. But an international language might really succeed, he thought, if it could also serve as an introduction to one of the great tongues of the world.

Years of patient research followed. It was apparent to Mr. Ogden from the start that English was the most promising language on which to work—and for an interesting reason. Other languages have tended to become more difficult with the passage of time, but through an accident of history English has grown simpler with every century since 878. It was in that year that the Danes came to live in England and—like any other large group exposed to a foreign tongue—refused to bother with the finer shadings of the new language. They devised their own short cuts to making themselves understood; so did the Normans, who came in later centuries, and as these great populations were absorbed into the English race, their short cuts became a part of the English language.

THE same process has continued in America, with the result that English has been learned by far more foreigners than any other language. Even adults learning a new tongue always resist saying things "the hard way." Our immigrants to America never learned the formal, balanced English used by eighteenth-century Englishmen; and *none* of us uses it today. We Americans do not say, "Were he to be ready" any more; we use the simpler form, "If he's ready." We use such words as "do" and "get" and "have" far more often than George Washington did: where he might have "descended," we "get down"; where he "arose," we "get up"; where he "prepared," we "get ready."

This tendency to overwork a few very simple words in modern speech gave Mr. Ogden the idea for his most

LANGUAGE—BASIC ENGLISH

BY GRETTA PALMER

Already, in China, Basic has simplified the teaching of English in secondary schools. No longer need the young students memorize 7,000 English words.

brilliant stroke in the construction of Basic: he found that he could do away with all but a few verbs! In Basic English there are sixteen words—which he prefers to call "operators"—that join together the parts of the sentence and combine with other words to express action. These words are give, get, take, put, come, go, keep, let, be, seem to, have, make, say, see, send. Try rephrasing any sentence you know, using no other verbs than these, with "will" and "may" where necessary, and you will be surprised to find how well you get along. The younger you are, the more likely you are to lean heavily on these words in your usual speech, for the swing toward greater use of them is still continuing.

Getting rid of most verbs did much to make things easy for the foreigner; there are about 4,000 common verbs in English! But when it came to choosing the necessary nouns, the scholars found that a great deal of their work had already been done by history. The hammering English has had at the hands of foreigners forced to learn it has eliminated a great many unneeded words. In Early English almost every animal's tail was known by a special term; today a fox's tail is still correctly called its "brush"—but who in modern times has ever spoken of a rabbit's "scut"?

BECAUSE of this historical process toward simplification in our language, Basic English became a possibility far more attractive than a Basic Spanish or German or French would be. Students have estimated that 2,000 words in any of these languages would be required to do the job of the handy 850 that we have in Basic English. Chinese is the only other language which looks hopeful as a rival, but years of work and research will be needed for the creation of a Basic Chinese.

For the work of devising a Basic tongue is monumental. An account of how it was done for English has been published by the Orthological Committee of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which sponsors the Basic program in America. The report says:

"Names of things were placed in turn in the middle of a circle with rays going out in different directions. The rays were signs of the relation between the thing to be tested and other things. If you put the word 'house' in the middle of a circle, there would be a ray for size, on which words like 'cottage' and 'mansion' might be covered by 'very small' and 'great' houses. So these words would not be kept in Basic.

"Then there would be a ray for number, which would have such words as 'settlement,' 'village,' 'city,' and 'town' on it. Of these, 'settlement' might become 'a small group of houses,' and 'village' might be 'a group of houses on one or two streets,' 'a group of houses in the country, generally with a church and a store.' But the last definition is very long (ten words was taken as the outside limit) and it is much simpler to do without the words 'village' and 'city,' as well as 'metropolis' and 'port,' if one word on this ray is kept, as well as 'house.'

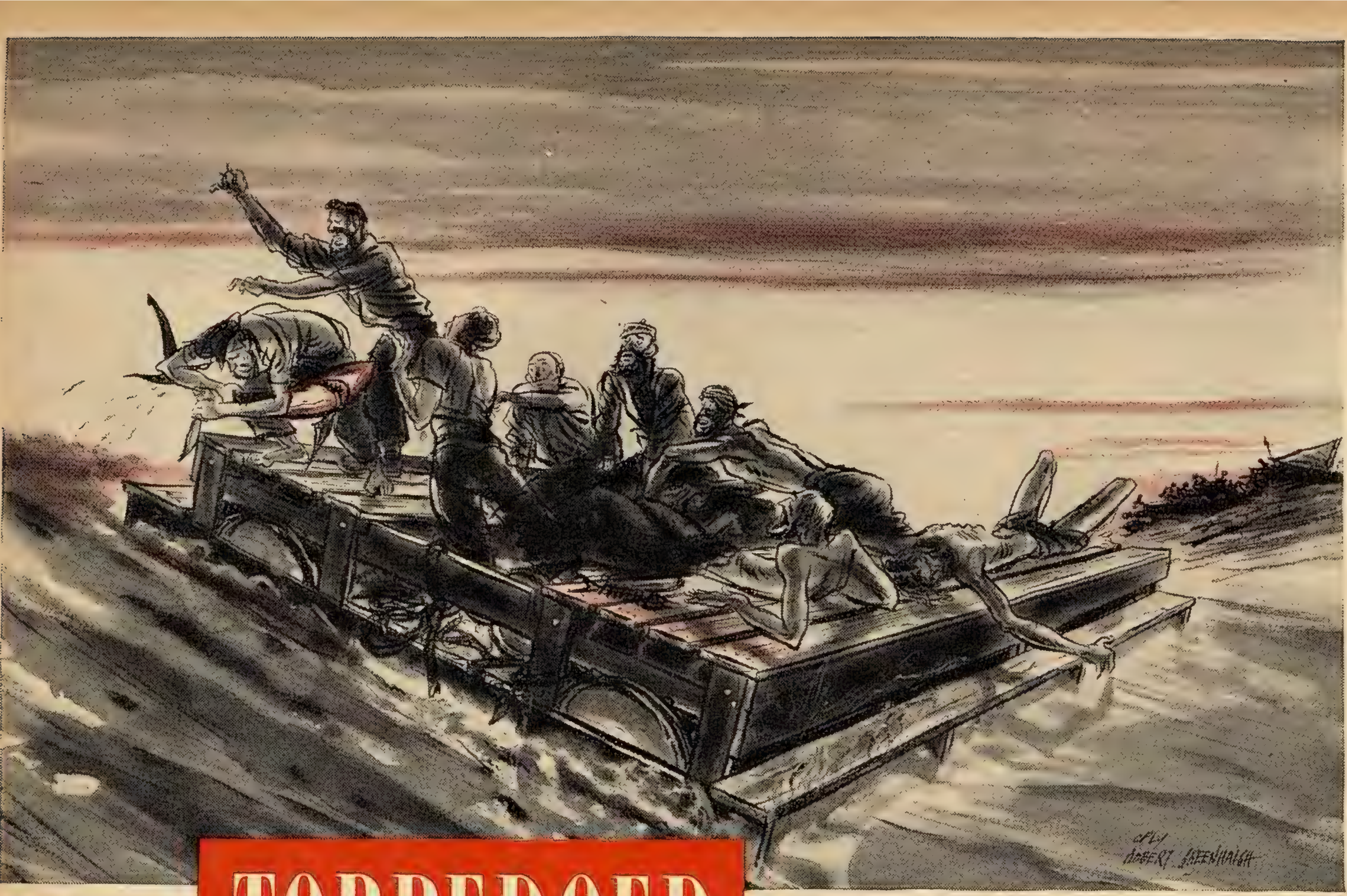
"The word chosen for Basic is 'town,' with which it is possible to say 'a very small town,' 'a great town,' 'the chief town of a country,' and 'a town with a harbor.' But for this, the names 'country' and 'harbor' will have to be on the Basic list, and before they are put there, they will have to be tested for their general use, their value in giving accounts of other things."

As a result of all this thought and work, Basic can be put to far more elaborate uses than those of the tourist who wants to order breakfast. Its name is actually an abbreviation of British American Scientific International Commercial, which indicates its scope, and the tiny vocabulary manages to include words needed for discussion of complex ideas and abstract theories. In Basic, you will use words like "representative" and "organization," "committee" and "competition" and "argument"—for all of which substitutes are very hard to find. Yet Basic has no word for "eat"—you "take food" or "have a meal"; it excludes "speech"—you may get around this with "public talk." And the statesman will be relieved to find in the list such words as "transport" and "expansion," "insurance" and "industry" to help him through his international "meetings"—a Basic word.

For the experts, special lists of fifty additional words have been compiled to meet their technical needs. There are special Basic vocabularies for science, economics, and business, with another list of 100 words for those who wish to be able to read English poetry, and fifty for students of the Bible in English.

BASIC, then, offers a good deal more than an easy way for foreigners to get a smattering of English. Educators urge that it be used as an introduction to grammar for English-speaking children. A series of textbooks for this purpose is now in preparation. Walt Disney has become interested in the program, and it is possible that in a few years Basic English will be taught to American children and to foreigners of all ages by means of movies which will explain why we say *"in a week"* but *"on Tuesday"* and *"at noon"*—

(*Continued on page 43*)


A four-foot shark came right alongside. The mate grabbed him, lifted him aboard.

TORPEDOED

Endless miles of water, burning sun, hunger, thirst, and the waiting sharks make Part II of this story of a torpedoed merchant seaman a thriller indeed

BY HENRY JENSEN as told to EARL SCHENCK

ILLUSTRATED BY CORPORAL BOB GREENHALGH

THE Potlatch was bound for Africa, or so her crew understood, when she "got one" from a Nazi U-boat. She went down within a few minutes, and then the forty-nine survivors—whose story young seaman Jensen began telling in Liberty last week—found themselves on the South Atlantic, without sextant or charts, aboard one lifeboat and four rafts. The second day of it, they were all pretty sure they would be picked up soon enough, would "get in."

THE third day we began to be very hungry. The men's faces took on a set look and there were fewer jokes and we talked less.

On this day we saw the first little fish around the raft. Stinky Miller decided to try for one, using his pear-handled knife as a spear, and after what seemed hours of patient waiting with his hand upraised, he got a little five-inch pompano. Sorenson did a surgeon's job cutting it up, but the small portions only sharpened our appetites and we felt depressed.

Then Fritz hit on a scheme to go into the fishing business in a big way. He removed the larger hoop from the sea anchor—it was about eighteen inches in diameter—frayed out some rope, and spent the whole day weaving a little net.

Next morning he caught two fish before the school got wise and hid under the raft. We ate them with relish, but soon we were hard up for water. The day had turned scorching hot. Stinky tried drinking the sunburn oil, but it was no good.

The captain made some soundings on the fourth day, and we thought we must be nearing land. In the afternoon he asked if any one wanted to change places. A few shifted; but one look at the drawn and desperate faces of the men in the lifeboat made me stay where I was. We didn't look as bad as that on the raft.

Late that night we were wakened by shouts and found that the towline had parted at the lifeboat, setting the three rafts adrift. The boat came back and took us in tow again, but some fierce words passed between the boat and the rafts. We all wondered if some one in the boat had cut us adrift to increase their speed.

We hardly slept at all on the rafts for nights after that. Of course we were on short tows now, which put a terrific strain on the ropes, but in our state of nerves we were constantly suspicious. A hundred times a night some one raised himself up to see if the little glow of light from the lamp on the lifeboat was still showing, or reached out to touch the bridle that led from the raft to the tow, to feel if it was still taut.

On the ninth day, when I stood up in the cold half dawn and looked around, there was a speck on the horizon. I gave a yell and roused the others, and before long we could see it was a big 60-person lifeboat, rigged with red sails. As it came on those aboard it waved a Dutch flag, and then drew alongside of us to ask the name of our ship and how many survivors we had. They said they had been torpedoed. It must have been recently, we thought, for all the men looked fresh and were without beards. Then, before we knew it, they had filled their sails and were bearing away. "Land is a hundred miles due south. We'll report you," they shouted back. And they were soon hull down on the horizon.

We waited for the captain to turn southward to follow them, but he stayed on the same westerly course. It's easy enough now to take a map and see that we were sailing *parallel* to Antigua, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and some of the Bahamas, but the captain didn't know it then. The two-inch compass in the lifeboat was off

—it showed ninety degrees of deviation—and instead of sailing westward we were constantly being sucked northward into the Gulf Stream.

On the tenth day our pemmican was all gone. By the eleventh day we were hunger-mad. Stinky ate some of the bandages from the first-aid kit and chewed on band-aids. Nothing could stop him. On the twelfth day he began to break down and act queerly. He fooled around with the medicine kit, examining all the bottles. First he dabbed iodine on the places where his skin was peeling from sunburn. Then he put drops in his eyes, ears, and nose—and drank what was left in the bottles. And finally he picked up a bottle of spirits of ammonia and downed the whole thing. With tears streaming down his face, he gulped a lot of salt water before we could stop him. From then on he kept sneaking drinks of salt water constantly—and he was never the same afterwards.

On the thirteenth day the chocolate ran out. So did the oil for the lamp in the lifeboat. Now we no longer had that friendly little glow to watch in the night. If the towline parted, we would be lost in the dark.

WE caught some fish on the fourteenth morning. The second was cleaning and dividing them when a four-foot shark, attracted by the fish blood, came right alongside the raft. Before we knew it, the mate had grabbed him by the fin and lifted him aboard. Somebody took him by the tail and Stinky held his head down. "We got him, we got him! Here's meat!" we yelled.

The shark was dangerous and hard to hold down. He had a mouth the size of a derby hat. He glared at us with his little eyes and chopped about with his teeth. As the mate ripped open the belly with his knife, the shark gave a last desperate wriggle, and Stinky screamed, "I'm bit!"

His arm was running blood. In the excitement the mate flipped the shark over into the sea, where a school of his brothers pitched in and butchered him. Our meal was gone.

Stinky's arm had a bad wound. The captain dropped back in the boat to investigate, and handed us their first-aid kit, for Stinky had eaten ours. After the second fixed his wound, Stinky looked up gratefully. Then he opened his clenched fist. His ration of fish lay in the palm of his hand. "The shark got me," he chuckled, "but I still got my fish."

The number two raft had already been abandoned. Now the captain decided to give up number three. He put thirty-nine men in the boat and left us ten on the raft. On the seventeenth day he commanded us to abandon our raft, too.

As we started to board the lifeboat, Sparks got hysterical. For a long time now he'd been nursing the idea that our being adrift for so long was his fault—because he hadn't got an S O S out. He refused to leave the raft, and said he'd use the ax on any one who tried to move him. He wanted to be cut adrift and left alone. The captain had to detail some men to bring him aboard by force.

There wasn't room to lie down and sleep in the lifeboat. A place to stretch out your legs was something you had to take your turn for. We sat there that night—forty-nine of us—and just stared at one another.

By the eighteenth day our bones and ribs stuck out, our fingernails were dead white, and the skin on our faces had become drawn and taut. Some of the men complained of loosened teeth. No one urinated or had a passage of the bowels any more. We had no sense of hunger now—just a dull, numbed feeling.

On the twenty-second day we lost Stinky Miller. As the sun came up, we lowered him gently overside. The captain said a simple prayer and we sat for five minutes in silence. He told us we should not look back.

On that same day some planes passed over us. We yelled and sent up a flare, but they paid no attention. We heard another plane at night and sent up another flare, but nothing came of that either. I believe now that we were just north of Haiti at the time. The pilots of the planes probably thought we were fishing boats, in spite of our red distress sails.

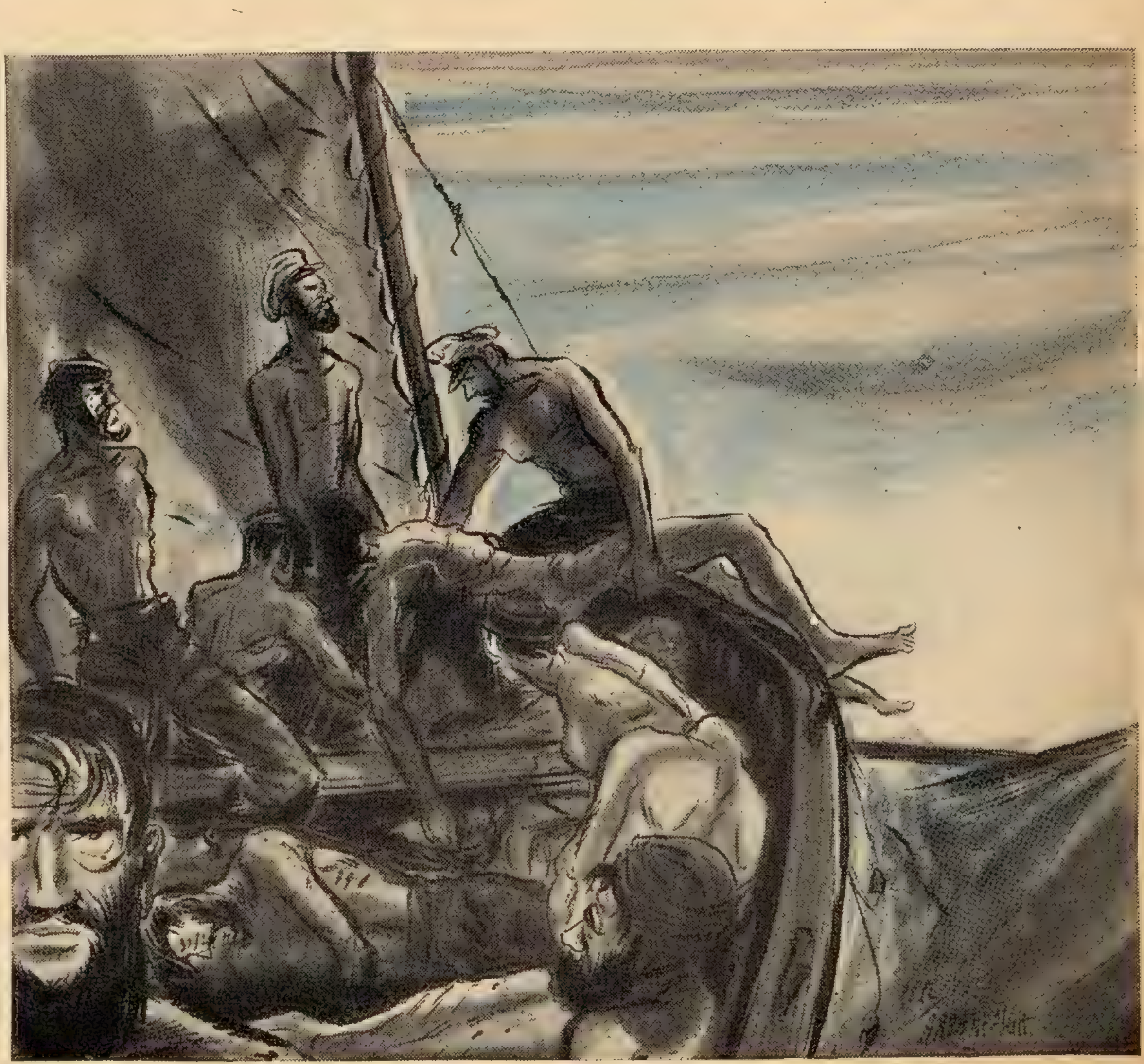
The twenty-fourth and most of the twenty-fifth day found us becalmed on a glassy sea. The sun beat down mercilessly. Most of the men sat with their heads bent down or stared out hopelessly for hours at the dancing horizon. Others still tried to amuse themselves in some way.

One of the navy gunners who had a fingernail clip gave us "shaves." He painstakingly clipped a hair at a time from our bearded faces. It took six hours for a shave—and there was no fee and no tip.

Every one of us had some obsession. Strangely enough, I kept dreaming of a glass of milk and some cheesecake, but for most of the men it was water, water, water. The sea was so clean and the water looked so pure that it seemed incredible it wasn't fit to drink. Some of the men sat holding sea water in their cupped hands for hours—just staring at it. Not every one had the will power to resist it, though, and two of the navy gunners drank some before we could stop them. Both of them lost control of their minds soon afterwards, and it was months after our rescue before they could remember much of what had happened to us.

OUR twenty-fifth day was perhaps the biggest day in all our lives. When I stood up for my regular morning vigil I saw thousands of birds. Birds—land! They went together, and somehow I had a sense of the nearness of an island. Low clouds hung over one part of the horizon, ahead and a little to port, and they looked as though they had been stopped there by some land.

By about ten o'clock I couldn't contain myself any longer. "I'll bet we sight land before eight o'clock tonight," I ventured. The men looked at me without interest; then, just for



We lost Stinky Miller. As the sun came up, we lowered him gently overside. The captain said a simple prayer.

amusement, they began to lay some bets. The bets were of beers, ice-cream sodas, or meals. If I could ever have collected them all at once, I would have been sick for weeks. As a matter of fact, I never collected any of them. At the time the men thought I was thirst-crazy.

Just before the light began to fail that evening, I begged the skipper to take his glasses and search the horizon. To humor me, he finally did. Suddenly he said, "Now, men, I don't want you to get excited, but there *is* something there."

As many as could gathered around him and stared ahead. Then abruptly his voice rang out: "Land!"

We acted like crazy people—crowding forward in the boat, laughing, jabbering, pointing. Red, the oiler, keeled over and fell to the bottom of the lifeboat in a dead faint. He was revived with some spirits of ammonia. The third mate was in distress, too. His stomach had been in bad shape, and now the thought of land and rescue completely unnerved him. No one had had a drop of water for the last six days. There was still about one ounce left, carefully guarded for an emergency. This was quickly drained into the tin cup and raised to the third mate's lips. He tried to swallow, choked, and spat the water overside. A moan passed over the whole lifeboat at this waste. The mate cried, openly, and I don't mind saying that many of the rest of us were crying as we stood gripping the gunwale of the lifeboat to stare ahead at land.

IN spite of our best efforts, it was dark before the lifeboat grounded her metal bottom on a sandy beach. Some of the men staggered out to pull her up, and they promptly fell down. At first I thought they were on their knees in thankfulness for having reached land; but it was just that they were too weak to stand. I stood up by the mast and laughed at them wallowing in the water, but when I jumped overside I fell on my face and some one else was laughing at me.

We stumbled ashore and spread out in a mad search for water. By three o'clock in the morning most of us had limped back to the lifeboat—waterless. We were cold and horribly discouraged as we stretched out to sleep on the beach.

When I woke at daybreak, the first thing I saw was first one, then five more wild jackasses moving in the brush. I roused the camp.

"If there are jackasses living here," I said, "there must be water! Let's follow them until they go to it to drink!"

Some of the men found empty bottles in the driftwood, and we started after the jackasses. We dogged them for six hours until finally they led us out onto some lava rock. We smelled sulphur, and looking around saw a small wet hole in the rock about 200 yards away, which turned out to be a putrid green sulphur spring. Even so, it was water. We fell on it like maniacs, and then lay there most of the afternoon, crawling up to the hole from time to time for another drink. The water went right in and out of us.

Now we were hungry. But, though we searched long into the next day, all we could find to eat were some bitter, acrid leaves. It was no use to stay on the island and starve, so the captain ordered us to the boat.

He and the mate made a reconnaissance trip along an eighty-foot ridge that ran through the middle of the island, and decided on the direction we should take. We had to get through a shallow opening in a long reef. We did; but we had no sooner worked our way over that reef than we found others just beyond it.

All night we pushed with all the strength we had left to heave the boat into deep water—our feet torn by poisonous coral rock. Where we got the courage for this last great effort I don't know, but by daybreak we were in blue water and sailing again. And before very long we came on a second island.

This island was not so large as the first, and we foraged over it thoroughly but found nothing but sandy dunes and scattered scrub brush. I discovered a fibrous cactus and stuffed myself with it. It gave me a full feeling for a short moment—then I thought I would die with a pain in my stomach; but the worst of it soon passed.

In the afternoon some of us found the pole frameworks of two thatched houses. A rotten and weather-beaten dugout canoe was pulled up on the beach near by. We whooped in triumph. This time, we thought, there was sure to be a spring or some water right at hand.

We beat around in the bushes for hours and went over everything foot by foot, but there was nothing. We knew we must get off this island before our strength was completely gone. So we pushed out again over the reef.

The thirty-first day a plane was sighted and we passed up two distant islands. Toward sundown one of the men thought he saw a ship, but we had no more flares to send up. Besides, we had had enough of phantom ships and planes. Most of us had reached our absolute limit of endurance. We lay like so many stacked corpses.

The woman was beautiful.

The men were of various sorts—adventurers, fanatics, escapists, philosophers—but all fell under her spell, as potent, as seductive as the magic of Africa itself. Read

CONGO SONG

By Stuart Cloete

A pulsing novel of a bizarre tangle of people and emotions, and of the strange fire of love and hate and tragedy that flamed when war struck.

Next Week

Abridged to an evening's reading time

By the light of early morning we came into a bay, sighted a few houses in a coconut grove, and headed in for them. We were too weak and numb to show any excitement. The first signs of life we saw ashore were two pigs and a goat. Then six Negro women and some children came running down to the beach. They backed up, muttering and gasping, when they caught sight of us. They must have thought we were ghosts risen from a watery grave.

Our captain stepped out of the lifeboat and spoke to them softly, and they replied in good English. When they realized what had happened to us, they twittered like birds and ran off in all directions for food and water. We were saved. We had reached Acklin's Island in the Bahamas.

WE lay down on the beach and the women quickly brought us a tin of water and some cooked corn-meal grits, which we ate from our hands. Our first attempts at swallowing were pretty painful. After we had eaten what little we could, the captain had a conference with the women and found that we were in a poor little village where the people had neither the food nor the shelters to care for us. There was a larger settlement, they told us, about two miles down the coast.

That afternoon the constable from the next village sailed into the bay in a little native skiff to take charge of everything. We were told to get back into the lifeboat, for the skiff was going to tow us along the shore. By this time I was burning up with fever, and once we were in the lifeboat I passed out. I had been holding myself together by my nerve ends for too many days.

After I don't know how long I was lifted out of the boat and carried ashore. Then the constable gave us our last piece of bad news: we would have to walk two miles inland to the other village. The thermometer must have registered about 116 degrees, and all we could see ahead of us was burning hot white sand. But we set out grimly. Some of the men walked, but after a few dizzy spells most of us got down on our hands and knees and crawled. After what seemed like hours of agony we dragged ourselves up a path into a schoolhouse and dropped exhausted on a cool cement floor.

The Negro women brought us water and washed us, and that night they gave us chicken broth. It had to be fed to us; we were too weak to hold the spoons. Afterwards the captain went to the village store, five miles away, for cigarettes. When I put one in my mouth and lighted it, it fell right out. Finally, by leaning way back, I managed a few draws.

(*Continued on page 40*)

TUNIS EXPEDITION

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN RICHARD
FLANAGAN

By DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Battering our way across the continent of Europe to win the war in the west will probably follow the pattern of the Allied success in Africa.

Here is the story of how that invasion was undertaken and how it was fought—told by the man who was in charge of taking films of it.

It is a personal, vivid story — tense with excitement, with the sound and the action of battle. It is told with a reporter's instinct for color, for personalities, and for excitement.

November 2, 1942

AT last, after weeks of preparation (in Washington and here in London), the day has arrived! I am awakened shortly after dawn. A young British lieutenant has come to collect my bedding roll, map cases, and personal baggage (limited to seventy-five pounds) which is to go ahead by transport plane. The horror of forgetting some essential piece of equipment haunts me throughout breakfast, and I survey my room twice before checking in at Headquarters for final orders.

The "factory," as we affectionately call Headquarters, vibrates with excitement. Last-minute conferences behind guarded doors. Most of the staff (British and American) have not closed their eyes since yesterday. An American major is asleep on a cot in the corner of the Signal Section. A gaunt, hollow-eyed British colonel conducts a last-minute session, holding a wabbly cup of tea and punctuating his remarks with a spoon. Doors fly open and slam shut as officers and orderlies duck from one section to the next. American guards stand at perpetual attention at each end of the corridor. Telephones ring incessantly.

Months of secret planning, global strategy, and hard work have come to a head. The first convoys, with their escorting battle wagons, are already at sea. There is no turning back now—and no thought of it.

The day passes in a flash. It is dark and raining when I leave. I memorize my orders and follow them. The passwords (secret) direct me to a carefully concealed private train somewhere outside London. A special "de luxe" train, it reminds me of the old "Blue Express." We assemble in the spacious club car—an all-star military cast: Eisenhower, Clark, Doolittle, Anderson, and more colonels than you can find in the grandstand at Louisville on Derby Day.

The train starts to move. Some one offers a toast to victory. We rise and drink in silence. The train rambles

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into the night, the beginning of a great venture—British and Americans together again, out to win a continent. I am thrilled to be an infinitesimal part of it.

November 3

SUNRISE (but no sun). A long conference between General Doolittle and his weather experts results in the decision to delay twenty-four hours.

Back to London. We are gloomy and let down. I check in at Claridge's with orders to call the "factory" every two hours for further instructions.

I am alarmed to discover that too many people at the hotel know something is "in the air." But they guess wrong; they think it is Russia.

November 5

DAWN. A secret flying field somewhere in England. Bad weather again—rain. Visibility zero. Six Flying Fortresses are on the ramp, ready to take off. We wait for centuries, it seems. Then at last comes the order to go.

I am assigned to the bomb-bay of Flying Fortress No. 6. One by one, we take off down a long gray runway and zoom into the rain and dark clouds. The "Second Front" has started! Every one is tense and excited. There is very little talk.

For the first hour I crouch on the narrow catwalk in the darkness, half sitting, half standing, and with no opportunity to look out of the plane. Every inch of interior space is occupied by equipment or personnel. My foot goes to sleep painfully, and a British brigadier volunteers to switch places with me. We take turns in the radio room, which is more comfortable and offers a view of the outside. It is still raining. In the distance we can see the dim outline of the Spanish coast line. The weather clears as we near Portugal; the sun comes out. Hours pass. Colonel Shores arranges for me to take a spell in the co-pilot's seat. I hold the control wheel gently. It all seems like a dream of a scenario I have written. I can't really believe we are the flying vanguard of a mighty attacking force headed for Africa and that I am actually in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress en route to Gibraltar.

November 6

WE are assigned to the Signal Office in the Fortress Tunnel, the center of a gigantic network under the Rock, now a bedlam of frenzied workers.

General Doolittle arrives. His plane was attacked by four Junkers 88s, and in a violent twenty-minute battle the co-pilot was severely wounded. The plane finally outraced the Nazis' ships and Doolittle personally took over the controls. A narrow squeak, and only the quick thinking of the pilot, who headed out to sea and flew almost at water level, saved the day.

Great concern here about the attack. Does it mean that the Nazis are aware of our plans and lying in wait? Or was it just an accidental encounter?

An air raid blasts us out of bed at 3 A. M., but, apart from a lot of ack-ack and violent noise, nothing comes of it. It was probably only an observation plane on reconnaissance. Half awake, I am conscious enough to put on my helmet. I must have looked a sight in pajamas, helmet, and bare feet. I know the general did.

November 7

STARTLING news! General Henri Giraud, the famous French soldier, has arrived at Gibraltar by submarine. He escaped from France and was smuggled here, with his young son and members of his military staff.

I am introduced to him in the War Room of the Fortress Tunnel. He is tall and thin and does not look a day over fifty. His eyes are gray and cold, his mustache rather long and pointed. He rarely smiles. He is dressed in civilian clothes, rather crumpled and ill fitting. You feel the presence of great strength behind the slender frame. What he has gone through and his hatred of the Nazis have been chiseled into his features. Giraud stands out among the others like a 24-sheet. He is not a man with whom I would like to argue. Yet, when he speaks, his voice is soft and full. I am sure that if I were not aware of his identity I would become conscious of his importance even in a crowded room. Perhaps it is his intensity, his complete concentration on everything that is being said and done. Somehow, as I stood beside him, I kept thinking of Lawrence of Arabia.

November 8

"D DAY"! This is *it!* The battle for North Africa has begun!

News flashes into the War Room from every point of contact. A sea battle rages off Casablanca! Our troops are landing at Algiers and Oran! The French are resisting!

Hours pass. News becomes scarce and confused. Battles are raging, and we seem to be in control of most of Algiers and Oran, but the Casablanca theater is ominously silent.

No one has been to bed; sleep is out of the question. News is flashed from Algiers. American forces have taken Admiral Jean Darlan into custody—a sort of voluntary custody. But whatever it is, we have him! He is a powerful figure in North Africa. The French Fleet is said to be loyal to him, and to him alone. His political and military alliances are of vital importance.

I hear that General Eisenhower is sending General Mark Clark to Algiers in the morning to confer with Darlan. I secure an interview with the general in his office under the Rock, and my request to go along is granted.

General Clark is a grand person, idolized by his fellow officers. Tall, lanky, and good-looking in a strong masculine way, despite his prominent nose he reminds me of an American version of Basil Rathbone. There is something forcibly honest and direct about him. You cannot possibly imagine him ever being unfair to any one or failing to give proper consideration to any problem, even the enemy's. What he has undergone in the past weeks is written all over him. He could do with a little more sleep. A few good meals, not grabbed on the run or in the midst of a tense conference, would do him no harm.

There are no halfway measures with the general. You get a yes or a no without delay or cautious hesitation. He believes that a photographic record of combat action is essential for future military training. My brief conference is illuminating and exciting. I leave the small subterranean office delighted by his comprehension of my problem.

November 9

WE are assembled on the airport runway at 10 A. M. for the flight to Algiers. Only two Fortresses are to go, but we are to have an escort of nine Spitfires. Algiers is only a short distance from the Nazi airdromes at Sicily and Sardinia and we expect trouble. We plan to by-pass Oran and go directly to the Maison Blanche airport, fifteen miles outside Algiers. A third Fortress, carrying Doolittle and his staff, will go to Oran the moment it is certain that the airport there is in American hands.

We take off in the rain and meet our air escort as we circle high above the Rock. It is a comforting sight to see those Spitfires on all sides of us. I am assigned to the Radio Control Room. The party consists of General Clark, his two aides Major Meecham and Lieutenant Beardwood, his Negro orderly Sergeant Cheney, his chief of staff, G-2, G-3, Signal Officer Major Buchak, British General Anderson and his staff, and myself, armed with a Tommy gun, a Bell and Howell 16-mm. camera, 120 rounds of ammunition, and ten film magazines.

We are about twenty minutes from the city of Algiers when the first alarm is flashed over the radio: Nazi planes ahead!

We circle in the clouds for the better part of an hour. Sometimes it is so foggy and dense that we lose sight of our escort.

Major Buchak is sound asleep in the bomb-bay. He had dozed off before the alarm sounded. I wonder if I should awaken him. Suddenly we come out of the clouds. We are over Algiers, a great rambling city, its white Moorish buildings glistening in the late afternoon sun.

We are ready to fight. The crew are at action stations, portholes open, fingers on triggers. Below, all appears calm and peaceful. Then out of the port gun hole I note peculiar puffs of black smoke in the near-by sky. Then more and more clouds of smoke. I see the flash of ack-ack coming upward from the swarm of battleships in the harbor below us. Every fifth shell is a brightly colored tracer. They would make a beautiful sight except for one thing: they seem to be shooting at *us*.

SUDDENLY planes sweep by to our left, followed by more black puffs, some quite close to our ship. Geysers of water rise into the air alongside the transports and battleships below us. It dawns on me that the ships in the harbor are being bombed from the air. These are *our* ships. Therefore the planes which dart in and out of the clouds about us must be German or Italian. We fly high to avoid the ack-ack. We circle the airport several times, and finally start down. Major Buchak is still asleep. I awaken him. We land with a thud and tumble out of the plane.

All hell has suddenly broken loose. Antiaircraft guns are blazing away all around us. Our Spitfires rise to the attack. Dogfights crowd the air. We stand watching like idiots. A Spit gets on the tail of a Junkers 88 right above us. Black smoke pours from the engine of the Nazi plane. The crowd on the field lets out a spontaneous cheer. We cheer, too.

Suddenly another Nazi plane lets go its load above us. We throw ourselves flat. Three bombs explode about fifty yards away. No one is hurt, but I might add that Major Buchak is now wide awake. Suddenly some one yells a warning. A Nazi plane is diving toward the field. I duck under the wing of our Fortress and flatten out alongside the huge rubber wheel.

Planes now come at us from all directions. A Nazi, trailing black smoke and with one motor sputtering, dives over our heads not more than fifty feet off the ground, a Spit hot on its tail. We open fire at it. It wabbles and goes on, barely missing the treetops at the end of the field. The Spit is not more than a hundred yards behind it.

It is getting dark suddenly. The sky is alive with the colored tracer bullets, like a Fourth-of-July fireworks display. A Nazi plane crashes near by. Another explodes in the air and floats down, a mass of brilliant yellow and scarlet flames. We finally have sense enough to run off the field to a slit-trench.

I still can't seem to understand that this is really a battle and I am in it. I seem to be a neutral observer, some one entirely out of danger; and although I was petrified when the first bomb dropped close and I saw it coming, I honestly had no lasting fear. The excitement of it was like the thrill that possesses one who looks at a dangerous polo spill or a thrilling bullfight and yet is entirely safe on the side lines. When the first bomb dropped, instinct made me flatten out—just as one responds at the wheel of a skidding auto. The moment the skid is over, all is normal again. You may drive a trifle slower, but you don't get out and walk. The thought of more bombs or the hazard of falling ack-ack didn't occur to me.

Total darkness comes swiftly. The ack-ack stops and the sky is suddenly empty. One by one, the Spits come home to roost. In the confusion of battle our party has become separated. General Clark and the others have apparently gone on ahead. We stumble around in the darkness and eventually locate the airport office, and learn to our delight that we have shot down fourteen Jerries and lost only four Spits. The R. A. F. group captain is haggard but jubilant.

American soldiers are guarding the field. We had taken it by force earlier in the day with but few casualties. R. A. F. pilots who had fought in the air battle are now huddled in the crowded hallways, talking of the scrap. They consider it a "good show." A young French aviator engages us in conversation, and as I am the only one present who speaks French, he tells his story to me. He had flown his ship in from Tunis and joined up with us earlier in the day. He divulges the startling news that Nazi paratroops have beaten us to Tunis. They took the airport by storm the moment they heard of our landing operations at Algiers.

We are most anxious to locate General Clark and give him this information. After a long delay we contact the American consul, Felix Cole, on the only available phone, and learn that we are to report to the Hotel St. George, fifteen miles away. But how to get there?

The general's aide eventually shows up with two Arab-driven autos, and we pile in and head for town, leaving all our baggage behind, as we have no room for anything but our weapons and map cases. We are almost fired on by our own sentries as we cross an American patrol line in the darkness and fail to hear the challenge. However, to compensate for this near-accident, we see one of the most inspiring sights an American could ever wish for.

Coming down the road in the moonlight is an advancing column of doughboys. Shirts open, sleeves rolled up, their helmets caked with mud, their canvas leggings and field jackets torn and soiled with the grime of battle, they look for all the world like a Bellows lithograph or that great scene from The Big Parade. Each soldier wears a tiny American flag sewn on his left sleeve below the shoulder. This means of identification saved many a life in the initial assault, for on frequent occasions the French refused to fire on Americans.

Everything about Algiers is white, or seems so in the moonlight. We eventually reach the St. George, and I learn that fighting with the French in the city and near-by areas has stopped; but it is only a temporary armistice as far as anybody knows, and at any moment the lid can easily blow off again. As we stumble around in the blackout trying to locate our rooms, a couple of distant shots are audible. We are ordered to carry our pistols at all times.

We have a handful of soldiers who are assigned to sleep in the hotel hallway near the general's one dinky room. Outside in the courtyard, Admiral Darlan's French Naval Guards, fully armed, patrol throughout the night. Nobody seems to know whether they are guarding us or themselves.

I find out that I have been assigned to live with the hotel manager and his family. I am to use a cot in the parlor. They prove to be very pro-American and give me the lowdown on the local situation. The Algerians are 90 per cent pro-American.

Food is scarce, as the Nazis have systematically and scientifically robbed North Africa. No eggs, butter, milk, beef, potatoes, or tobacco, but plenty of fresh fruit and dates, and not as bad as we anticipated.

November 10

WE are awakened by the air-raid sirens. Nazi planes overhead, but no visible action. Later on I learned they bombed the airport. The French guards are still on patrol outside our windows. A very tough-looking lot. Darlan has his headquarters in another wing of this same hotel (so I am told), and it is a rather welcome sight to see the arrival of a reinforcement of American infantrymen.

I am notified that the general wants me to "forget movies for the time being" and that I am assigned to handle the local radio problem. My first job is to locate the main broadcasting station, known as Radio Algiers, and to take a squad of soldiers and close it. I commandeer a passing auto, and learn that the station is several miles away in the downtown district.

In daylight the city is colorful and quite modern. There are very few automobiles, and the tiny streetcars are packed. Pedestrians rule the streets, utterly disregarding the existence of motor traffic. Arab women, veiled and always in white, are everywhere. American soldiers, with machine guns set up, guard the intersections. They have come in during the night. All French troops are off the streets. We have captured the German and Italian consulates and the Armistice Commissions of both nations. A fat haul, proving that our attack was a genuine surprise. In addition to over two hundred ranking German and Italian military and party officials, we have seized millions of francs, radio-sending sets, and many other items (secret) of military value. The Nazis thought we were going to attack Sicily and Sardinia and perhaps the toe of Italy; they were all set and waiting for us—but up the wrong alley.

At the radio station a young lieutenant and a squad of infantrymen were waiting for me at the curb. We proceeded to the office of the Radio Director and informed him that the station must go off the air at once, by order of the Commanding American General. We posted guards in all parts of the building and placed all the employees in our "protective custody." My soldiers had had no sleep since the initial attack the day before; so I arranged for some to sleep on the floor in the broadcasting theater, while others stood guard at the entrances. Suddenly we became aware that French marines had been posted on the roof of the building and in the adjoining alleyway. We had orders not to fire unless fired upon, or unless our commands were disobeyed. So we sat tight, wondering what it was all about.

NOON came, and the French employees started to howl. No Frenchman will let a little thing like a war deprive him of his food. I tried to reach headquarters at the St. George on the phone, but any one who has tried to make a call on a French phone in peacetime can imagine what it is in wartime. Meanwhile, my "guests" were getting hungrier and my guards sleepier, and, to add to the normal clamor of the moment, a new batch of excited Frenchmen arrived on the scene. They claimed to represent General Giraud. They wanted to broadcast "his grand announcement" to the public. They would "take over" the station and run it themselves.

A miniature second front quickly developed between the new arrivals and the present employees, who saw their jobs going out the window if the new group ever got possession of the microphone.

By this time some of the female employees had started to whimper; the men were violently shouting at one another; a guard was snoring on the floor under my feet; a tough corporal from Arkansas punched one of the newcomers in the nose—all in all, it was quite lively.

The newcomers were obviously phonies of some sort. I demanded credentials and got nothing but talk. They were annoyed at my hesitation, and not a little belligerent. Feeling like a character in an Edward G. Robinson epic, I gave them the bum's rush, let the regular employees go to lunch, and held the manager as a sort of down payment for their safe return. It never dawned on me that they might have liked nothing better than to see him permanently in my possession. However, they returned in the allotted time, and brought him a bag of dates to munch on.

After arranging for food for the guards on a sort of relay basis at a near-by bistro, I commandeered another auto and returned to headquarters. I contacted General Giraud's aide, and then my suspicions about the "radio representatives" were confirmed. They had not been sent by the general. He had approved no copy as yet. I was ordered to bring them in if they returned. By nightfall I was back at the radio station with orders to keep the radio off the air, to dismiss the employees (who were on the verge of malnutrition again), and to leave the guard detail on duty until further notice.

I learned later that the officers and OWI specialists who had been detailed to handle radio broadcasting had been delayed at sea. As soon as they arrived Radio Algiers went back on the air under our supervision.

I was pretty much done in myself when I returned to the hotel, but I had no sooner hit the hay when a member of General Clark's staff stuck his head in the door and asked me to be ready in fifteen minutes to go out on a special mission. The general wanted all his staff present for an important conference.

I laced up my leggings, buckled on my cartridge belt, and joined the others in the corridor. The conference was held downstairs in another wing of the building in what was formerly the hotel dining room—a large Moorish room which made effective use of blue-and-yellow tile designs on the walls. French marines in blue-black uniforms, dark shirts, and black ties were in the foyer. A dozen or more high-ranking French army officers, resplendent in their colorful uniforms, waited by the archway which led from the foyer to the dining room. Several French naval officers, including a heavy-set, gray-haired admiral, stood near by. General Giraud sat on a plush-covered bench, rather to one side.

We followed General Clark and Mr. Robert Murphy into the foyer. The officers saluted the general and there was a quick exchange of greetings and introductions.

General Clark talked privately for a moment with General Giraud, and then went on into the conference room, followed by Murphy. I learned that Darlan was already in the conference room. I stood aside with the other lesser American officers, discussing the event in low voices and wondering what the score was. The French officers, including the heavy-set admiral, remained apart. General Giraud came out of the conference room and resumed his seat on the bench. When he nodded to me in recognition, I joined him and we talked generalities. I am sure his thoughts were on more important matters. Once he consulted his watch and looked rather impatiently toward the closed door of the conference room. An aide came out and led the general back into the room. Hours passed. One officer fell asleep on a bench in the foyer. The French admiral paced up and down, stopping frequently to wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. Once I heard General Clark's voice as the door was opened, and I had a glimpse of General Nogues seated alongside Murphy.

AFTER a while Admiral Darlan came out, escorted by another French officer. This was my first look at him. He seemed nervous and strained. His blue-black uniform was well tailored but he looked entirely out of place in it. I was introduced to him, and while he tried to be pleasant, it just didn't come off. I couldn't think of anything much to say, and I am sure he was relieved when a couple of French officers led him to his car.

The conference broke up in a few moments. General Clark came out, followed by the others. He beckoned for me to follow him. As we walked through the dark alleyway which joined our section of the hotel with the other wing, he was visibly disturbed by the results of the conference and said so in no uncertain terms. This was the first time I had seen him in a fighting mood. It becomes him.

I now know why General Clark wanted all of us present at the conference tonight; it was purely for purposes of show. Until now the general had attended the previous powwows accompanied only by Mr. Murphy and his two or three political advisers. Darlan, on the other hand, arrived at each successive meeting with an increased number of military and naval aides. There were twelve of us present tonight, and although we were outnumbered, our appearance must have added a certain psychological effect to the proceedings. The very fact that we came in field uniforms and fully armed must have been something of a surprise to our "guests."

After escorting General Clark to his room, I turned in, exhausted. Incidentally, the French guard at the door did *not* salute me, so I was *sure* everything was O. K.

November 11

ARMISTICE Day. Things are moving quickly now. The "peace treaty" has been signed! Darlan is to be High Commissioner of North Africa, or something of the sort, and Giraud head of the army.

I have begun to locate my cameramen who came in on the assault landings. Lieutenant Albert Klein, Signal Corps, captured a machine-gun nest at El Biar with a grenade in one hand and a camera in the other. He knocked off his opponents and conducted himself like a seasoned trooper. Lieutenant Kenneth Pier, U. S. N. R. (a former Twentieth Century-Fox employee) landed with the first wave and should have some of the best attack material. I found another unit which was more or less stranded in a bivouac area near the Zoological Gardens. Corporal Robert Hopkins is a member of this group. Like all the other boys, he is eager to get to the front, and I assign him to Lieutenant Jack Judge, who is to lead one of the combat camera crews.

On orders from General Clark, I cabled Lowell Mellett to rush American films here, especially musicals, which are easily understood, and newsreels, which can be translated with titles. No American films have played here since 1940, and the Germans and Italians have controlled the theatrical market.

November 12

COMMANDER John Ford, U. S. N. R., with Lieutenant John McClain and his camera crew, arrived on the convoy which pulled in today. Ford is anxious to get to the Tunis front, and I shall assign him to one of the first American units to go into that area. For eight years Jack Ford and I have worked together in Hollywood as producer and director. Here we are together again on the other side of this small world.

John McClain is another Hollywood refugee. He is now doubling in brass as a cameraman-author for the Office of Strategic Services. I can imagine the resourceful Johnny as almost anything but a photographer. I am sure, however, that what he lacks in technical knowledge he will make up for in his ability to "smell out" a good photographic story, and that's where I am going to need a lift.

Jack and his companions (U. S. Navy officers) are now assigned to the Army Signal Corps for this operation. So if you see a picture of a naval officer wandering around in the Tunisian desert, don't be startled; it simply means that the cameramen have landed and the situation is well in hand—I hope.

Transportation is hell and vehicles are as scarce as blondes. With the help of a certain gentleman, I have gathered to my bosom a blue Chevrolet sedan, once the proud property of the Italian Consulate.

We had another air raid today at Maison Blanche, and a pip last night. They didn't come into the city, however, and things are getting rather dull and routine.

In an effort to help Major Buchak, who cannot speak French, I accompanied him to the headquarters of the French Military. We have orders to take over the best available radio station, as communications with Gibraltar are not satisfactory on our present lines and the Germans long ago cut the only cable. The French officers were helpful but rather confused, and we were passed along the line from one to another, finally ending up in the Bureau of the Transmission Chief. Here was a truly wonderful type. A real soldier—a veteran of World War I, in which he had served as a liaison officer with the American forces. He was eager to give us everything he had. Before long our transmission troubles were over, and we lingered on, talking of the war and the future of France as a nation freed of the Nazi yoke. When we rose to leave, the old general's eyes were dim. Impulsively he drew me to him and kissed me on both cheeks in the traditional fashion, then smartly saluted and stood at attention until we left the room. It sounds very silly, I imagine, but at the time I had a lump in my throat. The old boy's sincerity and delight at being with Americans again was so genuine.

November 13

TODAY General Clark was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. General Eisenhower made the promotion at the airport and we photographed it. It is impossible not to be impressed by General Eisenhower's smile. When he turns it on, which is frequently, it is as warm and glowing as an Arizona sunset. While he is not as tall as General Clark, his frame is huskier and you get the feeling that he is a man of great physical strength. His forehead is extremely broad and his eyes are set wide apart. They never wander when he looks at you. You get the impression that behind it all, behind his warm smile and pleasant manner, is a man of action, a tough customer when circumstances demand it. As he pinned the third star on General Clark's shoulder and shook his hand, I felt that he was actually more enthusiastic about the promotion than General Clark was. Incidentally, there was no third star available for the ceremony, so we took the second one off General Clark's right shoulder and turned him with his left shoulder facing the camera. We had them repeat the action several times, and they took direction like Hollywood veterans.

I am trying to steal a British truck for Jack Ford and his unit, so they can get going.

Things are beginning to move now. We are preparing an advance on Tunisia and the staff is working day and night.

November 14

TODAY I sent cameramen by boat to Bone, where the British First Army has landed, supported by American units. I have told them to stick close to the advance and work toward the road to Tunis. I have promised to contact them later on when I have Ford set.

November 15-16

I AM sick—dysentery. Pinned down to a bed at the St. George, I have time to realize fully how lonesome I am for Virginia and the babies. They seem millions of miles away, and Hollywood and the studios are something out of another world. What wouldn't I give to have just one day at 546 Ocean Front! I wonder what Nick is serving Billy and Joe and the gang at the studio for lunch. How I would like to dive into a plate of good American food! Garlic is all right, I suppose, but there is a limit to everything.

Yet I have no right to complain. I am lucky to be alive. Today we had a military funeral for those we lost in the assault and the air battles.

November 17

IT was only a mild touch (known as "Mediterranean stomach measles") and I am on my feet again.

I have contacted Colonel Bruss and everything is arranged for Ford to go with an American tank battalion to Bone and the front. More Signal Corps cameramen arrived today—some from Oran.

So far I have not been able to contact Major Anatole Litvak at Casablanca, but I heard today by air courier that he lost most of his assault film when a ship was torpedoed and sunk. Litvak was the first Signal Corps officer to enter the city of Casablanca. So far we have had very few casualties in the photo units. One cameraman was wounded in the head by shrapnel and several others have not yet turned up, although they were probably only "mislaid."

We had another raid at the airport tonight. They dropped flares directly on the field, but when they tried to follow up with bombs their aim was horrible. Not one hit the mark. We are sure they were Italians.

November 18

I HAVE collected eight of my best combat cameramen and have secured a two-and-one-half-ton American truck. We have loaded enough rations, water, and fuel for two weeks, and we are headed for Tunisia. I intend to drop off my men in pairs as we come to each fighting unit. This way I am sure the entire operation will be properly covered from a photographic standpoint.

Lieutenant Klein is to drive the truck and I shall lead the way in my trusty Chevrolet. We'll ditch it when we near the forward lines. We have camouflaged it, but it still looks like a Chevrolet.

I saw General Clark and received authorization to proceed with the plan outlined above. We left at dusk and headed for Bone, our headlights out as a precaution against snipers, who continued to pop at us.

I am still weak. We folded up at a small Arab town, Tizi-Ouzou, where we woke a tavernkeeper at 3 A. M., frightened the wits out of him, and secured a rather comfortable bed.

Arabs are a source of continual fascination for me. There is something mysterious and ancient about them. Arabic must be a very difficult language. The Arabs themselves seem to have difficulty in understanding one another. They shout back and forth continuously in what seems to be great anger. The women work; the men give the orders. They always seem to be going somewhere. On the roads by day or night you pass small herds of them, always led by the men and followed by the women and children carrying bundles and whatnot. They keep to themselves and never look up as you pass. Sometimes they are followed by a herd of goats, which invariably leap across the road just as you are about to pass. When this happens, all the Arabs, male and female, start to shout as if the world were coming to an end.

November 19

STARTED out at dawn. It is a hell of a road, choked with motor convoys, narrow and steep in places but scenically picturesque. The country here is very much like Del Monte and Cypress Point; in fact, all of Algeria reminds me of California. The backdrop constantly changes, as does the California backdrop. Algeria has its mountains, although they are not as rugged and steep as the Sierra Madre range. It has its desert, but it is more like the desert at Palm Springs and not as desolate as Death Valley. It has its citrus groves and its cultivated fields, very much like that stretch of California running northward from San Diego. As we neared the city of Bougie we saw our first camels—a small caravan headed toward the south.

Bougie is the most interesting place we have come upon. The town sits on the crest of a high cliff overlooking the Mediterranean. The streets are narrow and steep, and the buildings are jammed together. It is an old city, one of the oldest in North Africa. Bougie means "candle" in French. It was here that the Arabs, centuries ago, invented the candle and gave the first source of sustaining light to the world.

We have lost contact with our truck. It is raining and we have difficulty in negotiating the steep cobblestone streets. The harbor here was raided last night for the third time. You can see the masts of sunken ships sticking out of the water. A French cargo vessel has rolled over on its side from the concussion of a near-miss. It is still smoldering.

We secure additional gas from a British depot and go on to Djedeida—but no truck. We decide to spend the night, and I locate a billet in what was once a fashionable gambling casino. Djedeida is something of a resort town. The beach is broad and beautiful. The buildings are white, modern, and Moorish in design. The Casino stands by itself on the beach. There is an airport not far away, guarded by American soldiers and manned by the R. A. F. The Casino has been taken over as a sort of officers' mess. The gambling tables and elaborate fixtures have been covered and moved aside. Bedding rolls have been spread out on the tile floors.

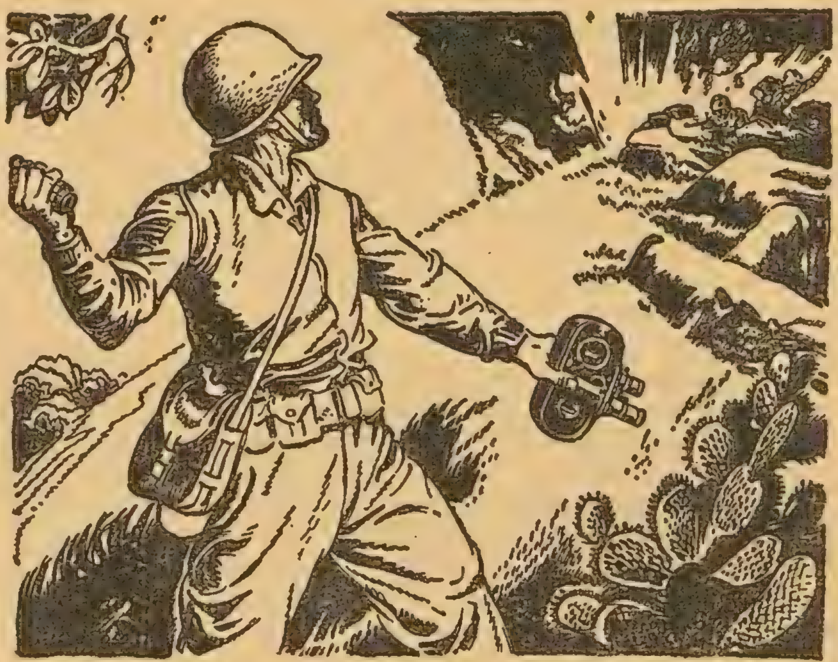
I am certain I ate horsemeat for dinner tonight; it was strong, stringy, and double-gaited.

November 20

STILL no sign of the truck. I am really worried now. It is not pleasant to think of eight dead or disabled cameramen.

At Philippeville I contact the British Message Center and try my best to send back a tracer, but nothing comes of it.

The V for Victory sign has swept North Africa. Wherever we go, we are greeted by upraised hands, fingers forming the V. Native children wave at us as we pass, and when we park they clutter around our bus, laughing and jabbering like curious little monkeys. They catch on quickly; already they have mastered enough English to ask for "chew-hing-gum" and "cigarette Américaine."



We are now eating canned British rations. They are excellent, especially the box marked "A," which has a delicious kidney-and-steak pudding and canned peaches. The cigar problem is acute. I am now down to cigarettes, and anybody can tell you that for a cigar smoker that is next to the kiss of death.

We drove on and reached Bone at sunset. They have just had their tenth air raid in the last two days. I contacted Lieutenant Pier and my first group of cameramen (whom I had sent ahead by boat) at the Hotel D'Oriente. They were bombed all the way from Algiers and have some excellent material. They are stuck here because of lack of transportation. Compared to the D'Oriente, the Rock Hotel in Gibraltar is fairyland. Nothing works here —the water, the lights, or the help.

Ran into Major Randolph Churchill and we had a pleasant session downstairs in the hotel's crowded barroom. I am constantly surprised by the change I see in men whom I have previously known in civilian life. For one thing, they look younger, and I have yet to find any one with whom military life does not seem to agree.

The boys are giving Johnny McClain "the business." He did the impossible—got a dinner date with a gal with a face like Hedy Lamarr's and a figure like Betty

Grable's. Everything swell—only she brought along her boy friend and Johnny wound up with the check. He can't figure out if the boy friend was the husband, the brother, or the night watchman.

My lost truck arrives with no casualties, and we bunk down for the night, three to a cell.

November 21

LEFT Bone at dusk, determined to drive all night and stick together this time. As we pulled out, the Nazis came over and gave the harbor a real pasting and took a bit of pasting themselves. We photographed it and got some good shots—I hope. We are using 16-mm. cameras with Kodachrome magazine clips. They are light and simple to reload in a hurry. For combat action there is nothing to compare with them. Thirty-five-mm. Eyemos are fine for behind the lines, but when you must grab action "on the fly" you cannot spare the time needed to reload. Furthermore, in 16-mm. we can carry on our person two and one half times as much film as we could in 35-mm., and this is a vital factor.

We passed Souk Ahras at midnight, and after checking in at the Message Center we lit out for a town called Guardamou on the other side of a mountain range. It was a tough but uneventful drive. We reached our camp at 4 A. M. and slept on the ground. The days are pleasant here, but the nights are next to freezing.

November 22

WE were awakened by the noise of motor convoys headed for the front. Saw Bill Stoneman and Drew Middleton, American reporters, also headed for the lines. They were in a broken-down car which Bill bought for $300. So far they have averaged about two blowouts per day. They had no definite idea of how they would be able to get their dispatches on the wires, but Drew said: "As long as we can dig up the stories Bill will find some way to get them out."

All telephone and wireless facilities here have been commandeered by the military, and naturally all military messages have priority. You cannot just file a dispatch and let it go at that. One way or another, good reporters will manage to get their stories through with the minimum amount of delay; but when you read a dispatch in your local paper and look upon it as stale news because it is a week late, you might bear in mind the possibility that this particular dispatch has passed through many hands and many channels and many hardships before it got to you, and very likely the original copy has been stained with the sweat and blood and tears of the man who wrote it.

We are in a long valley now and the road is good. At noon we reached the town of Souk el Arba. We picked a camp site in the open on the banks of a shallow river. The airport at Souk el Arba has been in our hands for only a very short time. I talked with a captain from an American paratroop company and got a firsthand account of how we captured it. The Nazis had their eye on it, too. They came over in huge troop-carrying planes and circled the field preparatory to jumping at a height of about six or seven thousand feet. It was a cloudy day, and they continued to circle for all of fifteen or twenty minutes, apparently biding their time in an effort to size up the situation on the ground and determine the extent of the resistance they might encounter from the French. Of course they had no idea American forces had penetrated this deep into Tunisia.

While the Nazis were taking their time, American DC-3s laden with paratroops roared over the field at an elevation of not more than 2,500 feet. Apparently neither side was aware of the presence of the other. The DC-3s circled the field once and the paratroops jumped. One can very well imagine the consternation of the Germans when they came out of the clouds and looked down to see a sky full of parachutes that were not their own. The German planes rapidly climbed back into the clouds and went off in a huff. Incidentally, the young captain who told me the story confessed that the Americans had no idea that the Nazis were above them when they jumped.

After leaving the boys to heat up the G. I. turkey, I headed for Headquarters to check in. As I was about to enter the building, which was until yesterday the local Hotel de Ville, something made me look up. Directly over my head a flight of planes came into view, not more than 2,000 feet up. The first one peeled off into as beautiful a power dive as you could ever hope to see and live. The others followed in perfect formation, looking like monstrous gray sea gulls diving for fish.

It all happened in a sudden shocking instant. Bombs rained on us from every direction, it seemed, including the earth. The whole town shuddered and shook. Plaster flew off the walls. Machine-gun bullets splattered on all sides. A terrific explosion seemed to cave in the building, and down the road toward the airport, which was only a block away, a burst of fire shot 500 feet into the air as a bomb hit a petrol dump. Another landed in the ammunition, which exploded and sent flares of live bullets rocketing in every direction.

I flattened out on the floor and hugged the wall as another terrific explosion shook the building. Our own ack-ack opened up; the din was deafening. The Nazis were certainly playing for keeps this time. In five minutes they threw the whole book at us, including the cover.

The moment they turned away I grabbed my camera and headed for the airport, which was by now a mass of flames and billowing smoke. Wounded and dead lay in the roadside. I photographed right and left, stopping only to help where I could with the wounded.

A shell-shocked native wearing a fez and a bright red tunic reeled around on his heels like a punch-drunk prizefighter, now and then pointing wildly to the sky and yelling at the top of his lungs in Arabic. A couple of French soldiers grabbed him and led him away.

The fire spread along the roadway under the trees. New cans of gasoline exploded right and left as the heat got to them. Ground crews, disregarding their own personal safety, worked frantically to move the untouched cans out of the way. Officers and men alike pitched in to salvage what they could. Ugly clouds of black smoke blotted out the sky.

A .50-caliber machine-gun bullet is a terrible thing. If a bomb hits you, it is all over in a flash and they pick you up with a blotter; but a .50-caliber just tears you apart and chops you up as if you had gone through a meat grinder.

I had my flask of brandy and I passed it around freely. One other cameraman, Sergeant Diskin, joined me, and he went on covering the entire scene while I lent a hand with the casualties. In the middle of this, the rats came over again. We were caught on the runway with no protection and had to make a dash for it.

THIS time I was damn well frightened. The sight of the blood and the mangled bodies was fresh in my mind. I wasn't alone. There wasn't a soldier on the field who didn't light out for the nearest tree or ditch. The Nazis made one sweep and went on.

When I finally got back to our little camp (after one more brief raid and a thrilling dogfight right above us) I was delighted to find that the other boys had photographed the attack from an elevation and had covered the part I had missed while ducking.

As we were excitedly discussing the events of the day, Sergeant Edwards spotted a new attack coming in at a higher level. We counted twenty Messerschmitts escorting a like number of Stuka dive bombers. From the opposite direction twelve Spitfires dove out of the clouds and headed straight for the enemy. This was a sight worth remembering—a gigantic battle royal right over our heads.

How long it lasted I will not attempt to say. It might have been only five minutes, or an hour. The opposing ships dove at each other—the Messerschmitts engaging the Spits while the Stukas bombed and strafed the airport, the city, the road, the bridges, and everything in sight.

We had four or five cameras in action at all times, and I stood by with a Tommy gun, expecting a Nazi plane to unload its crew in our laps at any moment. The Spits held their own, and although outnumbered they gave a good account of themselves. At one time there were at least ten separate dogfights in progress. A Messerschmitt dove right over our heads not higher than the treetops, its guns blazing and black smoke pouring out of the tail.

I let go with my Tommy gun and used up a full clip. I had no sooner reloaded than a Stuka started bombing the bridge across a narrow field from us. The impact of the heavy bombs lifted the earth up in our faces. Another Stuka dove past us so low you could see every detail of the craft, and one cameraman was so near to it he could not hold the entire plane in the camera aperture. In rapid succession other planes dove over us.

I fired three clips in all, and while I know some of my lead hit home, I probably did no damage, yet there was always the chance that one lucky shot might strike a vital spot. As I leaned back against the rim of a ditch, took careful aim, and squeezed the trigger, I was thinking that at last I was shooting at a German—doing very little damage, I am sure, but still I was shooting. Exhilaration and a feeling of supreme satisfaction swept over me. I wanted to shoot more and more. I was sorry when the planes didn't turn back for another try. I could feel my heart pounding, and afterward I was surprised to find myself out of breath and sweating.

In the excitement I had managed to sit in a lovely platter of cow dung. Thank heaven for that extra pair of breeches!

When we felt certain the Jerries were not returning, I went back to Headquarters. It was a shambles. The command to which we were assigned had moved out into the open country a few miles away. So I called it a day and returned to camp.

We cooked a good hot meal while it was still light, and slept on the ground. Outside of a visit by a wandering goatherd, it was a pleasant night and I got nine hours before daylight. My first good sleep since my illness.

November 23

DURING the night our troops captured about forty Italian paratroopers. We photograph them. They are a happy lot, delighted to be out of the war. They pose for us and do acrobatic stunts, anxious to butter their bread on the *right* side this time. A British major (who looked and talked like a younger version of George Arliss) was in charge of the prisoners. He had only one worry on his mind: how to get rid of them. He kept saying: "Somebody from Division Headquarters has got to come up and take these chaps off my hands. They've *got* to! We're going to move on soon, and they're not going to stick *me* with anything like this! It isn't cricket!" He actually didn't say, "It isn't cricket," but I am sure he felt it. The prisoners had obviously spotted him as their "caretaker," and when he walked across the field toward the Message Center, muttering something about trying to get another report on the situation through to Headquarters, they followed his movements like children watching a favorite schoolteacher on examination day. He was *their* man.

Outside of one mild raid which was more of a token affair than a serious attack, we had an uneventful day. In the afternoon the sun shone brightly and the war seemed miles away. The hills here remind me of the uncultivated part of the San Fernando Valley. They are broad and rolling, broken here and there by small groves of eucalyptus and olive trees and an occasional plowed field.

Just before sunset I drove out to Headquarters again for a final check-in. The Italians were squatted in a group on the barren roadside, casually attended by not more than six or seven Tommies, who stood in a circle around them, their automatic rifles slung over their shoulders. The major was leaning against the fender of a scout car some distance away, moodily looking at them.

November 24

WE are ordered to move forward and join Headquarters at Beja, about thirty miles farther up. En route, when a Junkers 88 takes a crack at our column, we dive into a slit-trench and stretch out, nose in the dirt, fanny skyward, and hope for the best.

Beja is a miniature of Coventry; there is hardly a building that has not been hit. We are quartered in a deserted shed across the road from Headquarters. At sunset the Jerries visit us again—dive bombers—and they come in low but with poor marksmanship due to the concentrated ack-ack fire our boys were able to pour on them. I had another crack at one from about 100 yards with the Tommy gun.

We could not light a fire, so we ate cold and turned in on the ground. The boys took a haystack and I stretched out with the lieutenant on a dry spot beside a partially wrecked barn. It has rained all afternoon and we are rather wet and miserable.

About 2 A. M. I am awakened by a light shining in my eyes. A plane overhead has dropped a parachute flare directly over us. It is as light as midday. This is obviously spy work, as the flare has picked out the one grove of trees in which Headquarters has been established.

Soon the ack-ack opens up and other flares are dropped. It is light enough to photograph, but we are too near the target for comfort. A near-miss on Headquarters would give us the works. However, there is nothing to do but sit it out; so we hang on and wait. It is not long before we hear the now familiar roar of the Nazi bombers and soon the earth is heaving and shaking again.

You seem so helpless in a night bombing. In an air raid on a city everything for miles around is a target and you are no better or worse off than your neighbor; but it is quite different to be in an open field with little or no shelter and to know that the enemy is doing his utmost to search you out and drop his load precisely on your head.

On this occasion there were American and British troops in every grove for miles around, yet Jerry did his level best to get our particular grove. He was a flop, although one 200-pounder landed about forty paces from Headquarters and not more than 150 yards from us.

We had several more light attacks before dawn, but the city got the most of it.

November 25

THIS is the day set for the advance on enemy-held ground positions. We are on the north flank aimed at Mateur. The center will strike at Tebourba and Djedeida, and the British and French will come in from the south.

We hide the truck in a farmyard halfway from Beja to the front and take the Chevrolet, with myself at the wheel and one cameraman on each running board to watch for attacking planes. We have been warned to expect the worst, especially from the air. I have been furnished a set of marked war maps, and we speed eastward as fast as we can, anxious to get to the forward positions.

Three times in an hour we had to abandon the car and take to the ditches. The road was crowded with vehicles moving toward the front. We joined up with a motorized infantry column. It suddenly came to a halt, so we halted. I could hear machine-gun firing not far away. I talked to the nearest officer—and learned that we were already at the front. Five hundred yards down the road, a Nazi tank column had clashed with our tanks and a detachment of the enemy was now taking pot shots at us from the farmyard I could see just ahead. This was the firing I had heard.

A battery of British 25-pounders moved off the road, took up a position in an open field alongside us, and opened fire. We could see the tanks on the hillside about two miles away. We photographed the bombardment, and in the middle of it Jerry came over and strafed and bombed us. It was not a long raid and our ack-ack kept them high. One big bomb tore a huge gaping hole in the road.

The British battery opened up again the moment the planes turned away. We could see a group of Italian and German soldiers run out of the farmyard, waving white handkerchiefs as a token of surrender. This was something we could not miss. We leaped into the old bus and tore down the winding road toward the prisoners, who were now being escorted across a plowed field by a squad of Tommies. We got some interesting stuff.

The Germans wouldn't mingle with the Italians and

(Continued on Page 45)

Emily Passmore Nesbitt, founder of the Shelter.

MOTHERS and BABIES NEEDN'T DIE

BY EARL MAZO and RITA VANE MAZO

Bad housing, poverty, and a shortage of doctors need not mean high infant mortality. Here's one place where babies of the poor are born healthy and happy

Ninety-six per cent of the babies born at the Maternity Shelter are brought back by their mothers for check-ups at the well-baby clinic.

OVER 2,600 babies have been born at the Greenville Maternity Shelter, Greenville, South Carolina, in the past ten years, yet not one mother or baby has died. This is particularly remarkable in that the Shelter operates in the share-cropper belt, where the infant mortality rate has always been the highest.

During the past year mothers aided at the Shelter ranged in age from sixteen to forty-five. A woman of twenty-nine had her thirteenth child. When her physical examination revealed that she had active tuberculosis, the Shelter sent her to the county t.b. hospital. If she had not come to the Shelter, the disease would have remained uncared for and she'd have gone on endangering her children.

Mothers come to the Shelter afoot, in homemade wagons pulled by mules or oxen, or in ancient jalopies. Sometimes the neighbors pool their funds to buy gasoline to send an expectant mother down from the hills. Often eggs and chickens are brought along to be swapped for return fuel. One woman hitchhiked thirty miles to the prenatal clinic all through her pregnancy, and arrived by the same method two days before her confinement.

All these mothers formerly gave birth in grimy beds with the whole family and all the neighbors looking on, or on the kitchen table with only a neighbor woman assisting. None had any prenatal care or advice, sanitation at delivery, or postnatal care. Save for the free service of the Shelter, none would get any medical care today.

The Shelter is shining proof of what one person can do to solve an acute problem of a community. The Shelter was created by the energy and devotion of Mrs. Emily Passmore Nesbitt, a registered nurse. Mrs. Nesbitt is insistent that the Shelter have no atmosphere of charity. She impresses on the women who come there that giving a child to the world is a thing to be proud of. She is angered by the condescension, rudeness, and cruelty practiced toward poor people at many relief agencies, free clinics, and city and country hospitals. "If people are poor and in trouble, all the more reason to treat them kindly and considerately," she says. "Such people are so defenseless!"

Mrs. Nesbitt, a small, gentle, soft-spoken woman, was a nurse overseas in the first World War, then did field nursing in Russia, Greece, and Turkey for the American Women's Hospitals. Returning to the United States, she worked as a visiting nurse on New York's East Side, then got a job field nursing for the South Carolina State Board of Health. Going about the countryside advising mothers during their pregnancies, she said to each of them: "Go see your doctor." "But," she says, "I found that was ridiculous. They had no doctors. They *never* went to doctors. They couldn't afford it. What was the sense in giving them prenatal advice if they had no medical care at all even for delivery?"

A group of volunteer Red Cross workers in Greenville decided that the money they had left over from World War I might be used to develop a maternal health program for people who couldn't afford doctors. They put Mrs. Nesbitt in charge. She started classes in home nursing, taught mothers of two villages home hygiene and baby care, then organized them into groups to go out among their neighbors and teach what they had learned. When a baby was due, she brought a doctor in to handle the delivery at home. "But it wouldn't work," says Mrs. Nesbitt. "Their homes were hardly fit to live in, let alone be born in."

One case was a clincher. She went at dusk to the house of a share-cropper whose wife was near childbirth, and sent the woman's husband afoot to a telephone to summon a doctor. An hour later he came back, saying that when he got to the phone he forgot what number to call. Mrs. Nesbitt, not daring to leave the woman to go for a doctor herself, set to work in the dim light of a smoky lamp, its chimney held together with paper and paste. Suddenly the cracked lamp chimney fell to pieces, leaving only a bare flickering flame. In that faint wavering light which was almost darkness, Mrs. Nesbitt, with the aid of the family scissors sterilized in boiling water, brought a child into the world. "How it lived in all that squalor is a mystery," she said.

Determined to get a place where

(*Continued on page 62*)

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?

BY JERROLD BEIM

Conventions were for others, they thought, but the kid sister demonstrates how conventional a modern girl can be

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

AS she stood before the low chest, emptying a drawer for Greg, Lorna saw the picture of her father and mother that they had sent for Christmas. Her cheeks flamed with color, as if it were actually her parents standing there before her. She wanted to cry out, "Don't look at me like that! I know what we're doing and nothing can stop us!"

She reached out for the double leather frame, snapping it shut and thrusting it into a drawer. What was it Greg had said to her: "We'll lock the door on the world for these two weeks, Lorna, forget that any one exists but ourselves. Certainly you and I deserve that bit of happiness before I go."

"Lorna, Lorna, are you sure you know what you're doing?" It was as if her father's voice were muffled in the drawer of that chest, calling to her: *"Lorna, perhaps it's time for a walk up the beach."*

She had an impulse to laugh. When she was a little girl and did anything wrong, her father used to take her by the hand, leading her up the beach, along the great dunes of the New England shore where they lived, to talk things over.

"Why did you deliberately take your sister Jean's toy, Lorna? She's younger than you. You should protect her, not hurt her. Why don't you think before you do these things?"

She remembered glancing at the strong figure beside her, knowing he was trying so hard to help her. She would draw a breath of air before sobs escaped. The sea air, so fresh and cool, filling her lungs, cleansing her very soul.

She drew a sharp breath now. She wasn't a child. She was twenty-five years of age, away from home for more than two years, earning her own living. Certainly it was time to shed any pangs of conscience as far as her parents were concerned. She had her own life to lead, and if she chose to lead two weeks of it in an unconventional relationship with Greg, whose concern was it but her own?

Unconventional relationship! Her lips twisted wryly at that summing up of all Greg and she felt for each other, planned for these two weeks. But they had talked things over clearly, resolutely, even before his draft number had come up.

It hadn't been easy, coming to their decision. Marriage was the first thing they discussed. They could be married in the living room of the salt-box house where her folks lived, could even honeymoon on the Cape if he liked. He said, "I was born during the last war. My father had one quick look at me and had to go off to France. He never came back. You don't know how hard life was for my mother after that. I wouldn't let you go through the same thing."

She cried, "I bet your mother wasn't sorry! I wouldn't be sorry either!"

"No, Lorna," his voice was firm. "Marriage isn't for us. If I don't come back I want you to forget me quickly. It will be easier—without ties."

They talked about it, trying to find a solution, hours on end. Time, time, it was hard to remember that life was a race against time. At that very moment efficient hands were typing out his notice, "Greg Saunders, report to your draft board." It arrived in the morning mail and answered everything for them.

He came to her immediately after his interview. "This is it, Lorna. Two weeks is all I'm sure of—have to offer you in life. Do you want them—without any ties? I won't blame you. I'll understand if you don't—"

It was hard to control the agony within her, the wrenching of pain at her heart. But she was in his arms, her face uplifted to him. "Yes, Greg, I want those two weeks! But, darling, let's not plan to go anywhere. Let's just stay at my place, so I can at least pretend that it's forever."

"You've got to be sure, Lorna, so sure." He held her from him, his dark eyes brimming with love.

"I am, sure, Greg. After all, we're not children! We're not obligated for what we do to any one but ourselves."

THAT was true; that was what she had to remember. They weren't obligated for what they did to any one but themselves. Greg had gone to finish all errands, close up his place, and bring his things here. They planned to have dinner out and then go to a farewell party given in his honor by the staff of the advertising agency where they worked. But after that, every moment would be their own; they would crowd their two weeks with all the happiness they could.

She glanced at herself in the mirror. Her eyes were shining happily, her lips curved into a radiant smile. She was wearing a bright print dress, and a rose, of the box Greg had sent a little while ago, was pinned in her dark lustrous hair. The apartment looked attractive, the rest of the flowers in a vase on the coffee table, and now there was room in the chest, the closet too, for Greg's things.

The bell rang then and she knew it was he. She ran to open the door, her heart pounding—

"Greg—Greg—" But her eyes widened, her lips parted, his name stuck like a burr in her throat.

"Lorna—surprise—surprise! Glad to see me? Mom said you mightn't be. Dad said you would. But here I am!"

IT was a trick—a hallucination. The tall slim girl on the threshold would fade away, disappear the next time she blinked her eyes. Because it wasn't—it couldn't be—her kid sister Jean, here at a time like this!

"Honestly, I'm almost as surprised as you are." It was unmistakably, irrevocably, the bright tinkle of Jean's voice. "But dad's promised me this trip for a long time and school was shut for a few weeks to save heat—so here I am. I'd have wired you, but I was so afraid something might keep me from coming that I decided to just hurry down and surprise you."

It was hard to control the impulse to laugh—or was it to cry—that rose through her, threatened to overwhelm her. Jean, of all people, here now, when Greg would be arriving any minute. But she couldn't just let her stand there. She had to say, "Jean—come in—"

"Oh, Lorna, your place is simply a knockout!" Jean walked about the room. Jean, eighteen years old, with blonde hair that hung to her shoulders from beneath a smart wide-brimmed hat. High-heeled shoes and a curvesome young body in a gay plaid coat. "You don't know how I envy you, Lorna. Living in New York on your own. As soon as I finish school I'm coming down—"

Lorna sank to the love seat before the fireplace, stunned, unable to utter a sound. What do I tell her, what can I say to her? She couldn't let a child's vacation, no matter how much it meant to her, spoil the plans for two weeks that meant all of life to Greg and her.

"I want to see shows, Lorna, and take in all the museums and things. I want just to have fun, forget the war for a while, if I can. Do you think that's wrong? But I've been

(*Continued on page 59*)

Greg's hand struck across her cheek. "Don't talk to your sister like that!"

STALK THE HUNTER

Enmeshed in the Nazi web, disgraced in the eyes of her own countrymen, Kit turns to Dan. Can he help in her struggle to free herself?

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Paul Campbell told Kit Gruenholz that she must betray Anna Mahler, Kit knew that she must kill him. For weeks she had worked at a museum in New York where Paul had an important job collecting paintings for exhibitions. For weeks she had considered the charming, handsome Englishman her friend. And now she knew him to be a Nazi agent.

"I want Anna Mahler," he told her, looking at her across his desk. And Kit realized that if she refused to lead him to the brave old woman who had been the backbone of the Czech underground movement, and who was now in America, Paul would turn Kit herself over to the federal authorities. For he knew her secret—that she was in America on a forged passport. He could even make the F. B. I. believe that she, not he, was the Nazi, because he was important, respected, while she had no one whom she could trust. She wasn't sure even of Dan Shay, the young research chemist who had got her the museum job. Dan, too, might be an enemy, for all she knew.

To gain time, Kit promised to meet Paul at the St. Regis that evening for dinner. Knowing he would go home to Long Island to dress before keeping the appointment, she put her gun in her bag and drove to his house. No one was around. She went in, opened the library door, and saw Paul's blond head above the back of the davenport that faced the flickering fire. She lifted her gun and shot him in the back of the head, then hurried out and drove back to town.

It had been as easy as that. Now all that remained was for her to go to the St. Regis as if nothing had happened—as though she still expected to have dinner with Paul.

At the hotel, she went to the bar. When she took out a cigarette, a man's hand proffered a lighter. She looked up and saw Paul Campbell smiling down at her!

"Hello!" he said. "You're ten minutes late."

With an effort, she masked her terror. Paul did not mention the shooting, but Kit knew what had happened. She had killed a man—some one, but not Paul—and Paul himself had been watching from some hiding place. Now she was more than ever in his power!

The next day, desperate, she telephoned a man who could get in touch with Anna. She must see the old woman, she told him. He called her back at her office in the museum and said:

"Why don't you go to a movie? At the Luxor. You can smoke in the last row. Make it at six."

Kit breathed more freely. Anna would meet her at the movie, she knew. And Anna, if any one could, would save her from Paul.

WITH a deep new sense of freedom, Kit leaned back in her swivel chair and swung it slowly around until she came face to face with the little gray man with the hearing aid she had seen outside. He was standing just inside the door to her office, an expression of resigned patience on his small features.

It took Kit a moment to catch her breath over the sudden panic that had exploded in her throat.

"Excuse me, miss," he said apologetically. "I wanted to talk to you about a trombone."

"How long have you been standing there?" Kit managed to ask. There was a dull heavy sensation in her head, as though it had been drained of blood.

The man's eyes widened a bit in perplexity.

"The valve trombone, I mean," he went on. "The one in the case facing the window." He made an incomplete gesture that conveyed nothing.

"How long have you been standing there?" Kit insisted, in the same voice she had used before. She held the man's eyes with her own. Shrugging a bit, he turned a little dial on the case he wore at his lapel.

"What?" he asked. He shook his head again and turned the dial. "What?" This time he said it louder, as though testing his hearing aid. He still wasn't satisfied, and gave out a series of "whats," each one louder than the preceding one, until he was shouting. Finally he turned to her with bright interest and roared, "I need a new battery! Wait a minute."

A flirting gesture in his coat pocket brought out a small cell, which he inserted like a cartridge; then he turned the dial back.

"What did you say, now?" he asked Kit in a normal tone. "I didn't hear you before." His expression was bright and cherubic.

"I asked how long you had been standing there," Kit repeated, feeling like a fool. Her suspicions simmered slowly, refusing to be satisfied, waiting for the smallest stimulus to roar up again into terror.

"Only a minute or two," he told her, as though he were willing to humor her in these stupid questions. "I saw the trombone there, and then I decided to ask you the question, so I came in here. The door was open, so I walked right in."

"The door was closed," Kit said sharply. "I closed it myself!"

He shook his head, smiling patiently.

"Open," he insisted. "I saw it open as soon as you closed it. Only a little bit, but it was open just the same. The trombone I mean has three valves on the side. I don't mean the slide trombone."

"But you saw that I was busy when you came in." Kit refused to leave the subject.

"You were just sitting there, that's all." Some impatience was in his tone. "Just looking at your hand. And when I came in you turned around."

"Is that what happened?"

"Of course!" he snapped. His impatience had grown to indignation. "What do you think I am? Look, I came here for some information—just a little bit of information."

"What is it?" Kit sighed.

THE sudden reversal in roles was dizzying and she tried to check it. But the deaf man wasn't satisfied. He intended to ride his cockhorse as far as it would go.

"I'm standing there, thinking how nice a place this is, where you can ask all the questions about all the things you see, and first thing you know, you're asking *me* the questions! What difference does it make where I stand or how long I stand?"

"The trombone," Kit said, dangling the concept in front of him. "The valve trombone."

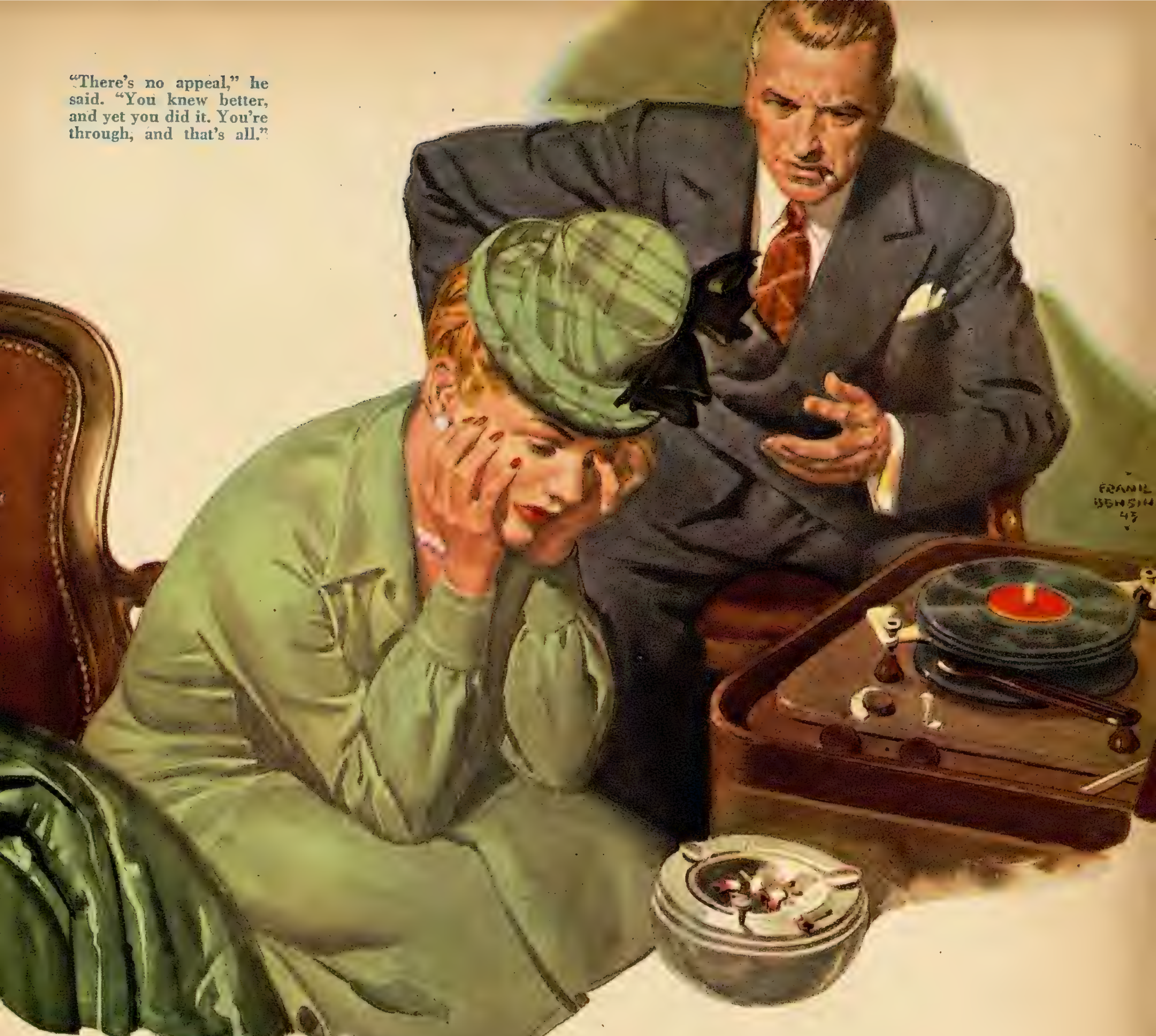
He looked at her angrily, and was finally willing to compromise.

"Is it harder to play than the slide kind?" Then, with a little belligerence, he added: "That's my question."

"It doesn't make the slightest bit of difference," Kit told him. She turned away. "If you'll excuse me, I'm busy."

He backed away, shaking with fury at the slight. "It's a fine thing! A customer asks a question, and they don't answer it! How do you like that! You don't have any time to explain to a customer, but you have time to go to the movies, all right! Remember, I didn't come here on a free day. I *paid* to get in here—I paid twenty-five cents. It's a

"There's no appeal," he said. "You knew better, and yet you did it. You're through, and that's all."



racket, that's what it is. You get treated just like it's a clinic, no matter if you *do* pay!"

The door closed on his tirade, and then Kit heard the frantic steps of the guard approaching to quiet him. She resumed the work she had left that morning, with one eye on the lagging clock.

Finally it was five and Kit decided to leave. It would take an hour to get to the place where she was to meet Anna. But when she had gathered her hat and coat, Dan met her at the door, smiling, his hand outstretched.

"I'm glad we can be friends," he said. "I didn't know what in the world was on your mind, but as long as it's been straightened out, I'm satisfied."

Kit looked at him impatiently and without the slightest idea of what all this meant. Then her gaze dropped to his hand, and out of sheer politeness she took it.

"I suppose I *was* sort of silly," Dan went on happily, "but it never occurred to me what you were thinking."

The look of pleasure on his face was diluted slightly as he noticed her annoyed bewilderment. The clock, which had dragged along so torturously before, seemed to be racing now. You were never late with Anna. When she said six, it was six exactly. Anna was too busy to be kept waiting.

"Of course we can be friends," Kit said, all impatience. Dan was standing between her and the doorway, blocking the way out. There was the suggestion of something ominous in his sudden presence, and his expression of glad relief could be a perfect camouflage. The steady mechanical click of passing time beat against her brittle façade of politeness. "We always were friends."

"But I mean something more," he said. He paused in embarrassment and his angular face grew red. "I have so little time left, and there are so many things—"

The slowness of his speech, the hesitancy of each selected word, was measured against the clock.

"Suppose we talk about it later, Dan," Kit said hurriedly. "I'm in a rush now."

Her tone was a surprise to him and his face showed it. His eyes grew narrower.

"But I thought—" he said unsteadily, and then stopped. He shook his head. "I've done it again, haven't I?" His smile was a downward curve to his lips and he laughed a little. "Forget it, Kit," he went on. "We just got our signals mixed."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence—suspicion on one side, disappointment on the other—and they faced each other awkwardly. Kit finally lowered her eyes and pushed past him.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Dolores Del Rio's idea of a light lunch—a bowl of gardenias. At least, one day—*gulp*—it was!

DON'T STICK YOUR HEAD IN AN OSTRICH

"They'll never believe me," wails a noted Hollywood reporter. Every day he sees something that can't possibly be true—yet is. Here are some examples

BY FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

"WHY not do a piece about Dolores Del Rio?" demanded her secretary by telephone. "About her eating gardenia blossoms?"

"Huh?" I said.

"Certainly," the lady replied. "She eats gardenias for her health. She likes 'em. I'll give you all the details."

I said I didn't want to hear about this phenomenon; I wanted to see it. The lady gulped. Sure enough, there was Miss Del Rio a couple of days later inviting me to lunch. She looked grim. So did the luncheon table. There were two plates on it, with a bowl of gardenia blossoms in between. No salt, no pepper. Miss Del Rio sat down and tackled a gardenia as though it were an artichoke. Petal by petal.

"Good," she said.

I took a bite of gardenia. It tasted like engine oil emulsified in perfume. Miss Del Rio said she liked all flowers. I said I did, too.

"I mean, to eat," she said.

We went through her garden tackling every flower we saw. Mostly they were on the bitter side. "Delicious!" Miss Del Rio exclaimed, trying not to grit her teeth over an African daisy. She said she'd been eating flowers since she was a child. She said she was leaning over a balcony in her native Mexico, nibbling a red rose, when a movie director discovered her. She said she liked gardenias better than roses and roses better than begonias. I said I'd better be getting back to town.

That's the trouble with being a Hollywood columnist. I'm always having to rush back to my office in the interests of preserving my sanity. It's bad enough wondering worriedly whether the readers will believe my dispatches; it's worse when I stand there looking at something and realize, even while I'm staring at it, that it cannot possibly be true. For six years now, I've been doing my story every day about the movie actors for the newspapers served by the United Press, and what I'm jotting down here is for therapeutic reasons only. I think I'll feel better when I get the facts on paper.

Take that otherwise normal, sunshiny morning when Ben Hecht decided to test his yes-men with a lie detector. Mr. Hecht had written a screen play titled Angels Over Broadway. He had signed a contract with Columbia Pictures Corporation to produce it. Now he was directing it. The yes-men said everything he did was wonderful. He looked them over with a jaundiced eye. He concluded that the lie detector might have a salutary effect. He said he thought I might be interested in the proceedings. I said I thought I might.

The man in the white coat had the lie detector on the sound stage. The Hecht yes-men were eying it apprehensively. The Hecht himself was slumped in his chair, thinking. Suddenly he opened his eyes and shouted, "I've got an idea!" He ran to the telephone.

"White Fang," he cried into the instrument, "come down to the stage." White Fang said he was busy. "This is a matter of life and death!" Hecht yelled. He slammed down the receiver. He smiled.

Two minutes passed and in strode Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures Corporation. He saw me, he saw Hecht grinning, and he saw the lie detector.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"You'll see," said Hecht, grappling with him and pinning him against a post, while the man in white strapped some lie-detection ganglia around his chest. Cohn said Hecht couldn't do that to him. Hecht said he'd already done it. Cohn's face was red. He sputtered protests.

"All I want to know," Hecht said, "is this: When this picture goes out and earns two million dollars, will I get my fair share?"

"Certainly," snapped Cohn.

The needle on the lie detector

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn. Sam *never* tangles the English he uses—well, hardly ever!

bounced off the recording dial and dripped red ink on the floor. "I thought so," said Hecht. Cohn stamped off the stage. The man with the machinery said the test wasn't fair. He said that while undergoing questioning the subject should be calm, not enraged. Hecht said not to bother him with details. I said I'd better be getting back.

Which brings us to Betty Grable's legs, now to be found commemorated three feet due west of Bob Hope's nose in the concrete in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Getting these intaglios in the cement was an engineering project that took an hour and a half and the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. The problem was to get the legs in the goo and keep them there while the concrete set, without getting Miss Grable's skirt too high to suit the Hays office.

Miss Grable arrived in a sky-blue dress, no stockings, and, it developed, scarlet toenails. The concrete was ready—cold, gray, and shaky. Beside it stood the fighting men: Naval Gunner's Mate J. O. Buchanan, Marine Sergeant B. L. Duckett, and Army Sergeant Albert Woas. They also were ready, they said.

With the aid of our armed forces, Betty Grable's legs are recorded in concrete.

THE idea was for the gunner's mate to grasp Miss Grable around the shoulders, for Sergeant Duckett to clasp her gently around the waist, and for Sergeant Woas to hold her at the hips. The Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps eased Miss Grable down. Her skirt went up. The Twentieth Century-Fox man said "Unh-unh!" The fighting men tried a new leverage and again that pesky skirt went up.

Miss Grable said her mother had suggested she wear a bathing suit, but that she had felt a dress would be more modest. Maybe mother was right, she added. Once again the boys heaved. This time they almost got an impression of her complete. They nearly dropped her. She looks feathery, but she weighs 120 pounds.

She saw she was about to make a splash. She screamed. The boys caught her in time and gently, ever so gently, they deposited Hollywood's most famous legs—all right, Miss Dietrich, Hollywood's second most famous legs—in the concrete.

"Ooooo," said Miss Grable, "it's cold!" That was when her left leg hit the cement. The fighting men held her there a while so the concrete could jell. Then they lifted her up and let the other leg down. Somebody's hand slipped. She sat down, hard, in the concrete. But both legs were preserved for posterity, and the man with the trowel said he could fix the place where she sat so nobody'd ever know.

"What about my dress?" asked Miss Grable. "All over concrete?" The man said he could do nothing about that. Miss Grable said she guessed, then, she'd better go home and get the dress off before it set. She shook hands with the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps. The Army and the Marine Corps were speechless. Not so the Navy. "I think that girl was a little nervous," the gunner's mate said. "She didn't seem exactly comfortable. I did my best to put her at her ease."

I shall not soon forget my first view of Lily Pons. She was dressed like a bird, with a feathered tail and claws for feet. She was crouching in a large cage suspended by a cable. Poking her with his cane, trying to make her chirp, was Jack Oakie. The picture was called Hitting a New High. Miss Pons never appeared before a camera again. I never got the chance to ask her why.

As for Gladys Swarthout, I suffered with her, just watching. She was working at Paramount with John Boles in an operatic something called Romance in the Dark. The head men decided this film needed a topper. They came up with a scene in which an enraged audience was supposed to pelt Miss Swarthout with ripe tomatoes.

She stood in the center of the stage, with the orchestra playing. The audience of extras in formal gowns and long-tailed coats waited with soggy tomatoes and cauliflowers in their hands. Miss Swarthout wore a blue brassiere, a skirt of tulle, some talcum in between, and an apprehensive expression.

Harlan Thompson crept into the orchestra pit, out of camera range. So did Frank Chapman. Thompson, producer of the picture, adjusted his eyeglasses and took from a property man a tray of tomatoes that had had their tops sliced off and their insides squeezed into a sloppy mush. Chapman, the ever-loving husband of Miss Swarthout and her music director as well, armed himself with seven similar tomatoes.

"Go!" yelped the director. The notes of Miss Swarthout's Persian love song faltered as the cauliflowers skidded at her feet. *Blooie!* A tomato landed on her nose and sent juice dripping down her chin. *Wham!* Another tomato got her in the ear. By now the air was full of tomatoes. They collapsed on Miss Swarthout's bare stomach. They hit her on the neck, on the bosom, in the eye. "Cut," the director said, when all possible damage had been done. News cameramen ran to the stage. They complained that the tomato juice on Miss Swarthout was too pale to show in their pictures. The make-up men daubed her face with raspberry jam, while she—with a tear in her eye and terror in her voice—sobbed, "This is the end."

FOR years before coming to Hollywood I had read with disbelief the malapropisms credited to Samuel Goldwyn, the producer of epics only. I concluded that they must have been imagined by his press agents. Several times I talked with him about the problems of the motion-picture industry. He was calm and his English was excellent, if accented. Mostly he denounced the double bill, which he said was responsible for too many bad movies, as well as for too much eye trouble among movie fans. One picture per evening, he said, was enough for anybody.

Sometime later I did a story about double features, in which I said that many a time the second picture saved the bill. I said that personally I liked double bills, provided the seats were soft. I gave some examples and mentioned a Goldwyn picture, The Cowboy and the Lady, which I'd seen with what the trade calls a grade-A "B." Thank goodness for the latter, I said.

Hardly had this dispatch been printed before Goldwyn was on the telephone. He was hurt. He was angry. He couldn't understand my having written such a thing. "Othman," he said, "the trouble with you is you stick your head in an ostrich."

THE END

TORPEDOED

Continued from Page 24

I'd never tasted anything so good in my life!

I thought now that, for the first time in thirty-two days, I'd get a good night's sleep. But none of us could rest. We fidgeted all night long.

The morning light found us all awake and with the same thing on our minds—food and water. The women had been up most of the night preparing our breakfast: tea, canned tomatoes, corn meal, and corn bread. It was heavenly.

With normal people about, we could see now how emaciated we were. We looked like leather-covered skeletons. Sparks weighed only seventy-four pounds. His stomach was so collapsed that even when he stood up we could see the outline of his backbone. I had fallen from 176 to eighty-seven pounds.

We spent the day just lying on the schoolhouse floor, drinking coconut water, eating a little corn meal, smoking and resting and chattering like a cage of monkeys. All we had been holding back for thirty-two days came out now.

ON a bright and shiny morning a few days later we got aboard a schooner and headed for Nassau. From there it was an army plane to Miami, where we were taken to the Marine Hospital. We had clean sheets, a cool room, flowers—everything but enough to eat! Those doctors couldn't seem to understand that we were hungry.

We made up for it afterwards when they let us out for a walk. We worked our way down Miami's main street from restaurant to restaurant. We had twenty meals in twenty-four hours. I scared the doctors by gaining fifteen pounds in one day.

Well, that's about the end of this voyage—except for the cheering people gave us. We had never thought of ourselves as anything but a crew of merchant seamen who had tried to do their jobs, but the papers broke us out as "war heroes."

I was in a newsreel and on the radio, and in Washington I was decorated by Admiral Land. When he smiled and shook hands with me, I was gladder than ever that I belonged to the U. S. Merchant Marine. More than ever I wanted to get back to sea, and my feet itched for the feel of one of those new Liberty ships.

THE END

There are two great rules of life, the one general and the other particular. The first is that every one can, in the end, get what he wants if he only tries. This is the general rule. The particular rule is that every individual is, more or less, an exception to the general rule.— ***Samuel Butler's Note Book.***

OUR AMAZING BLITZ BUGGY

Continued from Page 18

ification of 1,400 pounds and a desired carrying load of 625 pounds. In effect they told us: "Gentlemen, here is a job which we know cannot be done, but we'd like to see what you can work out."

Each firm was asked to build seventy-five experimental models. We rolled up our sleeves and went to work. Our long experience in building light-weight motor vehicles was a definite advantage, since we were able to use the same basic power plant which we developed for our automobile. Our engine was considerably heavier than the one called for in the army specifications, but it met every test with flying colors and the army asked us to deliver 1,500 of our jeeps if they could be built with a weight not to exceed 2,175 pounds.

We carefully studied every nut, bolt, and individual part in an effort to lighten the weight of this model without sacrificing any of its durability. We were determined to preserve its basic ruggedness. After careful study another model was submitted. This was the day the jeep as we know it today was actually born. After more rigid tests under simulated war conditions, the army accepted this model as standard, and today thousands of these vehicles are fighting on battle fronts from New Guinea to Kharkov.

When it became apparent that the jeep was to play an important role in Allied Nations strategy, the army decided to establish a second source of supply in case bombs or saboteurs interfered with our production. We were asked to turn over our blueprints and specifications to the Ford Motor Company, and we were happy to comply with this request, without compensation, as one of our many contributions to the war effort. Now the vehicles are rolling from the Ford assembly lines in Detroit, as well as our own in Toledo.

AND that's the history of the blitz buggy we know as the jeep. Or, better, the history of its development. The history of its performance is being written daily in dispatches from every corner of the world.

But after the smoke of battle has cleared, what of this vehicle's place in the postwar pattern? Will it be forgotten? Or have the engineering principles it embodies made a lasting impression on our lives?

I think it will be with us for a long, long time. After the Civil War it was "Forty acres and a mule." This time, why not forty acres and a jeep? The answer to that question lies in a recent report issued by R. B. Gray, an official of the Bureau of Agricultural Chemistry and Engineering of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Gray and his associates put a jeep through stiff farm tests and found it to be an economical new power unit with great potentialities for agriculture. He said the vehicle showed itself to be "highly useful in plowing, harrowing, and other field work." During one experiment conducted by the Department, the jeep pulled a 16-inch plow, cutting a 7-inch furrow in an acre of cotton bottom land in 1.72 hours per acre, using 2.32 gallons of gasoline.

The job was done in the blitz buggy's low-low gear with four-wheel drive. After the test, the buggy was placed in regular gear ratio and driven into town for a sack of feed at passenger-car speed.

The government farm experts then tested the jeep on their dynamometer (a device which shows the draft of various plows in different soils) and its 63-horsepower engine, with four-wheel drive, pulled as much as 1,300 pounds without wheel slippage. Which, I am told, is good news to any farmer.

In another test a Willys-built jeep was used to cultipack and harrow a 24-acre field in one operation, repeating the performance three times. This experiment required only 6 hours and the jeep used only 2.125 gallons of gas per acre.

The scout car was also used to haul a 16-disk drill (three-horse) over a 20-acre field, the work having been accomplished with 10 gallons of gasoline, a half gallon to the acre. *In previous years this job had required a heavy tractor and the gasoline consumption was 3.3 gallons to the acre, or a little more than six times as great.*

FROM these facts it can be readily seen that the jeep has a great deal of farm blood in its mechanical veins. With a few changes it can be converted to a power unit to operate machinery for milking cows; it can be utilized for cutting wood, clearing land, herding cattle. Its dual role of either tractor or automobile makes it the perfect all-purpose vehicle for small farms. During the day it can plow the fields, furnish power for milking and, in general, take the strain off the farmer's back. At night the plow or power take-off can be unhitched and the family can ride into town to see a movie.

Naturally, the jeep will be refined for postwar use. But these changes will be made as the need becomes apparent. In its present unadorned state the scout car can jump from the battlefield to the cornfield without too much change. In fact, it is doing just that at a United States Army base in central England, where many of Uncle Sam's soldiers are sharing the job of growing their own food on some 12,000 acres of British land. This land is hard and clayey, and the Yanks find the jeep a perfect answer to the difficult job of plowing and cultivating such stubborn soil. It's no novelty, I'm told, for a jeep to do a plowing job in the morning and then to take part in maneuvers the same afternoon.

The jeep should be excellent on ranches, where it can take out across the pasture like a horse. Ranchers have been using pick-up trucks for all sorts of ranch work, but the jeep, with its four-wheel drive and high clearance, can go blithely over rocks and brush and climb hills almost anywhere a horse can go.

Rural Free Delivery mail carriers have been trying to buy jeeps for use on their routes where an ordinary auto takes plenty of punishment, and officials of some of the country's most exclusive hunting lodges have indicated they'll buy jeeps as soon as they can to accommodate sportsmen. I have had a flood of letters from garage owners who want jeeps for tow cars and from railroads seeking them as vehicles for track-maintenance workers.

If you want to get an enthusiastic response, ask a real fisherman or hunter if he could use a jeep in his sport. Anglers say the car would be perfect to reach the far-back trout streams, the isolated bass waters—river or lake. In its low-low gear it could reach those distant pastures which are always too far for the fisherman on foot.

It would afford a quick sure ride over back trails to some long-tempting lake country. It would be the long-awaited "magic carpet" to the rich hunting areas in the Florida scrub and Everglades, or the rocking slopes of the Western mountains where the game is cagey and the distances are long. And for those thousands of persons interested in following the bird dog—but not interested in riding a horse—the jeep should provide a ready answer.

Deer hunters who have caved auto fenders and smashed oil pans trying to reach their favorite lodge far off the main road will welcome the jeep as a quick and certain means of transportation. The game warden, too, should welcome the jeep to cover the miles of trails and back country under his jurisdiction.

It doesn't take much imagination to see how this vehicle could be utilized in fighting forest fires in the great Northwest. Forest rangers could spot a fire from their lookout towers and flash a signal to the nearest center where fast-moving jeeps, equipped with fire-fighting paraphernalia, would be dispatched to the scene of the blaze. The vehicle's power and speed would enable it to make a beeline for the fire, thus saving valuable time and timber.

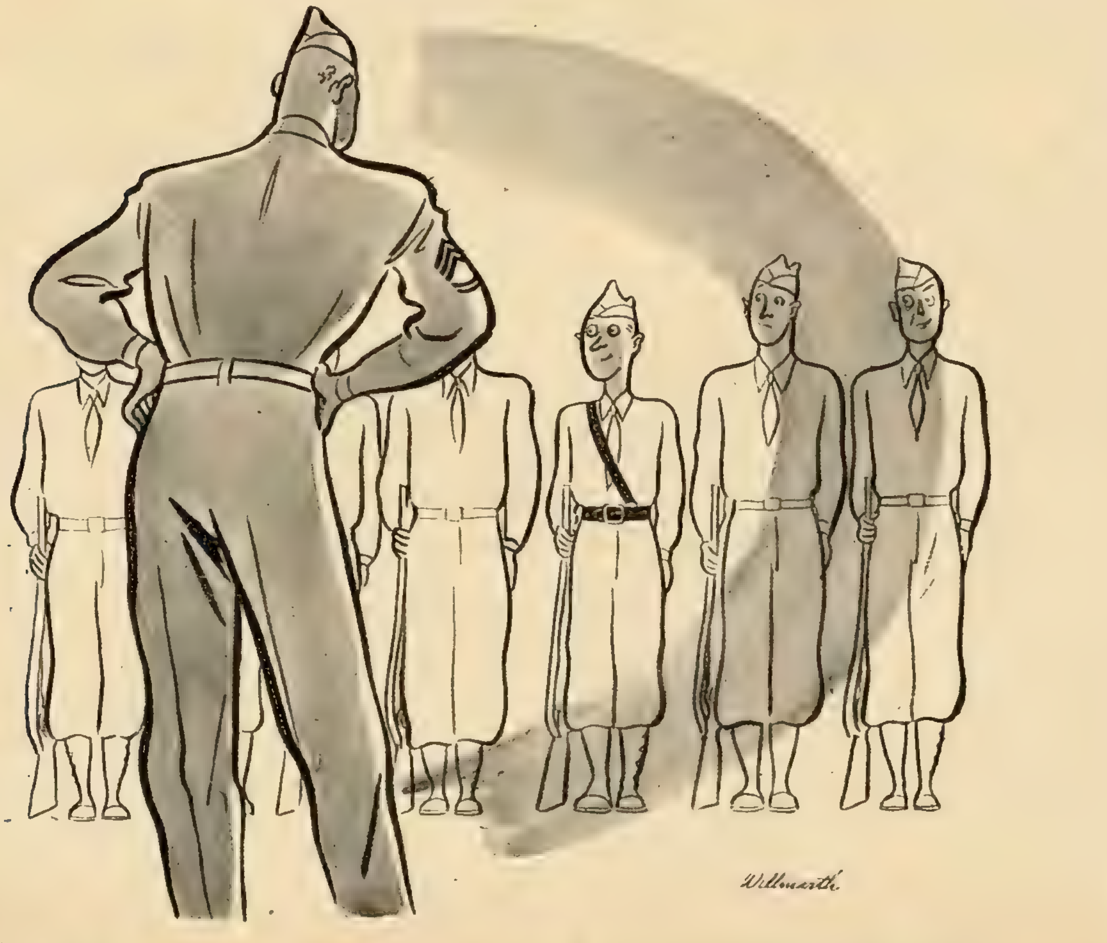
The jeep would come in handy, too, for use in the construction of new highways over difficult terrain, as it did in the building of the Alcan Highway. Men who watched it perform on this Alaskan construction job tell me that its future in road building is guaranteed. Others feel it will prove useful for insect control in swamp and bog areas.

And what Boy Scout master wouldn't like a jeep to take his troop to some more interesting camping ground?

WHEN the war is over and America once again resumes its millions of miles of touring, I believe thousands of vacationists will roll from Alaska to the Isthmus in some adaptation of the jeep. For what tourist wouldn't like to have the power of a tractor and the speed of a passenger car to explore those beckoning side roads that disappear into a forest off the main road?

Six months after Pearl Harbor the word jeep found its way into the American dictionary, and I'll bet it's there to stay!

THE END



"Well, now, ain't that nice—Smitty got another present from home."

HERBERT LEHMAN

Continued from Page 13

character. His approach to that job sounded somewhat naïve and high-minded to veteran addicts of the pork barrel.

"I believe with all my heart that government is for the people," he said. "It must be clean, honest, and efficient, but it must be more than an administrative machine.

"It must ever concern itself with the solution of human as well as material problems. It must satisfy the needs and aspirations of its people, and in order to satisfy those needs and aspirations it must be flexible enough to meet the changing conditions of the world today."

Lehman thus embarked on public service with two pronounced attitudes; one, an unflinching and absolute belief in the authority of the state, and the other a rather warm-hearted, idealistic concept of the job he was elected to do.

His father, Mayer Lehman, had come from Germany to Montgomery, Alabama, in 1848, and had founded a cotton business in the Southern city. Wiped out by the Civil War, the elder Lehman came to New York, and founded the New York Cotton Exchange as well as the banking firm of Lehman Brothers, destined to become one of the three largest in the United States.

When Lehman was six years old his father used to take him on Sunday afternoons to visit the charity wards of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York. The youngster saw suffering at an early age, and watched his father distribute money and gifts to relieve it. That lesson bit deeply. His list of private charities today is formidable—and known only to himself. He refuses publicity on his donations because he thinks it's poor taste to advertise them.

"THERE'S a legend about you to the effect that once, while you were governor, you helped a washerwoman carry a basket of wash," an interviewer remarked recently. "Is there any truth to the story?"

"Yes, that's true," replied the millionaire ex-banker. "She was carrying a heavy load of wash out of an elevator in one of the Albany hotels and she couldn't quite manage it. Sure I helped her. Why not?"

After graduation from Williams College in 1899, young Lehman used to trudge through the pungent vapors of New York's East Side thrice weekly to teach public speaking to a group of youngsters. Seven years out of college, he was vice-president and treasurer of the J. Spencer Turner Company, textile manufacturers. Reaching thirty, he became a partner in Lehman Brothers. He married Edith Louise Altschul of San Francisco in 1910, and still treats her as if he wanted to convince her every day that she made no mistake in becoming his wife. He shows every nicety of courtesy to the tall, patrician-looking Mrs. Lehman—invariably phones her if he will be late for dinner and never neglects to open a door for her. They have two sons and a daughter. John is a captain in the Fourth Armored Division in California. Peter is a flying officer in the American Air Forces now, having transferred from sergeant pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force, in which he enlisted before Pearl Harbor. And daughter Hilda Jane is married to Boris Devadesky, a noncommissioned officer who is overseas with the Signal Corps.

When the United States entered World War I, Lehman was ten years over the draft age. He volunteered immediately, and worked with Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He became a captain in 1917 and was assigned to the General Staff. Promoted to colonel on the General Staff, he worked on furnishing supplies to the A. E. F. He received the Distinguished Service Medal in 1919 for directing the return and storage of supplies that had been sent abroad.

In 1928 he was a director in six large corporations and banks, but resigned all his business connections upon becoming lieutenant governor. During his campaign his official party consisted of one secretary, one stenographer, and this writer as the sole newspaperman assigned to cover him. After buying the party lunch one day on the train, he paid the check from his own pocket instead of putting it on his campaign expense account. When he got to Albany, he brought two cars of his own with him. They were used on personal business, while the state cars rolled out only on official calls. He insisted on paying the postage on his personal correspondence, the state paying only for official mail. This quaint quirk struck many Albany veterans as a refreshing change from time-honored custom.

As a campaigner, Lehman was sober, serious, and sincere. Hotshot publicity men tried often to liven up some of his speeches with dash and color, but he would have none of it. On the platform he customarily donned his sedate horn-rimmed glasses and read carefully from a prepared manuscript. Though his style was often the despair of campaign advisers, it seemed to go over well with the voters. His service was unbroken between his election as lieutenant governor in 1928, his election as governor in 1932, and his resignation from the governor's post last December to join the federal government.

Lehman became Roosevelt's "good right arm" in 1932, and the governor's Little New Deal was a counterpart of the national program. His legislative program centered on workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, old-age security, minimum wages and maximum hours, and similar benefits.

When he ended his service to the state, he said:

"There have been headaches and heartaches in the last fourteen years, but New York State has been a leader in social progress, and that is my greatest satisfaction."

A good many of the headaches came from Lehman's opponents for the governorship. Thomas E. Dewey, elected last fall, had given Lehman a close race in 1938. Then at the height of his anti-racketeering fame, New York's prosecutor told his audiences that Lehman, as the titular head of his party in the state, was linked with a racket monopoly which could not flourish without the protection of the Democratic machine.

"A racket is a monopoly," Mr. Dewey told the voters, "and no great criminal racket can operate without the consent of a political monopoly. For many years in New York City the political monopoly protected racketeers. That political monopoly was so arrogant and so unchallenged in its power that when criminals complained about cops who were trying to do their job, the cops would be switched to another precinct.

"The governor is an honorable and conscientious man. I respect his integrity and his devotion to duty. I don't know whether he knows about these conditions. But it doesn't make any difference. The Democratic machine is too much for any man. It's a system—a habit—a political way of life. No Democratic governor can cope with it."

Mr. Dewey also had something to say about Lehman's record on state finances. When the Democrats contended that Lehman had converted a $100,000,000 deficit into a surplus and had cut taxes at the same time, his opponent scoffed.

"The governor's greatest boast in this campaign is that last July 1 the state had a surplus of $6,500,000," he said. "It was done by a long sequence of juggling. It was done by devices of bookkeeping. These devices, if used by any corporation which sought to borrow money, would be questioned by any bank."

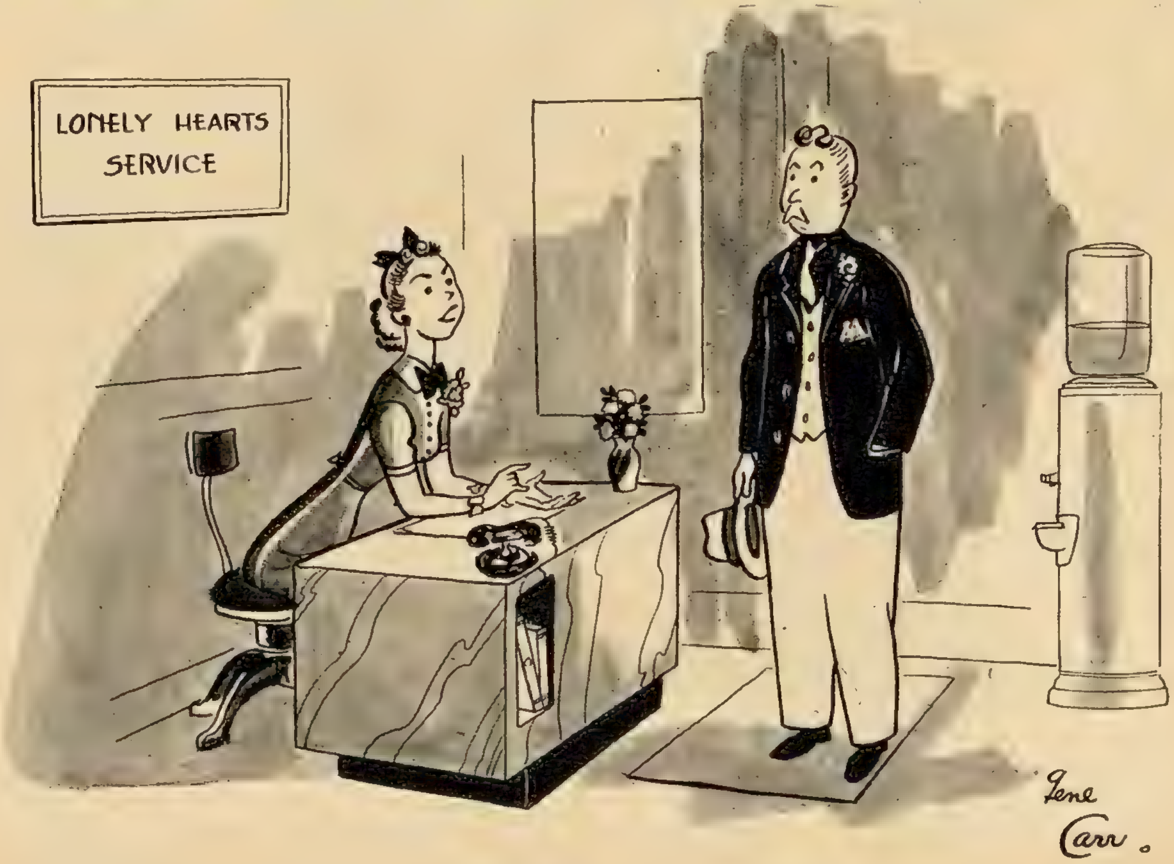
Robert Moses, New York's Park Commissioner, who ran against Lehman in 1934, gave him the lie direct for having said that he lacked control over a State Milk Board. Putting a more personal edge on his criticisms, Mr. Moses said:

"Nature didn't make him a leader. He's a weak man in very bad company. He's timid and he takes orders from Tammany Hall."

Moses also panned his opponent obliquely by questioning the connection between the utility interests represented by Lehman Brothers and the legislative questions on utilities which came before the governor for decision. The same theme was developed by Colonel William J. Donovan, now head of the Office of Strategic Services, who attributed "faltering evasion on state financial issues" to Lehman in the 1932 campaign in which the two competed. Colonel Donovan charged that Lehman ran to President Roosevelt every time he was stuck for an answer, and accused him of indifference to the interests of depositors in various banks that crashed that year.

Aside from the criticisms made in the heat of political campaigns, Lehman has drawn remarkably little fire for a target who has stayed in the same place so long. Perhaps the reason for that is his sincerity, which impresses every one who meets him. He has been taxed with undue sensitiveness to criticism and a tendency to take honest opposition as a personal insult. One veteran political writer acts out a little comedy for his friends, aimed at showing that Lehman can never forget his banking background. In this playlet Lehman walks the floor while his budget director calls off items in the budget.

"Seven thousand dollars for tooth-



"As a matter of fact, I've been looking for some one like you for myself."

brushes, Kingsbridge Veterans' Hospital," calls out the budget director.

"That's an awful lot of money for toothbrushes," says the banker-trained governor. "Are you sure that's all right? What's the next item?"

"Seventy million dollars for interest on the state bonds," chants the budget official.

"That's O. K.," says Lehman, quick as a shot.

By nature Lehman is a conciliator. In a political squabble he prefers a quiet discussion, in which conflicting viewpoints may be reconciled, to a slam-bang newspaper row. His reputation is that he can stand almost anything except dishonesty. He has a broad humanitarian streak, exemplified in many little ways in addition to his private charities. Once, when he was inspecting a large state school for boys, he was embarrassed because the superintendent had chivvied the youngsters into a rough formation and paraded them past the official party. As the feeble-minded youngsters shambled by in grotesque effort to keep orderly ranks, the superintendent said: "Now this boy, governor, is a very interesting case. He's a Mongolian idiot."

AS soon as the sorry demonstration ended, Lehman called the superintendent aside and gave him a dressing down which stopped just short of dismissal.

"Of course I bawled him out," he said afterward. "He spoke loudly enough for that boy to hear him."

As treasurer of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in the last war, Lehman directed the collection and spending of about $75,000,000 for war sufferers, a mere blob in the soup plate by comparison with the scope of his present job. His possession of a mind of his own was demonstrated when the "good right arm" hung one on the President's jaw in 1937. In that year Lehman came out actively against the Presidential plan for transfusing new plasma into the United States Supreme Court. Though Lehman fought that plan, he worked for the third term and has always championed the President's foreign policy. His experience in large-scale philanthropy benefited in 1921 by his service on the Jewish Reconstruction Board with such outstanding men as Julius Rosenwald, Felix M. Warburg, Louis Marshall, and Dr. Cyrus Adler. His experience as a General Staff officer in the last war becomes valuable now, since much of his relief job will be military in character.

Since relief food can be either a wonderful gift or a binding mortgage to the recipient, Lehman was recently asked:

"How will you be able to steer between being a Santa Claus and a Shylock in feeding foreign populations?"

"Oh, we're not going to be Santa Claus," he replied quickly. "The idea is that giving relief and rehabilitation is helping people to help themselves. They will need raw materials and goods to get on their feet again, and I think that can be done without being either a Santa Claus or a Shylock. "If we do not relieve starvation and disease, we will make our military job much more difficult. We cannot afford to have food riots and anarchy in the areas behind our armies. From a selfish standpoint alone, we should not send our troops into countries where they may be swept by epidemics of disease originating in the civilian population.

"We must use food as a weapon to win the victory and secure the peace. It is vitally important to follow up military operations with emergency food, emergency shelter, emergency clothing, and emergency medical facilities. It should be self-evident that our troops will not be able to take the offensive successfully if they must launch their operations in countries where famine and pestilence are generating riot, revolution, and complete disorder. Relief and rehabilitation will go far toward shortening the war and a long way in helping to create the stable, equitable, and enduring peace which all America must strive for."

As Lehman sees his task now, it consists of three main phases. First is the prevention of deaths by starvation and disease. Then will come the second phase, in which the populations will get seed and machinery to help them to get crops into the ground. The third phase will occur when the liberated peoples restore their own commerce and once again become part of a secure world-wide economy.

Whether this help will apply to vanquished as well as victorious nations is a question that remains unanswered in the background at present.

SINCE Mr. Lehman is shaping his work to conform with military policies, it is likely that the recommendations of our field commanders will be followed on that point.

The most obvious question that arises in connection with the Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation is the honesty of the man who heads it. Lehman has demonstrated his integrity, in fourteen years of public service, in both large and small ways. He has military experience of the kind that will be useful in his present undertaking. He has a mind of his own and will not take dictation that clashes with his conscience. His experience in business and banking has been in the international field rather than in a narrow setting. His skill as an administrator is reflected by the fact that his staff consists of only 150 persons, in contrast to the huge staffs of other government agencies. He has picked representative aides whose reputations are established. By nature and by actual experience, he is well suited to taking on the greatest humanitarian job of the war.

THE END

A WORLD-WIDE LANGUAGE— BASIC ENGLISH

Continued from Page 21

problems which Basic makes clear, whereas older systems of instruction told the puzzled students, "Memorize them."

Walt Disney is only one of the many prominent persons who have been fascinated by the possibilities of Basic since its introduction about twelve years ago. H. G. Wells has predicted that Basic will be taught to almost every one in the world before another century has passed. A small beginning in this program had already been made before the war interrupted it.

Basic English classes have been held for many thousands of European foreigners in Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Poland, Latvia, Germany, Greece, and Hungary. In Russia, Basic was sponsored by Ivy Litvinoff, the English-born wife of the present Soviet Ambassador to Washington. She had tried to teach English to Russian children by the older methods, and her slow progress had discouraged her. In 1931 she learned the principles of Basic and started classes in the new English at the Ural Technical Institute. Since then she has written textbooks of Basic which are widely used in the Russian schools.

THE "pocket English" was also greeted with enthusiasm in the Orient, where English is already the second language of educated persons. The Japanese were delighted with it, for their own tongue already includes 4,000 English words, from "matches" to "pineapple." Indian, Burmese, and Malay leaders have explored the possibilities of Basic for their people. But the most comprehensive experiment in the East was that made possible in China by the Rockefeller Foundation in the middle '30s. Courses in Basic English were developed, texts written, and remarkable success scored with Chinese students.

This was so encouraging that Dr. Richards traveled to China to help the Nanking government work out its plan for simplifying the English taught in the secondary schools—where Chinese students in their teens had been expected, before, to memorize 7,000 English words. His program was progressing hopefully when the war broke out—but even today, in Yunnan Province, Chinese teachers of English are studying Basic in a program partly financed by the Chinese provincial government.

Contact with many of the foreign centers has, of course, been cut off by the war. Dr. Richards is now at Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a member of the Harvard Commission on English Language Studies. From there he keeps in touch with the flourishing program for introducing Basic English to Latin America.

To assist foreign students of Basic there is now a growing literature of texts which they may read. The list of more than 100 books in Basic ranges from the New Testament through Black Beauty and Pinocchio, plays by Shakespeare and Shaw, and many scientific treatises. The books serve as early readers for those who wish to learn Basic and only Basic; they also serve as introductions to English for those who want to learn the complete language.

For one of the most remarkable things about this tabloid tongue is that it actually serves as a sound introduction to the kind of English we all read and speak. A sentence in properly written Basic is a sentence in correct English—a little spare and repetitious, perhaps, but correct. Some of the most famous quotations from literature happen to be written in Basic—for examples:

"To be, or not to be: that is the question."

"Death comes equally to us all and makes us all equals when it comes."

Basic has found valuable uses within the borders of the United States itself. We have in this country 12,000,000 persons who are, in the professor's phrase, "on the horizon of literacy." In Massachusetts, one person out of every four is foreign born; that state has pioneered in teaching Basic to foreigners in its adult-education program, and with fine results. Great help has been given in this work by the Payne Fund of New York.

Naturalization authorities look approvingly on this course, since an inadequate knowledge of English has kept many otherwise desirable citizens from winning their papers.

Even native-born Americans are sometimes unable to understand the language in which instructions are issued to them. In Birmingham, Alabama, the director of a health clinic serving 500 Negroes a week became convinced that the government's health bulletins were too hard for many patients to understand. By translating them into Basic, it was found that the unlettered Negroes were able to read them in this form in a third less time and to understand 70 per cent more of what they read. Some men interested in public education for such things as Safety First campaigns have begun to investigate the uses of pamphlets in Basic to reach Americans whose vocabularies are extremely small.

BUT few of us will wish to study Basic until the end of the war is in sight. At that time, will it be hard for us to learn the new tabloid version of our own tongue? Well, we shall have no trouble at all in reading or understanding it; we can do that today. When we try to speak to some one whose knowledge of English is limited to the vocabulary of Basic, we may easily confuse him by using words he does not know, unless we have memorized the vocabulary ourselves. But this is a fairly simple task.

Some enthusiasts predict that in another ten or twelve years Englishmen and Americans who have frequent contact with foreigners will receive drill in Basic. Tourist bureau, steamship, and air-line employees will learn it in preparation for their work. Even some policemen in our large cities may wear arm bands certifying to their knowledge of Basic, as bilingual policemen do in Cuba today.

Basic English may have even more important effects than any of these. Mr. Ogden has said, "The so-called national barriers of today are, for the most part, ultimately language barriers." Once the spokesmen of all nations are using the same words, with a precise knowledge of the meaning of each of them, they can no longer fall, unaware, into those misunderstandings which lead individuals and nations to the verge of belligerence.

Perhaps Basic English will enable our postwar statesmen to discuss their grievances in a plain and simple speech which each one fully understands. And that—to those who recall the endless translations which interrupted proceedings of the League of Nations at Geneva—will be a very considerable advance toward permanent peace.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

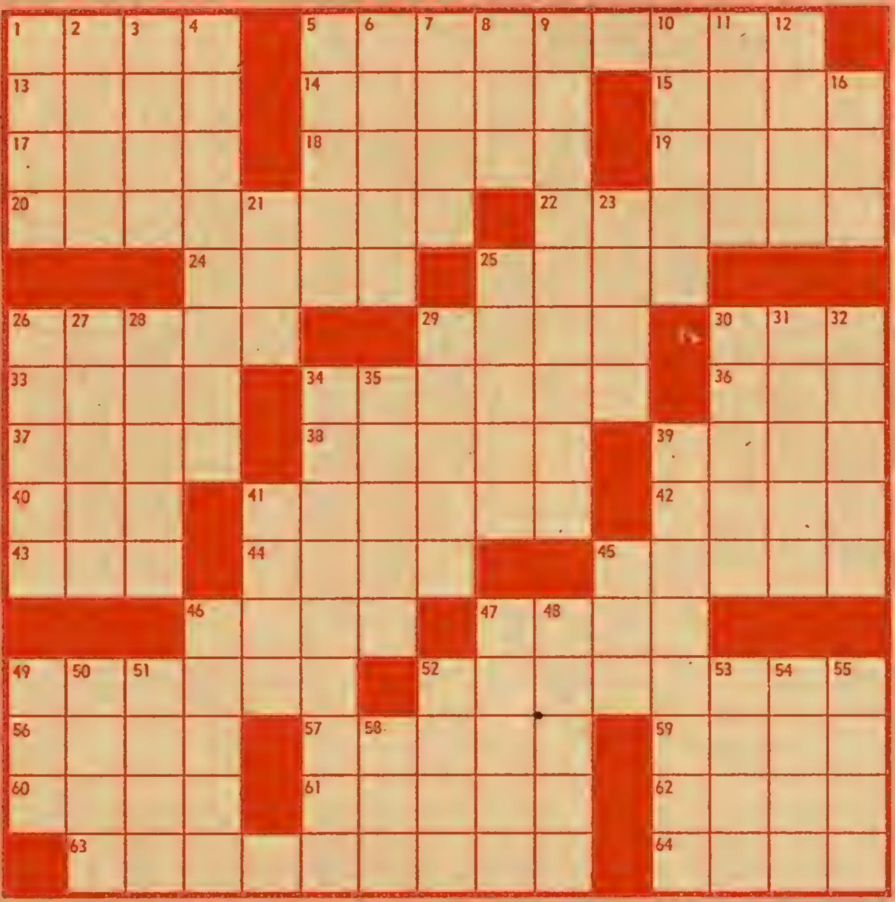
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

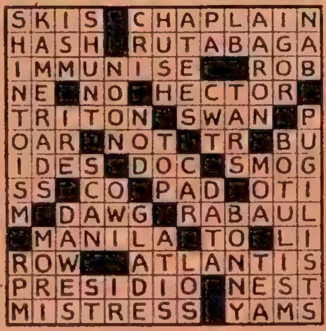
1 This tough sergeant has a delightful soprano
5 A phony
13 Dermatickle
14 People hollering at you from little boxes (sing.)
15 Rivers in tamaleland
17 Nickname for the Merchant of Venice
18 Feather-bed bird
19 Eskimo settlement
20 Schnozzolas, skunks and certain cheeses
22 If you're this, you're a sucker for a military wedding (two words)
24 They settle your hash on roller coasters
25 Wrd. usd. by hasty letr. writrs.
26 Jeepers, efn he hain't a derned skunk!
29 Overgrown weed
30 Barbers Shave Downward (abbr.)
33 It's Hum, Sweet, Hum—Honey!
34 Fats and Leana, the w. k. plate-cleaners
36 One for the Spanish
37 How horse players hope to leave the track
38 Fall guy
39 Delivered a thorough Caining
40 Kind of maid now visiting Jap navy
41 Original Algonquin Hotel
42 The Nightshirt Brigade
43 It makes a woman out of many a man
44 They have the means with committees
45 Things taken to win battles
46 Coat trees
47 Old-fashioned bumpy conveyance
49 Clue hound with pussyfoot
52 Brook that goes on and on like Congress
56 Useless thing about Mortimer Snerd
57 Frankensteinish
59 What you ought to love her for
60 Some day the Poles will get the this of the Nazis
61 Playroom with gore
62 Stew meat for a little poi
63 Another phony, in name only
64 A July 4 rarity

VERTICAL

1 Brains on trapezes
2 By this time it should have a splitting headache
3 It's on the skin
4 Results of the world's great romances
5 Dash about madly at one
6 A couple of things on Old Baldy
7 When a man multiplies he really whats?
8 It's angry, and all mixed up
9 According to Eddie Cantor, a dirty look on a stick
10 His case book's a constant source of mystery
11 Island loathings
12 Barnum & Bailey's great-great-great-etc.-uncle
16 Something Charlie McCarthy ain't exactly
21 One presses the other, then both press two others (sing.)
23 Employs
25 If you're this, you'll have a red-skin
26 Kind of song you can't forget—they won't give you a chance
27 Lovely slim things, beaten women, nags, dishpan athletes
28 Middleman in famed twin killers
29 Tunisias, or where to catch Desert Foxes
30 Animal we get baloney from (pl.)
31 Rat in crepe soles
32 Hardest things to make at Sissy College
34 Part of a tack Tojo's soon going to get the point of
35 Victims, as foxes of bulldogs
39 Fried egg plants
41 Taunt
45 Eve was one
46 Co-ed fingerlick
47 Day saving banks started
48 At right angles laterally to the keel
49 Shane Hates Horsemeat! (abbr.)
50 Hit the silk
51 Lambie-pies
52 One carrier the Axis can't sink
53 That terrible Russian again!
54 The Nightshirt Mussolini
55 Add a little
58 Earwigs Resist Overtures (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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H	A	S	H	■	R	U	T	A	B	A	G	A
I	M	M	U	N	I	S	E	■	■	R	O	B
N	E	■	N	O	■	H	E	C	T	O	R	■
T	R	I	T	O	N	■	S	W	A	N	■	P
O	A	R	■	N	O	T	■	T	R	■	B	U
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S	S	■	C	O	■	P	A	D	■	O	T	I
M	■	D	A	W	G	■	R	A	B	A	U	L
■	M	A	N	I	L	A	■	T	O	■	L	I
R	O	W	■	■	A	T	L	A	N	T	I	S
P	R	E	S	I	D	I	O	■	N	E	S	T
M	I	S	T	R	E	S	S	■	Y	A	M	S

Last week's answer

TUNIS EXPEDITION

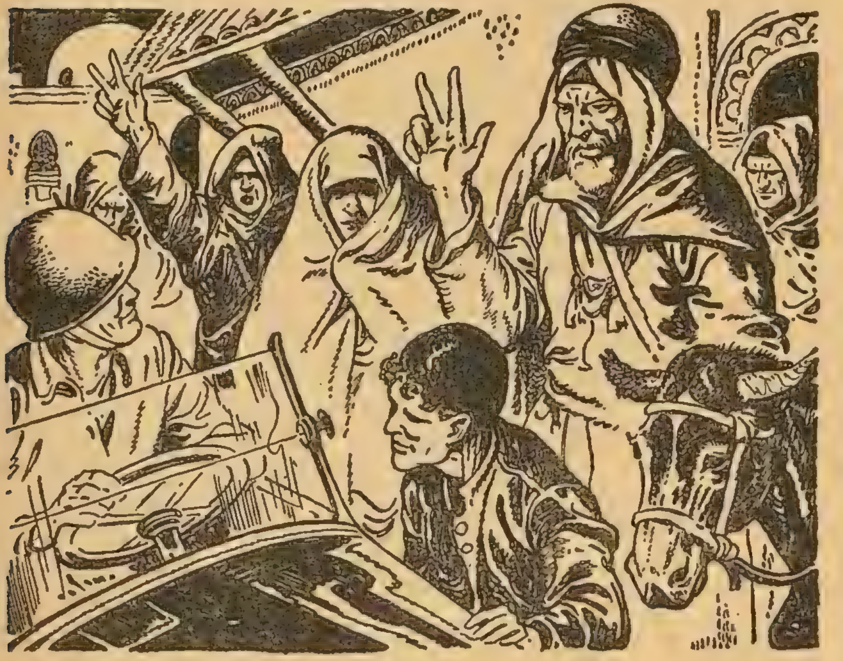
Continued from Page 32

were none too pleased to be photographed, but we took care of that. They wore the khaki uniform of the Afrika Korps and were perfectly groomed and equipped. It was obvious that they had been rushed to the scene of battle. On the other hand, the Italians were a sorry lot—muddy, unshaven, and poorly equipped.

There was firing of every type going on all around us now, but the main tank battle had moved forward.

A major stopped and gave us the first reports of the action. We had lost four tanks and had knocked out seven of the Nazis'. The American medium tanks, which were in another column southeast of us, had encountered stiff air opposition. The results were not yet clear-cut, but it was certainly no pushover.

A modern battle is not at all what most people imagine it to be. There actually is *no* front line. One of your own columns may lunge forward on one flank, while a few miles away the enemy may have a pocket of his own that is actually behind your own advanced positions.



After a tough clash between opposing spearheads, both units will most likely pull in their horns and draw back to cover, where they can lick their wounds, repair the material damage inflicted on them, and get ready to lunge out again.

Paratroops are invariably dropped by both factions behind enemy positions in an effort to cut communications and supply lines and to snipe and raid. All this adds to the difficulty of endeavoring to find out where the so-called "front line" starts or stops. Anywhere within a ten-mile radius of an advanced spearhead is most certainly the "front line." So don't be impatient when you read a war communiqué and are surprised to learn that fighting is still going on far behind what you had previously read was the "front line."

A flight of Junkers 88s came out of the clouds and circled over us. We couldn't take cover or let the prisoners do so, as the Germans were still full of fight. So we had to sit it out on the barren roadside and hope for the best. Sixty or seventy men in a group make a pretty nice dish for a bit of strafing. We spread out a bit and formed a circle around the captives, but otherwise held our ground. Either the planes didn't see us or passed us up for better booty. Our prisoners were as relieved as we were.

On our way back to the truck this evening after the battle had cooled off, we had a Messerschmitt dive at us, or in our general direction, just as we passed a unit of huge black Senegalese soldiers who were guarding a deserted railroad crossing. I wound up in a hole with the biggest and blackest man in all Africa. And was I delighted! His broad shoulders and thick chest were as good as a stone wall, and as we crouched together, practically in each other's arms, I wondered what Hitler would do in a similar situation. I am sure I know the answer.

No, sir, there are no racial or color distinctions when you are a likely target for a .50-caliber slug or a slice of hot jagged steel from a bomb.

We stopped for chow in a railroad depot with a group of French officers who were most generous with their meager supplies. In a brief hour I learned a number of tricks about army rations that only a Frenchman would know. For instance, hardtack is delicious when soaked for a few moments in Algerian wine. Our repast was rounded off with a cup of Algerian coffee. It is ink-black and is made from ground dates. Some people have even managed to get used to it. The Frenchmen were more than liberal with wine drawn from a huge cask.

They were bitterly anti-Vichy. One boy had been an usher in a Marseilles cinema. An older man was an ex-dock worker from Toulon. The commanding officer, a captain, was a professional soldier. He walked with a limp and was a veteran of desert fighting against the Arab tribesmen. He had been captured by the Germans in the first year of the war, escaped from a concentration camp, bought and smuggled his way to unoccupied France and thence to Algeria. He was well educated and spoke with authority. He pointed to a blank space on the depot wall, and there was a quiet fury about him as he said: "As long as I am in command, this is *one* depot that will not hang the picture of Pétain." The spot on the wall that he pointed to plainly indicated that something had been removed from it. It was altogether a delightful session, and when we left in the darkness, they insisted on filling our canteens with wine.

Driving at night without headlights on a narrow winding mountain road is hazardous enough in itself, but when you have constantly to face vehicles that lunge by in the opposite direction, vehicles that you cannot see until they are flush onto you—then it is really something for the book.

I was a nervous wreck when we located the truck at midnight. The boys had my bedding roll turned out on the floor of a concrete pigpen, and I was off to sleep before I could get my shoes off.

November 26

I WAS awakened by the roar of planes and the thunder of bombs falling near by. The pigs, with whom I had spent a most enjoyable night, started to squeal bloody murder. I looked out a window toward the main convoy road, which was only a few hundred yards down the hill from the farm. The Nazis were after a British motor convoy. They made a direct hit on several vehicles, including an ammunition lorry which was now exploding and blocking further progress on the road.

The lieutenant came in and told me that we had guests for breakfast. A group of English soldiers had stumbled into the barn during the night. They had been bombed out of their lorry and were without food or blankets. We fed them and they started off, a rather cheerful lot, happy to be alive after a narrow squeeze. I also learned that the lieutenant and the cameraman who had remained at the farmhouse during the day had taken some great pictures of a low-level strafing attack.

When I asked for volunteers to go back to the forward position, the boys all clamored for the chance. I took the lieutenant and Sergeant Edwards. We picked a time right after some Jerries had gone over, gave her the gas, and dashed up the road wide open. There was no protective cover in this area, and our Chevrolet could very easily look like a general's staff car from the air.

It took us over an hour to reach Headquarters, where we talked to the colonel and got the latest score. It was a tough battle, but we had decidedly won the first round.

After checking our maps we set out again in the general direction of Mateur. Twice we had to take to the open hillside. Planes had been active all morning, and we passed a number of our vehicles which were wrecked and still burning. On a near-by hillside we saw action and heard machine-gun and rifle fire. This meant we were at the front again. We were delighted to see a couple of wrecked Junkers 88s.

We ran into a large group of new Italian prisoners in a grove of trees by a small stream. Every time a lorry came by they stood up expectantly, hoping that it was the one which would take them back to the rear. As we photographed them, more arrived. Then the Nazis came over with a flight of big bombers. They took a crack at us and came in low. We crouched down in the river bottom. There were no casualties. The Italians were petrified. I suppose they couldn't stomach the thought of being killed, now that they had finally managed to surrender and get out of the war.

We camouflaged the car in the grove and went forward on foot. After a few miles we climbed a barren hill and had a good view of the tank battle, although it was difficult to know actually what was going on and more difficult to photograph the action.

In the camera aperture the huge steel monsters looked like gray beetles lumbering across the valley and up a distant hillside. A wrecked and burning Nazi tank stood out on the horizon. It was a Mark 4. A couple of General Grants had done the trick. A British battery of ack-ack guns moved in alongside us. When the Jerries flew over, as they did several times in an hour, the Tommies gave them a warm reception. On this occasion one Junkers hit for home tailing smoke from its left motor.

The light was fading fast. We wanted to reach our rear echelon before total darkness, so we hiked back toward our hidden car. A couple of Tommies in a machine-gun nest almost took a pot shot at us, mistaking our tin hats for German helmets. We reached the car, but it wouldn't start, even with the help of a stiff push and a hand lent us by the crew of a British Bren Carrier. Just as we finally got it going, the Jerries came over again, and we had to rush back to the river bank and leave the car out in the clear in full view. This turned out to be a vicious attack. The Nazis apparently knew that the grove along the little river was choked with vehicles and men, and they gave us the works. It lasted for all of fifteen minutes, and at one time they came over so low I felt they were going to crash-land on top of us.

When the sky cleared, a jeep gave us a push and we headed for the barren mountain road again. I checked in at Headquarters on the way, and the colonel asked me to pass on a written message to a courier at the railroad crossing. It was an urgent call for more ammunition for the 25-pounders. By now it was already dark, and once again we went through the ordeal of that wild drive across the mountain pass. We delivered the message and reached the farmhouse.

The boys had gone through an ordeal of their own. A Nazi plane had strafed an English troop-carrying lorry at the foot of the hill. Of the twenty-six soldiers, five were killed outright and seventeen badly wounded. The survivors had been brought to the farm and our lads had fed and cared for them. It was a bloody mess that brought the horror of war nearer to the boys than any event to date.

The owner of the farm held off dinner pending my arrival. It was a wonderful dinner: roast turkey, potatoes, homemade brown bread, and good Algerian brandy. Thanksgiving, after all.

This is the first time I have taken off my clothes since leaving Bone.

November 27

AFTER breakfast we walked down to the strafed British lorry. The five dead Tommies were sprawled out on the side of the road. We photographed them and the wrecked lorry as a matter of record, and slowly retraced our steps to the farmyard. We tried to joke about things, but somehow it didn't come off. If those damn kids hadn't looked so young . . .

I stop an officer from Headquarters and get the latest score. We have knocked out fifteen Nazi tanks and lost only eight of our own. This is good news and it comes as a welcome tonic. Lieutenant Klein gets the honor of driving the Chevvy today, and I send him forward with a couple of cameramen in an effort to collect some film from the Signal Corps photographers assigned to the regiments on the right flank.

It rains heavily and the rust-red mud sticks to our boots like a mixture of sawdust and glue. We huddle out of the wind on the sheltered side of the farmhouse. Bloodstains spot the burlap sacks that we used for seats—blood from last night. You can still get a whiff of something that smells like chloroform every time you stick your nose into the feed barn, which was used by the British medical officers as an emergency operating room.

One of the boys digs down in his musette bag and comes up with a package from home—a package he has skillfully guarded until now—homemade fudge. He passes it around bravely, and although we feel like criminals, we can't resist the temptation. The package is wrapped in a faded and soiled New York newspaper, and even though the news is six weeks old, it is fascinating to note that the cover charge at the Waldorf has been raised to $1.50 and that Charles Spencer Chaplin is en route to Madison Square Garden to demand a second front.

Whenever you ask a Britisher about the results of a battle or of a particular incident connected with combat, he will invariably reply, "Good show." No matter if the going has been tough and bitter, no matter if he has just flirted with death, it is always, "Good show."

The Yanks were quick to appreciate this typical example of British understatement, and now it has become a favorite expression, although the American version has taken on a quite amusing twist. Whenever everything is all messed up, whenever the kitchen wagon has broken down or the supply train is delayed, it is always, "Good show."

It is dark early tonight, and the lieutenant has failed to return. This worries me. I stay up half the night and post sentries on the road, then curl up on the ground with my overcoat as a bed. I curse myself for failing to go along. This is the first time I have taken a day off, and now I am paying for it. I only hope that they too are not on the paying end.

November 28

UP at dawn, and it is freezing. The lieutenant is still missing. Just as the sun came out and the convoys on the road started to move, we saw two Messerschmitts chasing four Spitfires. Not once did the Spits turn to fight. We were a most discouraged group as we watched it. It was not until later in the afternoon that I heard the lowdown. The Spits were without ammunition, and, furthermore, they had gone into the air without a bullet among the four of them, knowing they would meet the enemy. In fact, they had gone *looking* for the enemy, hoping to keep him engaged and away from the convoys on the roads below. Tonight after dinner we drank a tall one to the R. A. F.

A motorcycle courier arrives with good news about our boys. A piece of shrapnel flattened out the rear left tire of the Chevvy, so they slept on the road, and will be along as soon as they can find a tire or inner tube on one of the destroyed vehicles that will fit.

Breakfast seems especially good today. Sergeant Spinelli, an Italian from the Bronx, is our self-appointed mess sergeant. We eat twice daily—a huge breakfast, and our second meal at four in the afternoon. We cannot cook at night because a fire after dark would surely be an invitation to a graveyard. I am, at home, what is called a light eater. In the morning a tall glass of orange juice, a slice of dry toast, and a cup of coffee are most satisfying. My usual morning meal here consists of a mess kit full of beef stew or steak-and-kidney pudding, a huge helping of tinned fruit, a full package of crackers (no bread available), a bar of chocolate, a slab of jam (if available), and at least three helpings of English tea (already prepared in the can with milk and sugar). Some types of British rations have wonderful canned vegetables, sardines, salmon, and there are always helpings of cigarettes, matches, boiled candy. I notice that the boys come back with a bounce after we have eaten well. Food may not win this war, but it will go a long way toward it.

Our truck is causing us no little trouble. Its huge size makes it a rather obvious target for enemy air attack. The lieutenant tells me that he was twice advised to keep the truck away from a camouflaged British convoy. It is essential that I get *all* of our boys up to the front. I certainly cannot do it with the Chevvy alone. I have decided to return to Bone and try to swap our truck at the British Supply Depot for something more useful. We load up and make a dash down the road in the late afternoon. It is a long tedious drive. After some motor trouble we turn in at Souk Ahras and sleep on the roadside.

The town is smoking as we arrive. Jerry had pulled an early night raid, but with very little success.

Whenever and wherever we pause for food or fuel, we are besieged with inquiries about the front: "What's the score up there? How are we doing?" I am sure that you people at home who read the daily communiqués know much more about the overall picture than we do. Out here on the line "global strategy" is confined to what you can see and feel.

November 29

"GOOD show." The tire collapsed again at a railroad junction. As we stopped to fix it, I was amazed to see Colonel (secret) in a jeep coming in the opposite direction. I flagged him, and learned that General Eisenhower and General Clark were in the following car on their way to an important conference. The colonel was in charge of the armed escort. He called a five-minute halt and I had a most enjoyable chat with the generals. I told them of what I had seen at the front, and they questioned me particularly on the spirit and morale of the American soldiers with whom I had been in contact. After all, these boys are meeting the enemy for the first time. I could honestly say that our soldiers took it and gave it back without a murmur. When they cursed, it was at the Germans. On the Italians they don't waste curses.

We arrived at Bone and contacted our rear echelon at the hotel. Made arrangements to exchange temporarily our two-and-one-half-ton truck to the British for a Bedford 1,500 weight.

Bone has been hit by some hard raids. The local gentry have taken to the hills, and most of the shops are closed, as are the restaurants and bistros, but there is a good officers' mess in what was formerly a school for young girls.

I had an amusing experience with an American Negro sailor whom I ran into on the dock while waiting to refuel the Chevvy. Tall, thin as a beanstalk, and round-shouldered, he was a perfect double for Stepin Fetchit, and his voice had all the high-pitched humor of Rochester when Jack Benny isn't looking. He turned out to be a deckhand in the merchant marine and hailed from New Orleans. His costume alone was worth the price of admission. Dungarees three sizes too short, a blue turtleneck sweater that only Gable could get by with, soiled tennis shoes, and for a hat he had cut down a black fedora until it was hardly more than a skullcap. An American Negro in North Africa is something more than a curiosity. When he recognized my uniform and nodded to me with a "Good mornin', boss," I engaged him in conversation. His ship, a tanker, had been torpedoed en route to Malta, and he and other members of the crew were waiting here, expecting to be sent home on one of the returning convoys. I asked him if he was going to give up the sea after his experience, and he emphatically replied in the negative.

"No, suh, boss. Ah is stickin' to the sea. Ah been goin' to sea steady foh the las' ten yeahs, an' no little to'pedo trouble is gonna make *me* quit. When Ah gets back to New Orleans, Ah is goin' to sign up ag'in. They is only one little *proviso* Ah is askin', an' if they give me that, then Ah is still a seagoin' man."

By now he really had me. "And *what* is the proviso?" I asked, like a perfect straight-man.

"They has got to put a line in writin' on mah papers which says that they won't send me to no Murmansk. They kin send me to China, Iceland, South America, or to Malta as many times as they want—but no Murmansk for me."

Knowing that he had been torpedoed en route to Malta, I could not understand his aversion to Murmansk, and he volubly explained: "It's like this, boss. Ah never been to Murmansk in mah life, but lately Ah been talkin' to these British sailor boys, an' Ah knows *all* about it. When you goes to Malta, it's sho nuff tough. They ain't no arguin' about it. Them Nazis come ovah an' gives you hell. You eithuh get there or you don't get there. But when you goes to Murmansk, you *don't* get there."

November 30

STORED our dark-room equipment and headed back toward Beja and the battle. This time I decided to go to the Center area, where the American forces are the spearhead. The gas line broke, and we slept on the road for a few hours. Then we got it repaired and went on.

December 1

JERRY has no idea what is in store for him. For six hours we have passed convoy after convoy of American soldiers, guns, and armored vehicles. It is a wonderful, thrilling sight. The boys are r'arin' to go and itching for a fight. Saw our first P-38s and a formation of Flying Fortresses go over. We felt like cheering. The nearer we get to the advance positions, the more Americans we see.

After a few minor air annoyances we pass through Oued Zarga and arrive at what is left of the picturesque little village of Medjez el Bab. It looks like a set on the back lot. It is typically motion-picture Arabic. The quaint church at the end of the one main street has been bombed and blasted by artillery fire. The bridge over the river has been demolished, but British engineers are now in the process of erecting a new span. French soldiers patrol the outskirts and all approaches. An American anti-aircraft battery guards the sky. All inhabitants have been evacuated and the tiny native shops are empty and forlorn. It is just like a set after a director has called "Cut" and the extras have gone home for the day.

All along I have inquired about Jack Ford and his O. S. S. boys, but have been unable to locate them, although I have successfully made contact with several Signal Corps cameramen who came overland from Oran. I have collected their film and resupplied them, and in some cases I have given them new assignments. I am sure Ford is somewhere in this area, and it worries me not to be able to find him.

At dusk we locate the secret headquarters of the American Combat Command. Looking at the headquarters war map in the candlelight, I am surprised to learn that the battle area has radically changed almost overnight. News reaches us that forty Nazi tanks have suddenly cut down from the north and sliced between Tebourba and our own present position. This means that while we had certain small units already in Tebourba and Djedeida, the main battle will be fought to the west and south of Tebourba. The Nazi panzer column is now somewhere about ten miles to the northeast of us. As I study the map more news arrives. German paratroopers were seen landing at sunset about four miles up the road from us. Nice going.

The Nazis have a great geographical advantage in this theater. There are four or five Nazi-dominated airports around Tunis and Bizerte, and these are only ten to twenty miles from the actual front. On the other hand, our Air Force must fly at least 200 miles to reach the lines. It is nearer by air from Sicily and Sardinia to the battle area than it is from Algiers or Oran. The Nazis can get three flights out of every plane to our one, which means that in order to gain superiority we must have three times as many planes as they have, or we must somehow establish new forward airports and blast the Nazi fields off the map.

It looked as if we were in for a hot night. Additional guards were posted, but, aside from a couple of parachute flares dropped in our vicinity, and the sound of not too distant bombing and machine-gun fire, we had a quiet night. I slept with the boys in a typically Mexican cactus grove that provided good shelter and camouflage for our vehicles. Every man slept with his Tommy gun at his side.

December 2

ALTHOUGH I am not aware of it, this is to be the most exciting day of my life as far as combat action is concerned. We had two air alarms before breakfast. The signal at Headquarters is three short blasts on a sergeant's whistle. I ate at the officers' mess in a grove of sycamores some distance from the camp, and had my first taste of American coffee in over a month. General (secret) was in the process of interviewing an American P-38 pilot who had been shot down behind the German forward positions. The young captain had lost one motor by Nazi ack-ack. He managed to land his plane in a field and get out of it before he was apprehended. Outside of shock he was not injured. Consulting his maps, he had reckoned his position and sneaked back through the Nazi lines, finally reaching a road which he followed in the darkness until a motorcycle scout found him and brought him in.

The conference was interrupted by our third alarm in an hour, but the Nazis were high and passed us by. I had another chance to study the war map. A war map, even in the field, is kept up to date by rapid changes whenever news is brought in by courier or flashed in by radio. The map itself is a large-scale affair of that particular sector on which the actual battle is being fought. It is covered by a transparent sheet of celluloid on which are marked the positions and movements of friend and foe. Our troops are always shown in blue and the enemy in red. Sometimes there will be a series of war maps, one for tank and armored movements, one for fixed positions, etc. Each field officer continually checks his own maps with the master, and thus orients his position in relation to the enemy's. The battle score often is tabulated on the side of the map, telling the number of losses and gains in men and machines. Naturally, such a valuable item is closely guarded, although this one was practically out of doors.

Studying the latest markings, there was no denying the fact that we had come up against stiff opposition. The Germans were going to contest every acre from here to Tunis, and while several officers still thought that yesterday's sortie of the forty Nazi tanks was nothing more than a "reconnaissance in force," it looked to me, on the map, like the start of a typical Rommel drive.

I learned that our scouts had located the position of the Nazi column during the night and contact was momentarily anticipated. The battle would most likely be fought in a valley just this side of Tebourba. We controlled the hilltops and had some men in the town itself, but this coming clash was to be on a much larger scale than that which we had encountered earlier, and the outcome might well decide the entire Tunisian campaign.

The Nazi attack of yesterday had been timed perfectly. It came just on the eve of our own thrust, and our main concern now is the Battle of Tebourba. Tunis, which had seemed so near yesterday, now appears far away and for the time being completely out of the picture. We had some unconfirmed information that the panzer column had been reinforced during the night and that the Nazis were bringing up heavy artillery.

The atmosphere at Headquarters was tense as I selected Lieutenant Klein and Sergeant Steinberg to accompany me to the forward positions. Now we would have something really worth while for the record. We stripped the Bedford for action and headed down the road to Tebourba, hell-bent for election, as by now experience has taught us that he who drives slowly on a front-line road is in the process of driving nails in his own coffin. The lieutenant took the wheel. I was the air observer in front, the sergeant the air observer in the rear, with the job of looking back and nothing else. I might add that the sergeant wore rather thick glasses.

I had not noticed this until suddenly, out of the blue, our truck leaped upward by the force of a tremendous explosion. An ear-splitting crash deafened us and we were lifted out of our seats as the diving roar of a Nazi plane swept down on us from behind. I vaguely remember what happened next. All I know is that in a flash I saw flames and black smoke pour out of the third vehicle on the road behind us. I saw more bombs in the air on their way down and heard the horrible spit of machine-gun bullets that seemed to be tearing the earth apart right at our feet. Somehow or other we all managed to get out of the truck. I dived headlong into a shallow ditch (thank God for it) and did my utmost to shrink and burrow my body into the ground. I could almost feel the rush of air as the plane swept over us. The earth shook again and again as the bombs struck. I did not move or look up. I couldn't. My ears rang and I was out of breath. A sharp pain, which lasted only a moment, caught me in the pit of the stomach like a low blow.

How many planes were in the attack I shall never know, but it was the neatest job of sneak convoy raiding I ever want to witness. They came from the sun, with motors off, and now, as we heard them roar away and knew we were safe, we clambered gratefully to our feet and looked over the damage. A number of vehicles were afire and there were heavy casualties. The biggest blaze came from an American half-track that had received a direct hit. We heard motors again and were ready to hit for the open field, but this time it was friendly—a flight of Spits and another formation of P-38s escorting nine Flying Fortresses.

As I looked up at them, I realized with no little satisfaction that very soon a column of Nazis somewhere to the east would be crawling in the dirt and getting a taste of their own bloody medicine. You cannot be impersonal or objective about this war—not after you have seen and felt it. You get to hate the Germans, every one of them. You want to see them wiped off the face of the earth! If it weren't for them, you wouldn't have to be here; you could be at home with your loved ones. On account of these lice, and their ideas of world conquest and the superiority of the great German race, we have to change our whole way of life, forget our careers, leave the things we love, and come 5,000 miles to fight and die and wallow in ditches. And that isn't *all.* A lot of clean-cut young American boys will be left here forever, and others will go home but not all in one piece.

THIS is what gets you after the first stage of war excitement has worn off. You want to kill them in cold blood, smother the entire bloody race. It isn't just Hitler. Nonsense! The German people *made* Hitler. They *wanted* him and they *got* him. If it hadn't been Hitler, it would have been some one else—a Kaiser or whatever you want to call it.

No, sir, there is no alternative. We must crush the Germans so severely this time that they will never rise again to bring all this sorrow and destruction and loss of life to people who want nothing from the rest of the world but the opportunity to live and let live.

We got back in the truck, sore as hell, and went forward with the flow of traffic. Tanks and half-tracks swept by—motorcycle couriers, jeeps wide open, antitank guns, armored ambulances (the first I had seen), ammunition and front-line supply vehicles. Everything moved forward in a mighty American cavalcade.

We came very close to the advanced positions. The word has passed along to look out for snipers when we pass the next grove where the railroad tracks, the river, and the road to Tebourba come together. Snipers have taken a severe toll at this point. It is safe to pass by only if you are in a thick-skinned vehicle (armored) or if you make it wide out at sixty miles per hour or more. To lumber through in a thin-skinned truck like our Bedford was a bit risky. So we pulled over to the shelter of an embankment to consider the problem. It was essential that we photograph the tank battle or what we could of it, and yet there was no use leading with our chins—not, at least, without normal protection.

As we hesitated, a platoon of American infantrymen drove up in trucks, unloaded, and went into the grove after the snipers. More than ten men have got it at this spot during the morning. I can see the bodies of four motorcycle drivers lying in the ditch, their wrecked machines twenty feet beyond.

We heard the crack of near-by rifle fire. One of my cameramen had gone down the road in an effort to follow up the infantrymen on foot. Hearing more shots, I looked in his direction and saw a single bullet hit the top of the embankment not three feet above him and directly in line with us. I waved him down, and from here on he kept well below the level of the ridge—and so did we.

The Jerries came over three times in less than twenty minutes, and we were in and out of the truck so frequently it got funny. An American half-track plunged directly into the snipers' grove, firing at every tree and bush in a grim determined effort to clean out the place.

We took advantage of this moment to run the gantlet. Taking a good start, we gave the sturdy old bus the works and fairly flew through the hot spot. It was a tight squeeze. We scrunched down in the unprotected front seat and held everything. A wrecked motorcycle half barred the road. We skidded around it, almost went headlong into a disabled tank, and finally reached the welcome protection of another embankment.

Firing had gone on all during our wild dash, but whether or not it was directed at us we had no way of knowing, although later on we found a nice new shiny hole in our radiator. I know now exactly how a clay pigeon in a shooting gallery feels.

WE were now about three miles from Tebourba and actually no more than twenty miles from the city of Tunis. This was the tank-assembly area—meaning the jumping-off place for the fight which would occur a mile ahead. On every side American tanks were dispersed in the shelter of a rather thick scrub forest which bounded each side of the narrow dirt road. The camouflage job was perfect. The men and machines blended into the woods, and it was only after we had parked our truck in a heavy clump of high brush that the size of the force became apparent.

The tank crews were settled on the ground near their machines, smoking and shooting a line. They were a typical American lot, rough, rugged, and bearing the stamp of well trained soldiers. The initial shock of battle had worn off in the past week, and now that they had received their baptism of fire and had come through with flying colors, they were eager for a return engagement.

I located the Headquarters half-track and talked with Colonel (secret) and his officers. The attack was all planned. The British would come in with the heavy armor from the left, the Americans with the mediums and lights from the center and right. American and British infantry would work close with both flanks. The panzer column had been located, and, as we talked, a battery of American artillery in the woods alongside of us opened fire on the enemy positions. The tempo of the artillery fire increased as the boys got their range verified from an advance observation post.

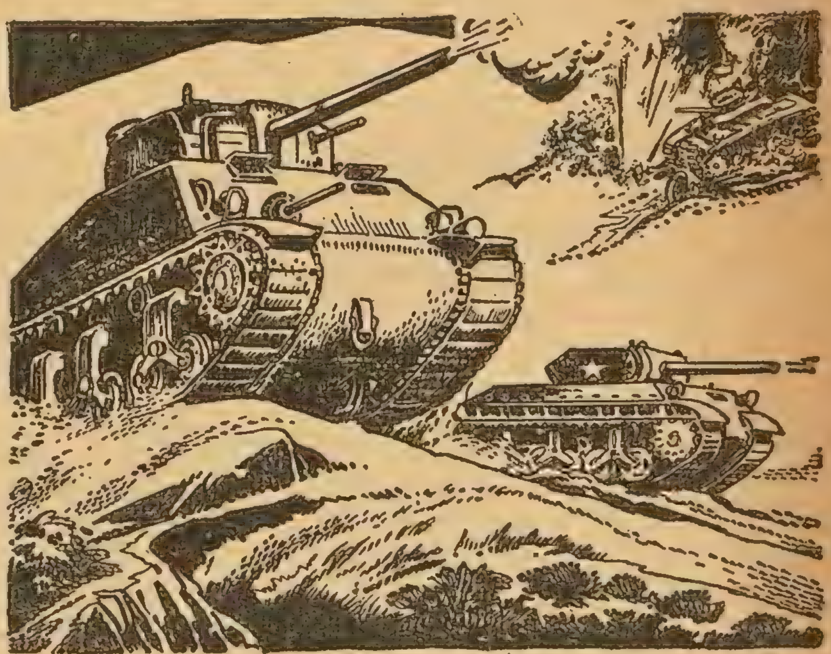
It was most satisfying to know that the Jerries were in for it good and proper. I got the lieutenant and the sergeant assigned to positions of photographic advantage, and then I went forward with my trusty Bell and Howell camera and Tommy gun. The tanks roared down the road and the battle began in earnest. It was difficult to see, difficult to follow, and more difficult to photograph. We did all we could, and our film should prove to be of considerable value. On several occasions I could actually feel the nearness of the enemy fire as machine-gun bullets whizzed by or splattered in the trees. It was impossible to see all of the clash, but from what I did see and from what I learned from the tank crews themselves after both sides had withdrawn to the assembly areas, it ended in a draw. Both sides lost a considerable number of tanks. The Nazis used hidden 88-mm. cannon to great effect. You could see wrecked tanks burning on the hillsides, both ours and German Mark 4s.

At this point the Nazis opened up on us with their heavy artillery. I had never actually been on the receiving end of an artillery barrage until now. The ground shook and shook until you felt that the trees would topple over. You hear each oncoming shell, and the whistle is so loud and screeching right up to the instant of the explosion that you are convinced it is going to land right on top of you. As a matter of fact they were 500 yards away, to start with, but now they are improving their range and they are not more than 150 yards to the rear of us. Closer and closer they seem to come.

There is nothing much you can do but flatten out in a slit-trench or at the base of a tree and take it. You can't run even if you want to, and so you just hold your breath and cling to the earth as you hear it coming, and say your prayers. When you hear the explosion and feel the earth come up in your face, you thank your lucky stars and let out your breath, but by that time the damn whistle has started again, so you duck down and do it all over again. Nobody minds the ducking; it's the getting up that counts.

A slice of shrapnel nicked our Bedford, but, other than this, the nearest shell landed fifty yards away and the casualties and damage were not as serious as they might have been.

The wounded from the tank battle were now pouring in, and we lent a hand as well as photographed for the record. One poor lad had more guts than any ten men are entitled to. He had a hole in his head as big as a fist and his right eye was shot out. Some one had stuck a wadded cloth in his head to stop the bleeding. He had lain in the open for several hours, given up for dead. They brought him in on a Bren Carrier and left him with us. He was semiconscious, and all he wanted was a cigarette. He actually smiled through the blood and pulp when it was lit and stuck between his swollen lips. An armored ambulance arrived, and the doc, a young medico from Trenton, New Jersey, operated on the spot. Throughout this, the action and vibrating thunder of the artillery barrage continued.



From what I could see or gather, we came very close to being overrun by the sheer might of the original panzer thrust. As a matter of fact, we *were* overrun in several places, and if it had not been for a desperate dusk attack by American infantry, aided by the accurate fire of British 25-pounders, it might have been a clean-cut break-through. The infantry attack and the danger of being cut off in darkness forced the Axis spearhead to withdraw, and the day ended with our positions battered but intact. We estimated the Nazi casualties on the day at more than 400, which is considerable, considering the fact that almost all forces were protected by armor. Our own casualties were less severe.

Darkness came, and we ran the gantlet again past the snipers on our way back to Headquarters. There were more bodies on the roadside. As the last rays of sunlight faded out, the Nazis came over and dropped a fresh detachment of paratroops on the hillside beyond the grove. We saw them come down at a distance, but there was nothing we could do about it. In another second night was upon us, and all we could see was the occasional flash of an enemy signal light on the ridge beyond the grove.

As we drove the ten miles back to Headquarters we could see large fires behind us lighting up the horizon. A sergeant in a jeep flagged us down at the road junction. At first, when we saw his silhouetted figure standing on the rim of a ditch alongside the road, we hesitated, unable to make out whether or not he was one of us. There were no other vehicles on the road at the moment and the sight of the Nazi paratroopers was fresh in our minds. For an instant I could feel the lieutenant's foot waver between the accelerator and the brake. No words were necessary. I knew exactly what he was thinking, and I was thinking the same thing. I had the Tommy gun between my knees. I moved the safety latch from on to off. The figure moved out of the shadows and waved to us. There was no mistaking the cut of his field jacket and low-slung helmet. He approached, identified himself, and suggested that it might be advisable for us to pull off the road for a spell; an enemy patrol was thought to be somewhere between us and Headquarters.

The sergeant had been posted here to caution all thin-skinned vehicles. They were letting the tanks and half-tracks go through, but we would have to wait. We pulled over to the side of the road and chewed the fat for a while. The sergeant hailed from Ohio. He pointed out a farmyard a quarter of a mile away across a plowed field and remarked that it reminded him of his father's place outside Columbus. There was a bit of moonlight now and you could see the farm quite well—a tall white silo surrounded by a number of large barns. Funny how everything in North Africa seems to remind everybody of home, no matter what part of America we come from.

A sudden burst of machine-gun fire shattered the stillness. We tumbled out of the car and crouched down in the ditch. The firing seemed to come from the direction of a grove of trees down the road some 300 yards. We spread out, keeping below the rim of the ditch so as not to present a concentrated target. The firing stopped as abruptly as it had started, and in a few minutes a half-track came by and paused long enough to tell us that we could go on now; the road had been cleared. We did not learn the particulars. The sergeant followed us in the jeep. As we passed the spot where the firing had seemed to originate, I could see a car turned over on its side in the ditch. I could not make out what it was and we did not stop to ask questions. It was cold now and the thought of Headquarters and the promise of a hot supper was uppermost in my mind. We finally arrived, and found that the boys had kept a couple of cans hot for us.

When I checked in at the Signal Office a little later on, General (secret) took me outside and talked to me in the darkness of the courtyard. He requested me to go back to Souk el Arba and try to locate some new aerial photographs of the Tunis theater. This was out of my line, but naturally I agreed to go first thing in the morning. I slept again in the cactus grove, and my last thoughts were of the young boy with the one eye and the hole in his head, who smiled through the gore as we lit his cigarette.

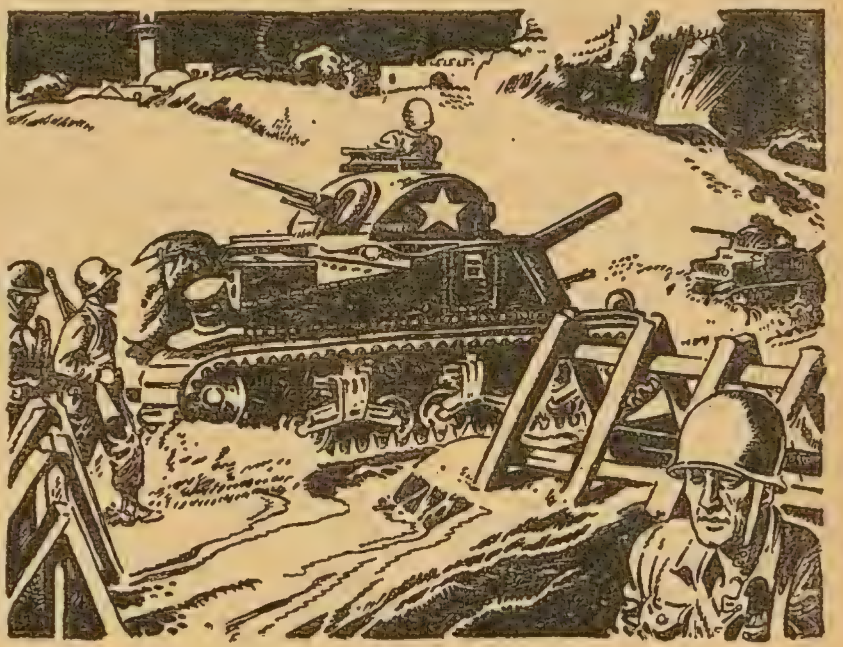
Flares dropped near by and I could hear the hum of a plane far overhead, but I wasn't interested any longer. To hell with it! Let it come!

December 3

SAT in on an impromptu conference with a squad of French soldiers who had sneaked through the Nazi lines and escaped from Tunis. They are eager to join us, and G2 questions them at length about the disposition and strength of the enemy forces.

They are surprised and delighted to know that Giraud is the commanding general of the French forces in North Africa. However, as one of them said, "What does it matter—Giraud or De Gaulle—as long as we fight?"

Their eyes light up as they tell us of the havoc wrought by the Allied bombings of the harbor and dock installations at Tunis. Nevertheless, we are more than ever convinced that the Bizerte-Tunis area will be a tough nut to crack. It is geographically perfect from a defensive standpoint. Rugged terrain and water barriers form a natural hurdle, and in spite of the almost constant bombings, the Nazis have managed to shuttle reinforcements across the narrow channel from Sicily and Sardinia. According to the Frenchmen, the vanguard of Rommel's Afrika Korps has already arrived in the city.



A bearded poilu with a voice like a bullfrog and a physique like Wally Beery's proudly exhibits a nasty hole in the calf of his blood-soaked leg. "A British bomb," he says, "she did it."

I saw General (secret) for a few moments, and then left by truck with one of the boys for Souk el Arba. We were only stopped once by a low-flying plane, but afterward I heard that they gave our Headquarters a good going over just after we pulled out.

A tank barricade, erected originally by the Germans when they first moved into this neck of the woods, blocks a jog in the road that leads back from Headquarters to Medjez el Bab. It is a clever, well constructed trap now guarded by the French. Upright railroad ties and steel crowbars have been sunk in the asphalt surface of the roadway, leaving only enough space for one vehicle to creep through at a time. Even then, you must take it in low, as the pavement has been chopped away in a checkerboard pattern diabolically designed to put axle manufacturers in an early grave.

As I slowed down, out of profound respect for this formidable hazard, I overheard what I considered to be the war's prize understatement. An American dispatch rider on his way back from the forward positions had stopped for a smoke on the edge of the road. His left hand was bandaged and he was splattered with mud from head to foot. His leather jacket was slit down one side and he looked as if he hadn't shaved in days. The motorcycle which he straddled while he borrowed a light from a French soldier's pipe had seen better days. Just at this moment a column of Yanks in trucks arrived on the scene from the opposite direction. They were obviously fresh from Algeria and, like all soldiers, anxious to get into the battle area and get a crack at the enemy.

As the vehicles crawled through the barricade, a corporal leaned out of the rear of one truck, sized up the battered dispatch rider, and asked, "How goes it, pal? Is it tough up there?" The dispatch rider flipped away the butt of his cigarette and answered, dead serious: "I'll say—almost as tough as the Louisiana maneuvers."

I stopped again at Medjez el Bab and searched everywhere for the Ford unit, but to no avail. Lieutenant Klein ran into them later in the day and collected their film. They were on their way back to Souk el Khemis for a breathing spell, since they had gone through quite a tough siege at the front.

I could not locate the air maps at Souk el Arba, and was advised by the British Signal Section to proceed to Bone. On the way we stopped at nine o'clock in the night at Souk Ahras and had a hot meal in the British mess. We were cold and tired from a long mountain drive in the open Bedford, but decided to continue on.

As we pulled out of the town, Jerry came over in force and got a full bag. His first stick hit an ammunition train. In a few seconds the sky was alive with bursting shells and the whole countryside rocked with the force of the explosions. It was so light at times that I was able to photograph. How the Germans were able to spot that train in the blackness of the night and hit it with the first stick they let go is a mystery to me. This was certainly a case of perfect sabotage somewhere along the line.

The fireworks lasted for almost half an hour, and at one time the Nazi planes came close over us. We were on a hill just outside the town. I had the Tommy gun and I let go at them with a full clip at not more than fifty yards. The planes were in perfect silhouette against the red-and-yellow firelit sky and I couldn't have missed the last one. I don't suppose I did any material damage, but you never can tell; I might have at least singed one of them. In any event, it again gave me a certain satisfaction to be able to strike back, if only with a peashooter.

We drove on and reached Bone at three thirty in the morning. What a different city! Building after building had been hit and glass and rubble fill the streets. The place was blacked out, but in the moonlight we realized that not all the action had been at the front.

Before leaving Bone on the last trip, I had left my bags and extra equipment in Room 240 at the Hotel D'Oriente; so I parked the truck on the deserted street outside the hotel and stumbled my way in the darkness to the room. It was unlocked, and although the lights were off, I examined the room with my flashlight and found that my equipment was not disturbed. I was so sleepy I could hardly undress. The moment I closed my eyes the siren went off, and for the next half hour the Jerries did everything but dump me out of bed. Glass flew out of the windows, and once or twice I was positive the whole building was going to fold up like an accordion and come down on my head.

I made up my mind, come what may, I would not budge. I have driven over 300 miles on a cold mountain road in an open truck in a blackout. I have not been in a bed in 2,000 years, more or less. I am going to sleep out the night if it kills me.

December 4

IT didn't. I awakened and looked at the morning light through the dislodged shutters. The hotel seemed strangely quiet. I rose and found that the lights were still out of order. When I tried to introduce my teeth to a toothbrush, the water was also off. So I dressed and started for the dining room on the bottom floor.

Usually the place is alive with scrubwomen and people coming in and out, but this morning it all seemed different. On my way downstairs I didn't pass a soul or hear any of the usual sounds invariably connected with a French hotel. When I reached the lobby, it too was silent and deserted.

By now I became aware of a decided change. Something had happened. Perhaps the entire city had been evacuated, I thought, or maybe the raid last night had killed every one but me. I stuck my head in the dining room, and when it, too, was empty and ghostlike, I knew something of monumental importance had surely occurred, as everybody knows that a French kitchen is quiet only when the cook has died.

I retraced my steps to the lobby and went out into the bright sunlit street. My beloved Bedford was missing! I looked about, and suddenly became conscious that the street in front of the hotel was completely deserted except for a gendarme who stood at the crossing a block away. He saw me, reacted, and started to wave his arms frantically in my direction, beckoning me to join him and to hurry.

Convinced that perhaps the whole thing was a nightmare, I walked toward the police officer, who by now was in a frenzy of excitement, shouting at me in French I couldn't understand and waving his arms as if he had burned his fingers. As I neared the corner and was able to look past it at the other side of the street, I saw the intersection had been roped off and that no less than half the remaining population of the town kept staring at me with popped eyes and bated breath, as if I were Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs or Orson Welles fresh from Mars.

By now, of course, it was quite obvious to me that an unexploded bomb or something of the sort had fallen somewhere in the vicinity. The roped-off street and the curious crowd were the normal signs, but what *wasn't* usual was the complete story, which I learned a few moments later when I was able to cool off the gesticulating gendarme, who couldn't make up his mind whether to arrest me or give me the Croix de Guerre for bravery. It seems I had had *company* for the night. To be more explicit, I had slept with a couple of unexploded 500-pound bombs. They had lodged on the opposite side of the hotel the day before. The entire neighborhood had been evacuated since yesterday.

Arriving as I did in the late hours of the night with the streets deserted and the gendarmerie probably deep in the hay, I had calmly glided into an undertaker's paradise. One bomb was not more than five yards from where I had parked the Bedford in the darkness.

Despite the protests of the gendarme, I located Sergeant Carpenter and some of my boys from the rear echelon, and they went back with me to get my bags and equipment. We scooted in and out and felt very brave and pleased with ourselves.

After trying to communicate with AFHQ at Algiers and failing, I decided to fly there. A DC-3 picked me up at the Bone airport at noon, and in a few hours I was in Algiers. Since I had last seen it the Maison Blanche airport had undergone quite a change. The planes and the flyers, however, are still there, more plentiful than ever. A P-38, just back from a raid on Tunis, made a perfect belly landing, its undercarriage shot away.

I located the air photographs and made arrangements with Lieutenant Colonel Elliott Roosevelt to have his squadron take more of the same. I contacted him in the foyer of the St. George and arranged a conference for the following day. He has made quite a name for himself as a real fighting soldier. President's son or not, out here he stands on his own feet. He has just come back from a flight over Sardinia, one of many aerial-mapping trips he has made over enemy territory.

December 5

DURING my absence, Algiers has become, in a sense, an American city. American vehicles crowd the streets, and our soldiers are everywhere. All the confusion of the early days has vanished. The harbor is cluttered with convoy ships and guarded by a balloon barrage that would do credit to London itself. I learn that the C. S. O. had practically given me up for lost and was on the verge of sending out a courier to locate me.

Captain Rivers, Signal Corps, has established an excellent laboratory for the development of still pictures in a converted apartment house not far from the St. George.

I accompanied the C. S. O. to the Governor's Palace, where they turned out the Guard of Honor for our photographers. The guards are the colorful Spahis, mounted on white horses and wearing traditional uniforms, not unlike Zouaves. The palace is an old Moorish castle. The governor and his wife greeted us and posed for pictures with the Spahis.

Afterward we went upstairs to the governor's study, a magnificently paneled room overlooking the spacious gardens. He insisted on showing me his personal collection of photographs taken recently on a tour of the Arabic forts in the south. The photographs were bound together in a beautiful Morocco leather album. As he turned the pages and pointed out scenes of particular interest, an unusual and slightly embarrassing incident occurred. One photograph revealed him in the midst of a group of German officers reviewing native troops. There he stood, plain as day, flanked by the Nazis and looking very happy about it. Without blinking an eye, he calmly turned the page and went on talking as if nothing had happened. Yet for that one brief instant you could feel the electricity in the air. It will be a long time before he shows that album to any one else. . . .

I had dinner with H. R. Knickerbocker and slept in a *real* bed.

December 6

MY travel orders have been issued. I am to fly in the morning with General Clark and General Doolittle to Oran, where I will collect the film, proceed to Gibraltar by air, and thence home to edit the first War Department feature-length film photographed in and under actual battle conditions. . . . I don't suppose our war scenes will look as savage or realistic as those we usually make on the back lot, but you can't have everything.

December 10

AS the huge plane headed out to sea bound for Trinidad and home, I looked long at the receding African coast line. The sun had gently disappeared into a bank of gray-blue clouds. Now shafts of golden light gave to the Dark Continent a sort of halo effect like a monster crown spread out over the whole world.

I watched until the last thin line of land blurred and vanished into the tropical afterlight. It made me think of things—things I will never forget, moments that will stay with me all my life.

A fellow passenger dropped into the seat at my side and offered me a cigarette. "I understand you've just come back from the Tunis front. How was it?"

For a moment I couldn't think of the right reply—or of any reply. You cannot just sum it up as you would a vacation at the beach or a few weeks at Sun Valley. The man looked at me with what I presume was rapidly growing curiosity and not a little annoyance. After all, it was only an ordinary civil question, and he was by all the laws of civilization entitled to a civil reply.

"Good show," I answered, and this time I meant it.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

EARLY this spring the usually restrained New York Times lashed itself into a frenzy about a survey it sponsored which indicated a lack of knowledge of American history among the nation's college freshmen.

If more Americans would read the novels of Howard Fast there would be greater knowledge of our history abroad in the land, and (what is considerably more important) much more understanding of it. His books are authentic, spirited, often brilliant.

The Unvanquished, which was published last year, is one of the finest and most carefully drawn portraits of Washington during the discouraging years of the American Revolution.

In his latest novel, **Citizen Tom Paine** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York, $2.75), he has written another book which I commend to every American and especially to teachers of American history in the hope that they will recommend it to their charges. It is the kind of historical novel which deserves the laurel of a Pulitzer prize.

Howard Fast

I know of no other American historical novelist who has Fast's ability to make us see so clearly the times and the country which brought forth the American Revolution. When you read Howard Fast you know the little man of the Revolution as well as the great names. You understand what happened when a handful of brave men along a straggling Atlantic coast line banded together to shake the world.

Eustace L. Adams

One of these men was Tom Paine, ex-staymaker from Thetford, England, product of grinding poverty which haunted him through boyhood and then through the gutters and ginmills of London—a man who found himself only when he found his real business in life, which was revolution.

This was Tom Paine, friend of Washington and Jefferson, the man whom Franklin helped to find a place in America, and who learned his adopted country so well that only he could speak to it plainly. This was the man who stirred the scattered uprisings into a strong-willed revolution for independence and freedom, the man who wrote on a drumhead by the light of a campfire the words that Washington needed and could not find for himself to hold his faltering army together.

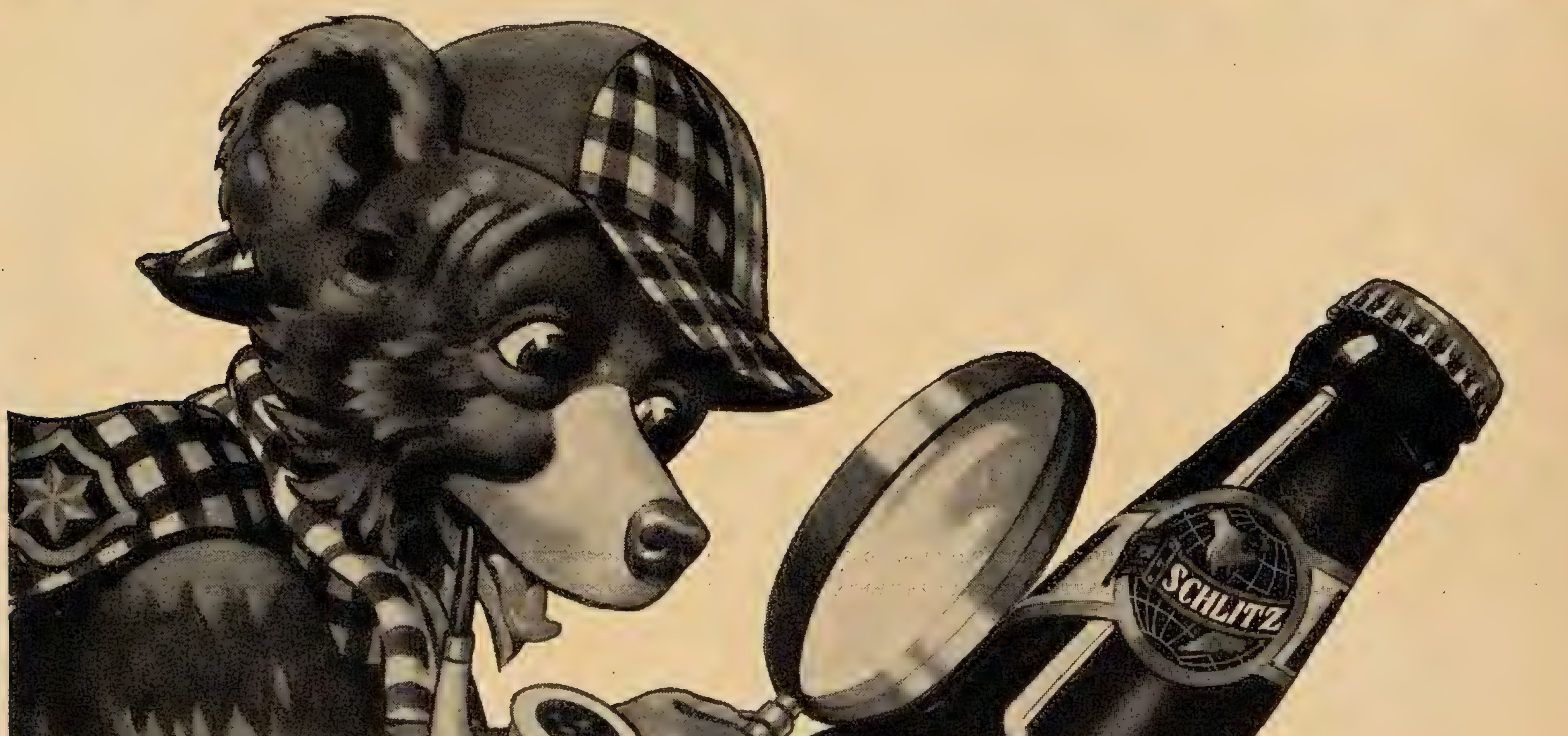
This was the man who, after independence had been won in America, set England by the ears with his Rights of Man; whom Tory England hated and feared so much it meant to hang him; the man who was welcomed by the French Revolution and then jailed when it got out of hand; the man who returned to America to live out his last years, and was reviled for writing his one book Americans never understood, The Age of Reason.

Out of his life, his sufferings, his understanding of revolution and the men in America who made the greatest one of them all, Howard Fast has constructed a novel of truly important proportions.

MEN who write for the magazines and movies can usually be depended upon to turn out satisfactory thrillers. Eustace L. Adams has done that in **Death Charter** (Coward-McCann, New York, $2), a quick-starting, steady-moving story of adventure, murder, and spying aboard a chartered yacht.

From the time the Ames brothers pick some Nazi flyers out of their crippled plane until a United States destroyer arrives while the last, critical struggle is going on, there is action. And there is love, too. A tense tale with a good wallop.

There's No BITTERNESS


SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER TH
MADE MILWAUKEE FA
..BREWED WITH
Just the KISS
of the hops

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I GUESS we'd have a hard time fighting this war if it weren't for decorations, judging from the amount of my mail that deals with medals and ribbons. But why not? I'd be the last one in the world to turn my nose up at those chest trimmings, and I remember trying hard to gather up a few for myself—once.

The history books say decorations were started by Alexander the Great. He pinned a gold button on Jonathan, the high priest of Israel, for valor on the battlefield. Napoleon started the European system of decorations by handing out a whole flock of ribbons, medals, and orders—including a few phony ones. In this country the first medals for valor were given out by George Washington—three of them, to be exact—and they were the original granddaddies of the Purple Heart that's given out today.

Alex the Great

In the last few mail bags I've had several letters seeking to get straightened out about the American Defense Service Medal and the ribbon that goes with it.

A corporal in Salina, Kansas, wants to know just when a man had to be in service in order to qualify for the medal.

This one has stumped lots of the experts. Some stick to the interpretation that the medal is only for those who had completed at least twelve months of service prior to Pearl Harbor. But I don't interpret it that way, and here's why:

Section III of W. D. Circular No. 104, 1942, states: "The President, by Executive Order No. 8808, June 28, 1941, ordered the American Defense Service Medal be established and awarded. The award of the American Defense Service Medal is authorized to military personnel for honorable service by those who entered upon a period of active Federal service of twelve months or longer and who in the discharge of such service served at any time between Sept. 8, 1939, and Dec. 7, 1941, both dates inclusive"

Therefore, it is my opinion that any one who served in any branch of the armed forces for even as little as one day between and including the dates of September 8, 1939, and December 7, 1941, provided he was either enlisted or inducted for a period of not less than twelve months, is entitled to the American Defense Service Medal.

Issuance of the medal itself is suspended until after the war (so as not to use up any of the metal we're going to drop on Tokyo), but the ribbon may be worn in the meantime.

Now that we've got that straight, congratulations to you fellows who've already got that decoration in the bag. Keep collecting 'em!

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Since my enlistment in the Regular Army four years ago, I have taken only one half or less of my furlough time. Will I ever get back the furlough time to which I was entitled—and when?

Pfc. J. E. E., Camp Mackall, N. C.

A. R. 615-375 authorizes furloughs of not more than thirty days a year in peacetime. But I guess I don't have to remind you that this is wartime and your commanding officer is the one person to decide whether he can spare you on furlough. Often the C. O., no matter how nice a gent he is, just can't hand out enough furloughs to go around. The reason is that in wartime all posts and stations must be on the alert at all times—and that takes men.

Too bad, but it is highly possible that you may lose all the furlough time that you claim is due you for the past four years as an enlisted man. For, after the war, you may be discharged before things have settled down sufficiently for you to collect the old furlough time.

Commissioned officers may accumulate their furloughs for a period of five years under A. R. 605-115.

* * *

In regard to the question, "Should minors be allowed to buy liquor and stay out after 11.30 P. M.?" I should like to submit the following as my personal opinion:

I enlisted in the Air Corps the day I was eighteen and am mighty proud of it. In four months I will be just twenty years old and am now a staff sergeant. As such I think I have quite a few responsibilities, and if we kids want a drink and we can't get it, then what in the world is this country coming to?

If some of the people who disapprove of us kids drinking and staying out until the beastly hour of 11.30 P. M. would only put on a uniform and help us kids make this a quick victory, and do less griping, perhaps they would see the kids' point of view as we see it.

S/Sgt. J. D. H.,
Newport Army Air Field,
Newport, Ark.

As an Old Sarge to a Young Sarge—From what I've seen around town, some of you kids in the armed forces conduct yourselves a good deal better than your elders in public drinking places.

* * *

I have been reading your page ever since it started, and I just want to check up on one point that's been puzzling me.

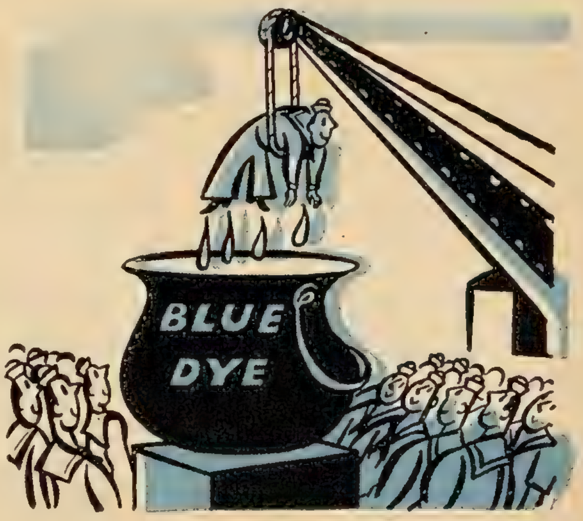
It's about soldiers with dependents getting a discharge after serving one year. I was drafted in August, and I have a wife and a child three years old at home.

I don't mind the soldiering, but I get plenty lonesome for the wife and kid.

If you could give me some advice on the subject, I would be glad to get it.

Pfc. W. E. L., West Point, N. Y.

If you'll pardon my saying so, soldier, you're not the only one who is lonesome for his wife and kids. Lots of them are lonesome in North Africa and New Guinea. And, just between us, the surroundings there aren't anywhere near as scenic and commodious as they are up at West Point, where you're stationed. The best answer to lonesomeness is, (1) keep that chin up, and (2) work all the harder to make it a quick victory.



Blue dye

Now, if your being in the army works a severe financial hardship on your wife and kids, that's different. In such cases, the Commanding General of the Service Command, after investigation of such "undue hardship," may discharge a soldier or release him to the Enlisted Reserve.

The only other release, up to now, is for men over thirty-eight who made application for discharge prior to last March 1.

* * *

How about getting on the ball and settling this argument? The argument pertains to the National Flag.

I contend the National Flag is never saluted. The other fellow brings up the Retreat ceremonies.

I say, at Retreat the soldier salutes the National Anthem or the Colors or Standard, and *not* the National Flag.

Cpl. T. R. L., Camp Pickett, Va.

Here it is in a nutshell, Corporal. At Retreat you salute the National Anthem. You always salute the Colors and Standard when not cased. The salute to the Flag is a gun salute. For example, a visiting battleship will fire a twenty-one-gun salute to our Flag. For more details, consult A. R. 600-25.

* * *

For heaven's sake, Sarge, please tell the Navy to change the color of summer whites to blue. Whites don't make good sense, and the Navy prides itself on being sensible.

A cotton uniform just like the regular summer whites, except in blue, would look better all the way around. The whites could all be called in and dyed blue so as not to waste material.

The white uniforms are the only thing I don't like about the Navy.

"Bluejacket,"
Naval Training Station,
Great Lakes, Ill.

At this writing the Navy is about to change its fatigue uniform for commissioned officers from khaki to blue-gray, so maybe they'll get around to doing something for the enlisted men before long. How do some of you other fellows feel about it?

* * *

Is it possible for a soldier who did not finish high school to become a pilot? He is twenty-one years old and enlisted last summer.

Mrs. H. C. H., Cleveland, Ohio.

Formerly it was necessary to have at least a high-school education to become an Army pilot. This requirement has now been eliminated and there is now no formal educational requirement at all. Any one who can meet physical requirements and pass the Air Corps entrance examination may be enlisted as an Aviation Cadet for pilot training.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

Butterfly high!

WORLD'S **BIGGEST** BUTTERFLY IS THE FEMALE PAPILIO GOLIATH WITH A WING EXPANSE OF 8 INCHES! DO YOU KNOW THE BIGGEST TREAT IN BOURBONS? IT'S TODAY'S **SUPER-SMOOTH,** SUPER-SATISFYING **TEN HIGH!**

Parachute high!

A **RUSSIAN AVIATOR** PLUNGED 38,713 FEET TO SET A HIGH MARK FOR PARACHUTE JUMPING. BUT YOU CAN SET A RECORD FOR BOURBON **ENJOYMENT** JUST BY STEPPING UP TO TEN HIGH, THE FAMOUS WHISKEY WITH **"NO ROUGH EDGES"!**

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Hiram Walker's
TEN
HIGH

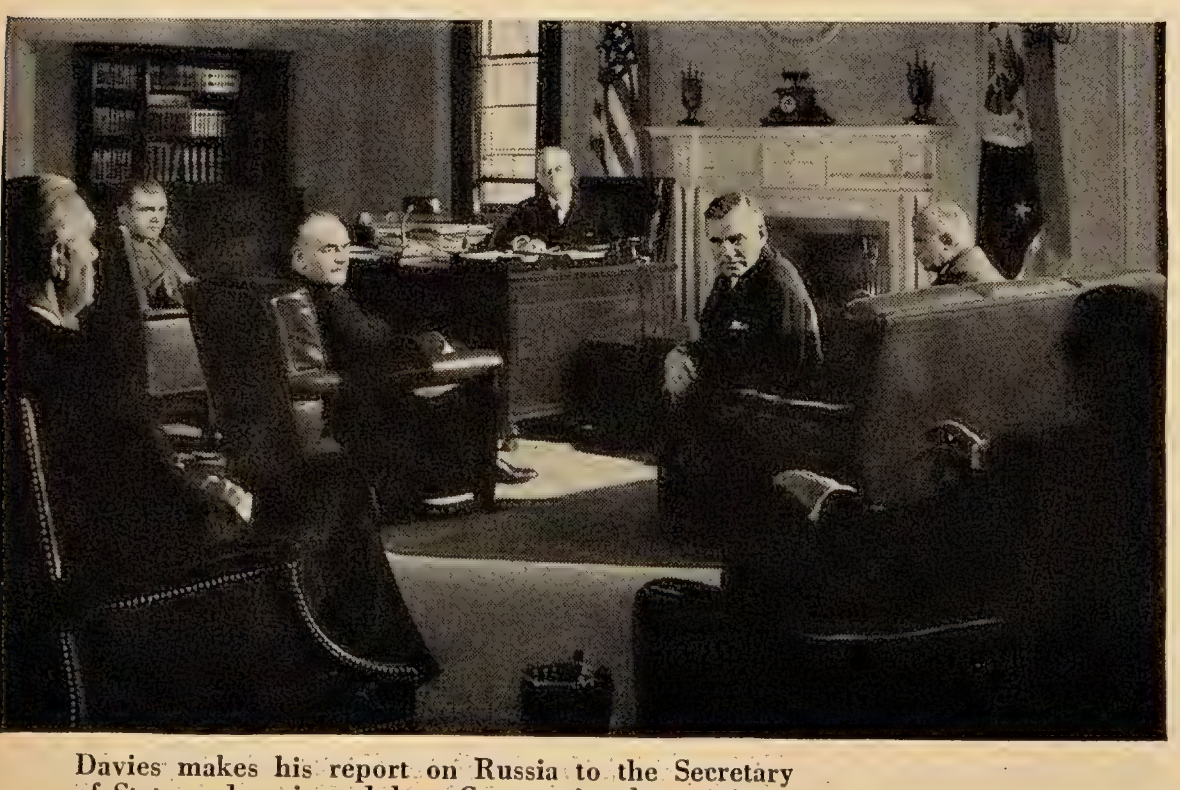
Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Davies (Huston), Timoshenko (Kurt Katch), and Litvinov (Oscar Homolka) practice protocol at a ball.

Davies says good-by to Russia at a final meeting at the Kremlin with Stalin (Kippen) and Kalinin.



Davies makes his report on Russia to the Secretary of State and an incredulous Congressional committee.

BY HARRIET GOULD

MISSION TO MOSCOW

(Warner Bros.)
Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka.
Directed by Michael Curtiz.

ALTHOUGH the original purpose of the theater was to reflect current customs and events of an always changing world, the movies have pretty consistently ducked that responsibility. Now Warner Brothers has taken a deep breath and plunged unhesitatingly and boldly into the troubled waters of world power politics by presenting this film version of Ambassador Davies' report to the President as it was first told in his book, Mission to Moscow.

In this initial venture in presenting living history, the object—as stated in the prologue by Mr. Davies—is to further better understanding and faith in our fighting ally. By taking the situations and conclusions from the book and by adding personal anecdotes on family and social life from Mr. Davies' diary, Mission to Moscow becomes not only an intellectual achievement but a vital, gripping, and dramatic film as well.

The movie starts in 1936, when Mr. Davies undertook his mission as Ambassador to Russia at the request of President Roosevelt, who wanted to know once and for all what was going on inside that hitherto "unknown quantity." It ends with Mr. Davies' return to this country and his frantic efforts to awaken the country and an isolationist Congress to the real facts: that war was imminent, that we could not stay out of it, that the democracies had made terrible mistakes in not fighting for Ethiopia, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, and finally that we could count on the Soviet Union as a powerful and prepared ally.

All these points are developed carefully in the movie. On his way to Russia, Davies stops off in Germany to suggest to Hjalmar Schacht that all nations disarm down to weapons no bigger than a man can carry. The Germans laugh at him. Davies goes to the League of Nations and hears Haile Selassie's pleas for aid fall on deaf ears. In the Soviet Union he is given carte blanche to go where he wishes . . . and he wishes to see a lot.

The cast of 186 speaking parts, one of the largest ever assembled, is uniformly superb. Since the people they portray are more important than star names, actors were selected for physical likenesses that lend a startling realism to the film.

Mission to Moscow is a healthy movie. It is not only a tribute to an ally, but a solid punch at shortsighted officials and those who would divide us so Hitler can conquer.

ABOVE SUSPICION

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Fred MacMurray,
Joan Crawford,
Conrad Veidt,
Basil Rathbone

WHEN Helen MacInnes and her husband gave up their jobs at Oxford and their walking trips on the Continent to come to America, Miss MacInnes decided to turn her intimate knowledge of Europe into some novels. Her first two, Assignment in Brittany and Above Suspicion, were snapped right up by the movies.

In Above Suspicion, Fred MacMurray and Joan Crawford are newlyweds, combining their European honeymoon with a secret commission from British Intelligence—to find a missing British agent. Although the clues they pick up so readily might stump the F. B. I., the story is excitingly developed. This is a much better than average spy thriller.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

(Paramount)
Franchot Tone,
Anne Baxter,
Erich von Stroheim,
Akim Tamiroff

A FICTIONALIZED version of a single episode that *might* have led to the destruction of Rommel's Afrika Korps must needs suffer in comparison with what *really* happened to them, but the idea is contemporary enough to provide a novel and exciting theme for Five Graves to Cairo. A British soldier (Franchot Tone) lost in the desert suddenly finds himself right in the midst of the Afrika Korps. Aided by a friendly hotelkeeper (Akim Tamiroff) and a French chambermaid (Anne Baxter), he takes the place of a hotel porter who was killed in an air raid. Then he suddenly discovers that he has taken the place of a German spy. We won't tell you more, but suffice it to say that Five Graves is good spy stuff—well off the hard-beaten path.

Inside Paramount

Published Here Every Month

Firm in its belief that versatility is the best policy, Paramount presents an array of summer entertainment that covers far-flung amusement fronts.

From the solid *south* comes a "solid" song-show in Technicolor—another Paramount hit musical. The title is **DIXIE**, and it co-stars that supremely popular pair — Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour!

• • •

There are an even *dozen* songs, and Bing sings some of them into the lovely ear of blonde Marjorie Reynolds, his "Holiday Inn" sweetheart.

• • •

Their romance is built around the fascinating story of how "Dixie" (the song) was born in the minstrel show world of the old south, delightfully depicted by director A. Edw. Sutherland . . . It's *gay* down south in "Dixie." You'll see it soon.

• • •

Meanwhile, from behind the scenes in *Africa* comes **FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO** — the amazing adventure of a corporal and a girl who stole the Five Secrets Rommel had counted on for victory.

SERVICE 'STARS'
From our stars in the service we hear that Robert Preston is a 2nd lieutenant in the Army Air Force; Bruce Cabot, ditto; Alan Ladd is an officer candidate at Miami Beach; Wm. Holden is an army lieutenant.

• • •

"Five Graves" had its premiere almost day and date with the Nazi surrender. Now excited crowds everywhere are hailing this first story of the "Desert Fox," superbly acted by von Stroheim.

• • •

Featuring meteoric Alan Ladd on the war's *first* front, **CHINA**, after a premiere furore that made headlines for days in the New York press, is likewise registering a phenomenal success in its current nation-wide engagements.

• • •

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Gotham is agog over the impending world premiere of "For Whom The Bell Tolls."

And on the *home* front, see your government's exciting film, "PRELUDE TO WAR," is the urgent advice of

Paramount Pictures

The new Breezewood Pipe

For Father's Day— $1.00

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copy. 1943, The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SUSAN HAYWARD

HELMUT DANTINE

ALEXIS SMITH

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall	*Romantic drama* (an ambitious aviatrix, reminiscent of Amelia Earhart, is drafted by the navy for a secret mission).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) All-star cast	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan	*Drama* (the Czech people unite to protect the killer of the Nazi Heydrich the Hangman).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine Technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
LADY OF BURLESQUE (United Artists) Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea	*Comedy-mystery* (comics, cold cream, and killers backstage at a burlesque).	A peep-show into the lives of burlesque folk . . . a bad whodunit but good entertainment . . . authentic. (6-12-43)
MR. LUCKY (RKO) Cary Grant, Laraine Day	*Comedy melodrama* (a gangster picks the perfect set-up, but a smart society girl sets him straight).	A lively mixture of comedy and melodrama . . . neat and novel twist makes for a surprise ending. (6-5-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOES (Columbia) Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?

Continued from Page 35

going awfully hard at it, selling bonds, and doing bandages and salvage work—"

She hadn't had much contact with Jean the past few years, and the thought suddenly struck her that Jean wasn't a kid any more. No one could be, at eighteen these days, touched by the grim reality of war. And suppose, as one adult to another, as one sister to another, she told Jean the truth! Would Jean be shocked? Would she destroy any idealization that Jean might have of her? Her mind groped for some other way out, but Greg would be here any minute. And Jean couldn't stay; had to go before he arrived!

She rose suddenly. She said, "Jean darling, it's nice to see you, but if only you'd wired!" She went on quickly, seeing the disappointment that already clouded Jean's eyes. "I don't know how to begin to tell you —but, Jean, I'm in love with some one, a young man named Greg Saunders. He's been called—going to war in two weeks. And we—planned these two weeks—by ourselves—"

Jean's eyes had widened, her full warm lips were opened in surprise. Lorna turned away, unable to look at her, staring at the roses on the table as she went on. "Jean—you know what the world is like these days. One can't plan very far ahead. Greg and I aren't planning for anything—beyond these two weeks. That's why—we're not getting married." She turned to Jean then. "Is it hard for you to understand? It was hard for me to understand at first. I suppose"—her voice choked—"it would kill mom and dad—"

THERE was a moment's silence. She could hear the ticking of the clock. She didn't know what to expect. Somehow, facing Jean, telling Jean, was as if she had faced her parents at home. And now she expected clouds to burst forth, roofs to fall, all their words of recrimination to descend upon her head.

"Lorna—oh, Lorna darling!" Jean cried out. "I think it's just wonderful! I had no idea you'd be the kind of girl brave enough to do such a thing. Why, it's like out of a book—by Hemingway. The war—and love —and taking happiness while you can. Oh, darling, will I be in the way? But I can go to a hotel or some place, can't I?"

It took Lorna a minute to understand that what Jean was bestowing on her was complete approval. More than approval. Genuine admiration shone in Jean's eyes. Lorna wanted to laugh; it was incredible. But then it suddenly came to her that Jean wasn't mom and dad. Jean belonged to a generation all her own. Bred on at least two movies a week and the latest novels from the circulating library, including Mr. Hemingway's. Education for any emergency.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

DOCKSHUND: A long, low dog who goes "Wharf! Wharf!"

COMONGOOSE: Said by a very foolish cobra.

GRINDUSTRY: Making with the funny stuff on the radio.

AMENTOR: Head of a theological seminary.

CHALKLE: Chuckle at teacher's picture on the blackboard.

HEWMILIATE: To chop down a haughty oak.

PAPADOUR: Father combs his hair straight back.

CUCUMBERSOME: A hefty pickle.

BRAVOCADO: Hurray for an alligator pear!

RABBITUÉ: The cottontail who in-hare-bits our cabbage patch.

"Did you see Bette Davis in her last picture?" Jean was asking. "She was in love with George Brent, but the war—"

The doorbell rang. Panic surged through Lorna. It would be Greg. Unprepared to face Jean. She would have to tell him, warn him. She ran to the door, opening it. Greg stood on the threshold, suitcase beside him, arms reaching for her. "I'm sorry I'm late, darling. But I took care of everything. And I'm here to stay now—"

"Oh, Greg—Greg—my sister Jean—" but she couldn't manage to say any more. Besides, it wasn't necessary. Jean had come forward, eyes shining, lips curved into a winning smile. "Hello—Greg!" she exclaimed. "I came on a surprise visit to Lorna. But please don't worry. I won't be in the way. And I was telling Lorna that I approve, honest I do. I think it's just wonderful. You're two courageous people. What else can lovers do in this war-torn world? As Bette Davis said to George Brent in their last picture—"

"Oh, Greg, Greg, I didn't expect anything like this to happen." Lorna wanted to cry as she felt his hands tightening on hers, saw the mingled horror and embarrassment in his eyes. But she felt numb, helpless.

It was Jean who seemed to have complete control of the situation. As if she were suddenly thrust into the place of a moving-picture director with two players to manipulate. "Now, you mustn't worry about me. I'll just go to some inexpensive hotel. But we ought to get Greg settled, shouldn't we, Lorna?"

"Yes—of course. Take his suitcase inside. Unpack it if you like!" Lorna exclaimed. Anything, anything to get rid of her, to be alone with Greg.

Jean seized the suitcase, an eager lackey now. She carried it to the doorway of the next room, standing on the threshold a moment. "This also reminds me of a book called This Above All," she said. "Except, in the picture of it, they had to get married. Hays office, you know—" And then, looking at them, heaving what seemed to be an envious sigh, she turned into the room.

"Oh, Greg—Greg—" Lorna was suddenly laughing, yet her voice caught with a sob. "Did you ever hear anything like her? Maybe I shouldn't have told her about us, but I didn't know how to get rid of her. Darling, we'll take her to dinner and the party with us, and then we'll send her to the Martha Washington or some hotel like that."

"Sorry, Lorna. Whatever you decide is all right with me."

BUT it wasn't all right. She knew that. His voice was emotionless, all happiness gone from his eyes.

"Greg darling, I'm sorry that this happened. But it isn't my fault. Let's just see that she has a good time tonight, and then we won't have to worry about her again. Please, darling," she tugged at the lapel of his jacket, "smile—"

She was relieved to see his eyes come to life again, his mouth soften, curve into a slow smile. And then he was drawing her to him, his lips seeking hers. She clung to him and they were almost able to forget that anything had happened to disturb their happiness, intrude in their world. But then she suddenly felt his body grow taut; his arms dropped: he was staring over her shoulder toward the other room.

"Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt you." It was Jean, standing on the threshold, that glow of awe in her eyes, "but I can't seem to open the lock of the suitcase," she added.

"Never mind!" Greg snapped. Lorna's heart sank at the tone of his voice, the look of anger that had risen in his eyes again. "We're going out now," he said. "To dinner and a party—that we expect *you* to enjoy!"

They went to a smart club for dinner. Jean had heard of the place and she sat at the white-clothed table as if she were on a cloud and all beyond was heaven. "Oh, this is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I'm never going to forget it!"

Neither am I, Lorna thought, trying to sip the champagne cocktail that Greg had insisted on ordering. Greg and she had dined in this place before, and until now the memory of it had been something to treasure. But suddenly he was explaining that to Jean: "This is where Lorna and I had our first date," and the mockery in his voice frightened her.

"Oh, isn't that romantic!" Jean cried, and Greg's eyes glinted as if he had deliberately baited for that remark. But his expression changed to mingled agony and embarrassment as Jean went on, "And isn't the orchestra divine! Do you and Lorna have a favorite tune that brings back wonderful memories? Irene Dunne was in a picture where she played record after record and her whole life came back to her—"

Lorna thought she was going mad, imagining things—Greg couldn't be humming Cocktails for Two!

THEY finally left the place and went to the party. It was being held at the apartment of the art director, Steve Darlon.

Steve himself opened the door. He shouted, "Here he is, everybody! Ready—aim—fire!"

There was a loud popping sound. The whole office staff stood lined up in a row wearing paper soldier hats, firing corks from toy guns. Then they clustered around Greg and Lorna, talking and laughing, and she introduced Jean.

Some one called Steve away, and she was left alone. In that solitary moment she felt a wrenching in her heart, conscious of time racing by. She saw Greg, a drink in his hand, talking to one of the artists, a rather exotic-looking girl named Rita Madison whom she had never liked. Jean was dancing with one of the young boys of the office, a handsome lad with a well scrubbed look, and they were gazing into each other's eyes as if they had been waiting for this moment all their lives. She suddenly felt a desire to dance with Greg, feel his arms about her, be held close to him. But she saw him gulp his drink, lift his arms to dance with Rita.

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GEORGE WOLFE

Some one talked to her then. She had to reply, sound gay, pretend she was enjoying herself. But how long would they have to stay here? She felt trapped, the voices, the music, the laughter a wall between Greg and her. They would never be alone again, they would never get away!

The feeling grew within her as time sped on. Greg didn't come near her once. His eyes avoided her every time she sought them. He was drinking too much. He continued to talk and laugh with Rita as if he had forgotten their plans for tonight, that she even existed. She couldn't stand it any longer. She saw him alone at the bar a moment and went up to him. "Greg"—there was a catch in her throat—"couldn't we go soon—take Jean to her hotel—"

He dropped an ice cube into the glass. "I'm not going home. I'm staying here—with Rita. You can go with Jean—any time you like."

The room whirled about her as he walked away, back to Rita.

How long she stood there she didn't know. But then she was blindly making her way across the room, panic rising within her. Her voice was choked as she found Jean. "Come, Jean—we're leaving now—"

"Oh, Lorna, it isn't even twelve! I'm having such a wonderful time!"

"Things — have been changed. You're staying with me—"

"But I don't want to go yet. Oh, Lorna, don't be a muff—"

"I'll bring her home," the boy with Jean put in.

There was no resistance in her. Her one desire was to get out of here, be alone. "All right," she said. "If you bring her home—"

SHE tried to tell herself that it was Jean's fault. If Jean had not come, the evening would not have been a nightmare; Greg and she would be here, in her apartment now, away from the rest of the world. But down deep in her heart she knew he was to blame. All that had happened was humiliating — frustrating — but he had let it bring out the worst in him, finding solace in drink—and some one like Rita.

But she couldn't bring herself to undress, go to bed, but lay on the sofa in the living room, burying her tear-stained face in a pillow. As if blotting out sound and vision would help ease the pain in her heart.

The jangle of the doorbell awakened her. She sat up, startled, realizing it must be Jean. Rubbing her eyelids, she went to the door.

"Lorna—I know it's late—but I want to see you—"

Her heart burst forth with wild beating at the sight of Greg. She tried to control her voice. "I thought it was Jean. Is it late?"

"About three o'clock." His eyes grew bewildered. "Isn't Jean here?"

"Three o'clock!" Panic assailed her. "She hasn't come in yet. Greg—is anything wrong?"

"Of course not. They probably stopped for a bite to eat. Chuck's a pretty reliable kid, isn't he?"

"I—I don't know. I don't even know his last name. Greg — I'm worried. She's only eighteen. She shouldn't be out this late—"

HE hesitated a moment. "Maybe we ought to call Steve. He might know where they went."

She leaned against the door as he dialed the number. His hair was disheveled; lines etched the corners of his mouth. A wave of agony swept through her. How could they have let things come to this?

She heard him explaining to Steve. His face was thoughtful as he listened to Steve's reply. Then he hung up, turned to her. "Steve told me where Chuck lives. He thinks we ought to go over there. Seems Chuck has quite a way with the gals—"

It took her a moment to realize what he meant. But no—it couldn't be! She suddenly heard her father's voice, "Jean's your little sister. You ought to protect her—"

Her eyes sought Greg's as they rode in a taxi together, but the wounds of the evening were still raw, the wall they had built between them was unsurmountable.

The taxi stopped before a brownstone house. They rang the bell. At first there was no response, but then a sudden click. They pushed the door open, started up the stairway.

Chuck's face appeared behind an opened crack of a door on top of the landing. "Hello, Chuck!" Greg's voice was friendly but firm. "Jean's here, isn't she?"

The door opened farther. "Yes—she's here," Chuck said.

They entered a one-room apartment, its walls bright with school banners. Lorna saw Jean standing before the fireplace. She had a cigarette in her hand, her blonde hair hung over one eye. She looks like some actress, Lorna thought hysterically. She cried, "Jean, what are you doing here? I was so worried!"

Jean laughed. "As a matter of fact we just got here. Chuck wanted me to see his place. Cute, isn't it?" She puffed her cigarette. "Chuck's invited me to stay all week."

Lorna's first impulse was to laugh.

But then she saw the look of defiance in Jean's eyes. She glanced at Chuck. His face was flushed, but he was smiling, too. Greg stood there, remote, expressionless.

"We've fallen in love with each other." Jean held her chin high. "Chuck will be drafted soon. Why shouldn't we snatch happiness—while we can—"

Lorna's patience snapped. "You're talking like a child, Jean! Why, you could both be arrested for moral delinquency!"

Jean's cheeks flamed with color; her eyes blazed angrily. "You're a fine one to lecture about morals—"

But she didn't finish. There was a stinging slap—Greg's hand struck across her cheek. His voice came, low and tense: "Don't you talk to your sister like that. You're going home with her now—"

Jean stared at him with stricken eyes. "You—you can't do this to me! Who do you think you are? Why are you and Lorna—any better—"

"We aren't any better. We're a whole lot worse, because we're older than you—should have had more sense than you. I'm afraid we even have to thank you for opening our eyes. If you and Chuck love each other you can get married some day. Because that's what Lorna and I are going to do. Get married—just as fast as we can. You and Chuck are both coming to the wedding."

GREG and Lorna had a moment alone in her apartment before the night finally ended. Jean was in bed in the next room. "So I'm the one who's going to a hotel." Greg grinned wryly. He drew her closer to him. "I'm sorry I acted as I did at the party tonight, darling. But I was angry and mixed up about things—"

"I know. We thought we had it all figured out, didn't we? That we weren't obligated to any one but ourselves. But that isn't true. We've got responsibilities—to our parents, to ourselves, and most of all to the future. Why, those are the very things we're fighting this war for—"

His eyes shone with understanding and then his mouth sought hers. But suddenly she felt his body grow taut. He pulled away from her.

"Pardon me—Mr. James Cagney!" Jean was on the threshold in her pajamas, smiling as her hand touched her cheek. "But something's been bothering me that I have to tell you. You see"—her smile widened—"I really wasn't going to stay at Chuck's. I just wanted to teach you a lesson. I thought you should get married all along—"

"Go on! Shut that door and get to bed!" The sternness in Greg's voice was affected, but Jean quickly closed the door after her.

Lorna gasped. "Greg! You don't think she did it deliberately—"

"Of course not!" He drew her to him again. Then suddenly his eyes clouded. "Gosh—I wonder! Seems I once saw a movie where a kid—"

THE END

The light in a pilot's eyes

THERE'S something about a perfectly performing aircraft engine that makes a pilot's eyes shine. Unconsciously he is probably reflecting the confidence he places in it.

He undoubtedly does not think of its marvelously ingenious construction, the vital roles played by hundreds of precision parts each with its own specific job to do. No, to him it's one single mechanical marvel, with a distinct personality, which he has learned to know and respect because he has found it dependable in situations involving life or death.

The Champion Spark Plugs we manufacture for use in aircraft engines of every size are built with this in mind. Ours is just one component with one vital job to do in any engine it goes into. But it is a vital product—vital because it must not fail. We never want that light in a pilot's eyes which bespeaks his silent trust in us to be suddenly extinguished by the bitter disillusionment which failure of our product would mean.

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KEEP 'EM FLYING—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

MOTHERS AND BABIES NEEDN'T DIE

—Continued from Page 33

women could have their babies in decent conditions, Mrs. Nesbitt fixed her eye on an old four-room house on the edge of a mill village. The house belonged to the Parker consolidated school district. When Mrs. Nesbitt told her story to L. P. Hollis, school superintendent, he not only agreed to turn the house over to Mrs. Nesbitt and her committee but to help remodel it. Hollis put in plumbing and heating. His high-school boys built a delivery table and baby beds and cribs out of boxwood and scraps. Churches got up parties to collect linen and dishes. A woman's camp gave some cots. Grocers and farmers donated food. An ice company sent ice. A local obstetrician, Dr. Charles N. Wyatt, offered his services free. Mrs. Nesbitt engaged a nurse to help her. The Shelter got going.

Then the Red Cross money ran out. But Mrs. Nesbitt determined to keep going at all costs. The following year she managed to interest the American Women's Hospitals. They agreed to take over the running of the Shelter and contribute part of the costs. A young women's organization, the Greenville Junior Charities, raised $250, and the word went out through the mill villages and surrounding hills that the Shelter had reopened. Again the poor folk began to come, afoot, by wagon, by jaloppy, to have their babies in cleanliness under a doctor's care.

Mrs. Nesbitt persuaded the Duke Foundation to help—one dollar a day for each newborn baby's sojourn in the Shelter. Then she got the Shelter on the community chest and the county budget. The county demonstration agent gave canned fruit. The Parker school district provides light and fuel. The women's clubs give bedding, clothing, surgical dressings.

GRADUALLY the house has grown by successive additions from four rooms and ten beds to a rambling structure with twelve overcrowded rooms and thirty-five beds. Some one recently suggested to Mrs. Nesbitt that she ought to have a new building. "All right," said Mrs. Nesbitt; "but it must be as simple and homelike as this old one. An elaborate new building would frighten people away. They're used to this shabby old place."

Today there are eight nurses and three part-time doctors. Some of the nurses have helped in the delivery of over 2,000 babies—which may be a record. In almost every case, the doctor has seen the mother every two weeks from her third month on and every week in her last month; so he knows all about her. The nurses have become so skilled that he needs to come to the Shelter only just before the delivery, and can leave immediately afterward. This saves immensely in doctors' time—an important fact just now when, owing to the war effort, doctors are hard pressed.

The latest addition to the Shelter is the baby wing, where babies who are not feeding well or who, while not really medical cases, are not strong enough to be sent home, are kept under skilled care until they are fit. Homeless babies are sometimes kept in the baby wing, too, until they can be adopted; illegitimate babies until arrangements can be made for their care.

Mary was a tiny baby found on a doorstep, wrapped in rags, on a bitter cold night. When the welfare officers brought her to the Maternity Shelter, it was found that she had pneumonia—and syphilis. After months of care had cured her, her picture and story were published in a newspaper at Christmas time. Another castaway child who had been adopted into a good home saw Mary's picture. "Maybe she's my sister," said the child to her adopted mother. "Can't we get her?" The mother came with her child to see Mary, fell in love with her, and adopted her.

HOW TO CONSERVE COFFEE AND SHOES

Last fall we walked to husband gas,
And now that we have rationed shoes,
Let's all dance barefoot on the grass,
Or else just stay in bed and snooze. . . .
To which I shout a ready Brava!
Because my stunted morning cup
Of pale unsweetened wartime Java
Is much too weak to wake me up.

—MARGARET FISHBACK.

Repeatedly the Shelter heals broken homes. For instance, Mr. T. was a sawmill worker frequently drunk and off the job. When Mrs. T. came to the Shelter for her sixth child, she was worried because there was no one at home to care for her children. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Mr. T. appeared at the Shelter, drunk, with his brood in tow. Mrs. Nesbitt took the five children in, bathed and deloused them, gave them clean clothes, then induced friends to care for them while Mrs. T. was in confinement. An investigation showed that Mr. T., a World War veteran, drank to relieve the pain caused by rotten teeth and by an ailment that had resulted from his war service. He was sent to a veterans' hospital and straightened out. The T. home was cleaned up. Mr. T. got a steady job and became respected in the community.

But Mrs. Nesbitt has not been satisfied with all this. She saw that young girls in the mill villages, marrying heedlessly and too young, were heading for the same troubles that enmeshed many of their mothers. They needed counsel about life and love. So she started classes in marriage preparation and baby care for the junior and senior girls at the Parker district high school, with herself and her sister, another graduate nurse, as teachers. Afternoons the girls come down to the Shelter and hear talks about life's beginnings, about communicable diseases and immunization, about prenatal and postnatal care.

ON their own initiative, Mrs. Nesbitt's students made themselves uniforms and established a first-aid clinic at the high school, gathering their own equipment. Some of the girls went out visiting families in the mill villages, bathing and feeding babies, teaching mothers correct practices. Last winter one fifteen-year-old got up at six every morning to visit a near-by house, wash a newborn baby and give it its feeding.

At Christmas time some of these high-school girls noticed mothers carrying babies or leading small children through crowded stores. They wondered why there wasn't a nursery for such children. "Why not start one?" said Mrs. Nesbitt. The girls jumped to it. They persuaded the owner of a closed store to turn over the place to them, scrubbed the floor, walls, and windows, begged cots from a hospital, tables and oil heaters from a furniture store, and put a sign in the window: THREE HOURS' CARE OF BABY FOR 10¢. The ten cents paid for a formula feeding and fuel for the stoves. If a child was dirty, it got a bath, and the mother was diplomatically told about washing and feeding. Thus the girls both taught and learned.

The nursery was so successful that at Christmas, 1941, the girls had two nurseries downtown, both crowded, tended by seventy girls.

Now Mrs. Nesbitt hopes to extend the idea to nurseries for children of women in defense work. A group of 300 Greenville women whom she has trained in Red Cross nursing have volunteered for the job.

All this shows how a good idea grows and gathers power. Emily Nesbitt has proved that care for handicapped mothers and children is richly worth while and that, once such an enterprise is launched, helping hands are extended from many directions.

THE END

a strip of young corn that was just getting smart, and that bull wouldn't touch a blade unless Johnny handed him one. He was about the wisest bull ever seen in these hills.

Johnny used to ride the bull around, and the bull liked it. They looked well together. Johnny was a tall muscular boy, and that bull had a nice red-and-white hide and a swing of his head that was real pretty.

This Oxford professor saw Johnny riding Nebuchadnezzar along the trail one day, and he cried out: "What a delightful picture! So pastoral! It reminds me of an Elizabethan pageant!"

He was all wound up about Elizabethan stuff through writing the book about Raleigh, and he went on to tell Pop Hallam about the pageants that they held in those days.

"Where your ancestors came from they were very popular," he told Pop. "The pageants contributed greatly to the perfecting of the fine traits noticeable in the British character. Their manners, their charm, and their friendliness."

Pop was interested. He started firing questions at the professor, and the Oxford lad was only too ready to wag his clapper. He told Pop a lot of stuff about pastoral outings, and about how girls were often seated on bulls of good character that were led in processions, with other folk dancing and singing around them.

"Nebuchadnezzar is a bull of good character," said Pop.

"I'm sure he is, Mr. Hallam," said the professor. "If Nebuchadnezzar had lived in the Fair England of long ago, he would surely have been chosen for one of the rustic pageants that I have been telling you about."

POP HALLAM was sure intrigued by the pageant talk. Whether he was upset because there wasn't a pageant in the mountains where the bull and Johnny could be the stars, or whether it was just plumb curiosity, I don't know, but he got a little nutty about the matter. He got so much information from the professor on the subject that he thought he was an authority. When the school children down at a big Asheville school held a pageant, Pop asked all about it and made Johnny read the story in the Citizen.

"Does it say they had a bull in it?" he asked.

"No, they don't say anything about a bull," said Johnny.

"Then it warn't no pag'int!" cried Pop. "The professor says there's got to be a bull in ev'ry pag'int. A red-an'-white bull like Nebuchadnezzar. I wish some one would get up a pag'int here an' have you an' Neb in it. I'd like to see one afore I pass out."

Johnny Hallam wished there was one, too. Johnny loved his grandfather and would do anything to please him. A fine boy. Brown hair and brown eyes. Walked as if he was swimming through the air. Could cover thirty miles a day without tiring himself.

Well, the Oxford professor went away with his big notebook, but he certainly left a bug in the head of Pop. He wanted a pageant to happen in our hills and he didn't know how to bring one about. Every one he talked to heard his story, how it was done in England of the long ago, and folk listened to him out of politeness; but now and then some one argued with him and made him mad.

"What good would it do?" asked big Bill Bradley. "We haven't got time for such damn foolishness."

"It isn't foolishness," roared Pop. "My people in Here-ford did it years ago!"

"But this is America," said Bill. "What would we get outer it?"

"Friendliness an' poise an' charm," said Pop. "That's what the professor said."

Bill Bradley laughed. "Your mind's a-ramblin' like the wild geese," he said, using the mountain idiom. "We've got enough poise an' charm an' friendliness without a fool pag'int."

Pop Hallam never spoke to big Bill Bradley after that. Pop said he was silly, like his father and grand-

"Don't set rumors afloat!"—HATT cautions HI
The other night I overheard A secret plan they're dopin'
Excuse me, pal... I think your face Needs closin' where it's open!
HI
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father. "Bill Bradley's daddy used to plant taters near onions an' ev'ry teeniney knows that onions put the eyes out o' taters," said Pop. "An' his gran'dad was fool enough to set hens in the light o' the moon, so he got only roosters that ate up all the sallet in his patch."

Johnny Hallam sympathized with his grandfather. Johnny was just too good for a mountaineer. He'd walk all over the hills helping people, and that young bull of his would help too. Old Man Fessenden, whose son was half-witted, couldn't get his wood in; Johnny and Nebuchadnezzar put it in. Mother Hoke had rheumatism that bad she couldn't plant her corn; Johnny and the bull managed it.

Seems to me, now that I look back, that the bull had the same helpful look on his face that Johnny had. And he knew all the folk who liked Johnny. When he met them on the trail, he would pull up before Johnny told him to, then he'd stand chewing and sort of listening till the conversation was finished.

JOHNNY was nineteen when he met Mary Palmer. Widow Palmer had a cabin down on Old Tom Creek, and she was so poor that a rat never went near her. The widow got sick, and Johnny took himself and the bull down there to tear up a bit of ground and plant some seed. Mary Palmer was eighteen and she helped Johnny. Sweetest girl in the mountains was Mary. Poor but sweet, as we say of the little corn on the edge of a field.

Johnny didn't mind how poor Mary was. Guess he could have married some one who had a strip of land that wasn't as mean as the Palmer lot, but he wanted Mary. A twelve-mile tramp it was down to Old Tom Creek, but Johnny and Nebuchadnezzar did it so often that folks said that Johnny was heartburning the worst kind of way over Mary, and it was surely the truth.

It was just about this time that the photographer came into the hills. He had machines that could take pictures of a horse galloping and things like that. His name was Slewbasch and he was taking a lot of pictures of North Carolina so that he could put them all on together in a cinema. It was going to be a big advertisement to get tourists down here from the North. The mountain folk didn't want the tourists, but the hotel people of Asheville, Charlotte, Durham, and Raleigh wanted them, so they hired this Slewbasch to do the job.

Pop Hallam had lots of talks with the photographer. Pop knew the history of places that Slewbasch took pictures of, and this fellow said Pop's words would do for what he called "capshuns" for the pictures.

Johnny Hallam had proposed to Mary Palmer about this time, and Mary had accepted him. They were going to be married in late summer, and Johnny was busy building an extra room on the Hallam cabin for the Widow Palmer, because Mary wouldn't leave her mother alone down on Old Tom Creek. The marriage was to take place at the mother's house, then Johnny would bring his bride up to Cloud Center.

"How you goin' to get Mary up here?" asked Pop, one evening when Johnny was working on the extra room.

"Walk her up," said Johnny. "There ain't no track for a truck."

"Mighty long walk from Old Tom Creek up here," said Pop.

"Mary's strong," said Johnny.

"Spoil her shoes," muttered Pop.

"Shucks," said Johnny. "She's walked to Asheville an' back carryin' fifty pounds both ways."

"Yes, but 'twasn't the day she was gettin' married," murmured Pop. "You got to be kind to wimmen the day you marry them, Johnny. After two weeks you can do what you like."

Johnny Hallam stopped nailing the clapboard and looked at his grandfather.

"What's bitin' you, gran'daddy?" he asked.

Pop Hallam took the chew of tobacco out of his mouth and moved his stool close to Johnny. "You 'member the professor?" he said. "The feller that told me all about the pag'ints?"

"Sure," said Johnny.

"Well, he said that in Here-ford where my people came from—an' your people too, Johnny—a man often brought his wife home on the back of a nice bull who was all dec'-rated with pretty flowers."

"On a bull?" cried Johnny.

"On a nice bull like Nebuchadnezzar," said Pop hurriedly. "The bull all covered with yeller an' blue flowers. An' all the people what was at the weddin' singin' an' dancin' all around."

"BUT Mary wouldn't like that!" cried Johnny.

"Why?" queried Pop.

"Because she's too quiet an' modest," said Johnny. "You don't know her, gran'father. She's like a little mouse, scared of most everything."

"But not scared o' Nebuchadnezzar?" cried Pop. "Why, that bull has been workin' for her an' her mother for a string o' months."

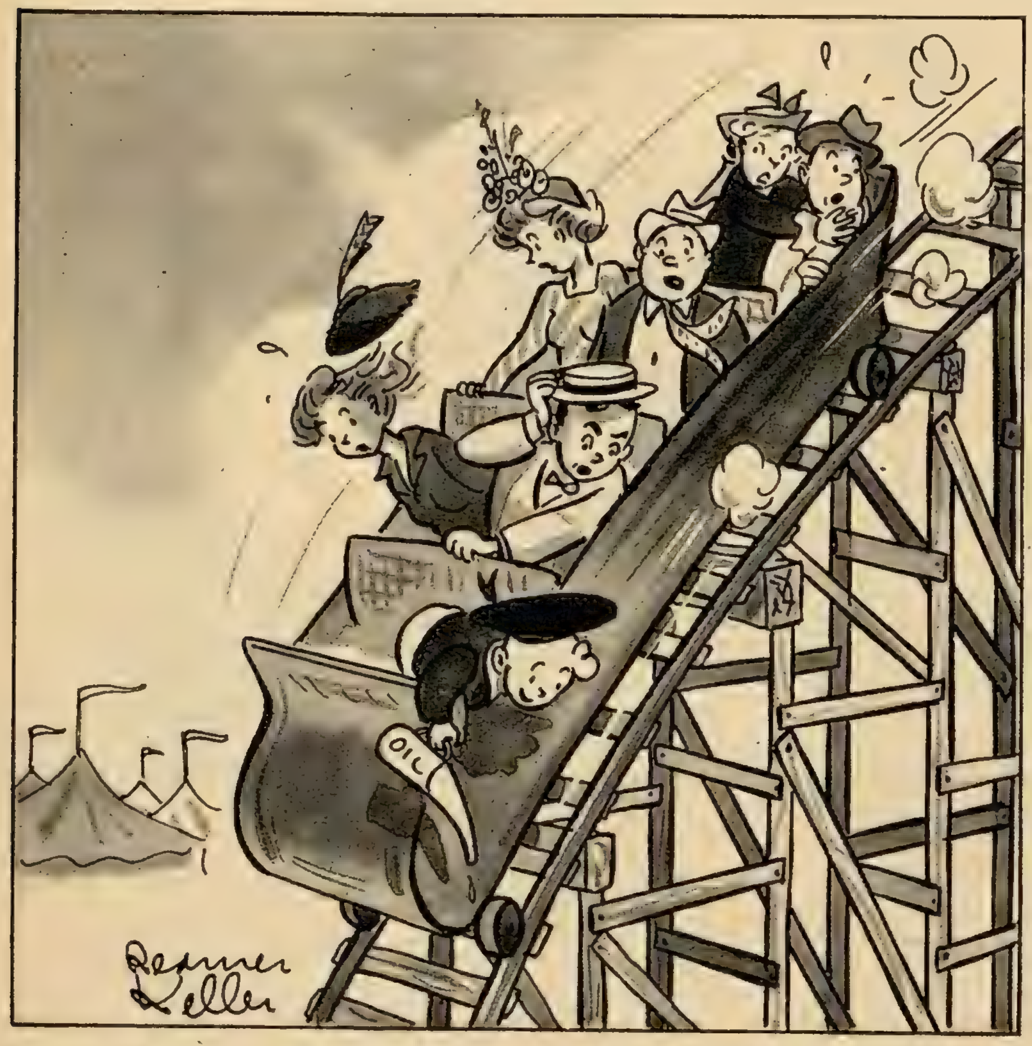
"She's not scared o' the bull," said Johnny, "but she'd be plumb scared o' making a show of herself. Some girl from the town might like to do somethin' like that, but not Mary. No, not Mary, gran'father."

"Wait," said Pop. "Wait, Johnny, till I tell you everything."

Pop Hallam talked all through the night up there on the top of the mountain with the whippoorwills making a racket outside—Johnny listening and trying at times to combat what his grandfather said. It seemed nutty to Johnny, but Pop Hallam was a mighty clever arguer when he wanted things his way. At a turkey shoot, when Pop was young, folks said he shot his best bullet with his tongue and it hit the judge instead of the bird.

Johnny loved his granddaddy and long about daylight he gave in to Pop. "I'll ask Mary," he said, "an' if she's willing I'm game."

HARDTACK



"What's the matter? Aren't we going fast enough for you?"

HOME FRONT

J. BROWN
Lariar

"Now, remember, I'm counting on you to be back with husbands by harvest time."

"She'll do it if you talk to her like I talked to you," Pop cried. "Go right down now, Johnny, an' whip her ears off with the stuff I've told you. If you don't beat her, my soul'll roast in hell forever an' ever, and you'll be the cause of it."

JOHNNY HALLAM was pretty sad as he walked down to Old Tom Creek to talk to Mary Palmer and her mother. He had a sort of notion that he could pull Mary over to Pop's scheme, but he got a chill in his back when he thought of fighting the matter over with the Widow Palmer. They said on the hills that Tom Palmer, who was killed by a tree falling on him, walked plumb under the hickory when it was tumbling down, singing Lord Lovel as he walked.

After he had eaten a bit of sowbelly and greens, which was all the Widow Palmer could put on the table, he took Mary up into the woods at the back of the cabin and put Pop Hallam's proposition up to her.

MARY PALMER was about as modest as a girl could be. She wasn't like a city-bred girl. She didn't use powder or lipstick and she didn't like to show her legs. She had never looked at a boy except Johnny Hallam, and she mightn't have fell in love with Johnny if he hadn't done so much work in her mother's patch. There are lots of mountain girls like that. They think it's all right for city girls to fall in love but they get real scairt when it hits them. There was a girl near our place called Charity Kingsland. She fell in love with a fellow named Bill Reed, and she nearly died with fear. She told a girl friend that she'd have been better off if she had got the measles. "You know you'll get rid of the measles sometime," she said, "but I'm all in a dither because this thing might be with me all my life!"

Mary Palmer told Johnny Hallam that she wouldn't ride from Old Tom Creek to Cloud Center on the back of Nebuchadnezzar if the bull had a saddlecloth of gold. No, sir! She was a quiet mountain girl and she wasn't going to make a show of herself for the countryside. She was plumb indignant with Johnny for asking her to do it.

Johnny tried to 'suage her, as we say, but she was hopping mad with him. She bounded up from the grass where she had been sitting and fair flailed him with her tongue. Her legs would show if she rode the bull! People would laugh and talk about it till she was an old woman! Folk would hear about it down in Asheville and Charlotte. They'd make songs about it, ballads like The Death of Floyd Collins and Mr. Bryan's Last Fight. She worked herself up so much that she took off a ring that Johnny had bought for her and flung it right back at him.

But Johnny wasn't beat. He remembered all the arguments that Pop had pounded him with the night before, and he started to throw them at Mary. They were good arguments. They concerned Pop and Pop's fear of the hereafter. Johnny repeated Pop's words: "If you don't beat her, my soul'll roast in hell forever an' ever, an' you'll be the cause of it."

Mary Palmer started to cry when Johnny said that. She was a religious girl and she liked Pop Hallam. Johnny knew he had her when she started to weep, and he poured all sorts of arguments into her ears. The bull ride would be over in a few hours and Pop would rest in glory instead of going plumb into the pit. Mary was weak with blubbering and she gave in at last. She'd do it to save Pop's soul.

"Now you've got to help me to beat your mother," said Johnny, and back they went to the cabin to tackle the Widow Palmer.

Johnny is in the army now, but he said when they called him that he had no fear of anything, because he had been through a battle at Old Tom Creek that was as hot as anything the Japs and Germans would put up. That old lady flung herself into hysterics. Right on the floor! She screamed and groaned so much that the hound dogs from Ramsey's place at Storm Cove came rushing over, thinking some one had got a bear penned up.

Johnny and Mary brought her out of the fit of hysterics, and when she was quiet Mary said: "Mom, you wouldn't like to think of Johnny's grandfather goin' to hell when he died, would you?"

"I would! I would!" screamed the widow. "I'd sooner see him there than see you ridin' that bull up the trail an' the whole mountain folk lookin' at yer legs!" With that she went off into another fit. There were six of Ramsey's hounds running round and round the cabin, puzzled as anything.

Well, Johnny and Mary tired her out at last. They kept at her like the police did with old Jake Peake over on Birdseye, who killed his wife because she bought a radio and would listen to it all day long. The Widow Palmer wouldn't give her consent to the wedding ride, but she wouldn't oppose it.

Johnny didn't get back to Cloud Center till after midnight, but Pop was waiting up for him.

"Well?" asked Pop as Johnny came into the cabin.

"It's goin' to be as you wish," said Johnny.

"You're a good boy, Johnny," said Pop. "A nice boy to save your old gran'daddy's soul from burnin' in hell's fires."

A LOT of important things have happened in these mountains—big things that have been reported in papers as far away as Philadelphia and Boston—but the marriage of Johnny Hallam and Mary Palmer was the biggest show from the mountaineers' point of view.

It was planned for a Sunday because Pop Hallam wanted to get the biggest crowd he could to see Mary ride Nebuchadnezzar up the trail to Cloud Center. Of course people didn't know why he wanted the crowd, they not being as clever as Pop.

Johnny Hallam was up before dawn, dressing up Nebuchadnezzar for the ride. Johnny had gathered up great masses of rhododendron, azalea, wild carrot, and laurel, and he made that bull look like the winning display in the Asheville Flower Show. The only part of Nebuchadnezzar that you could see were his eyes, the rest of him being blossoms. When he was like one big posy, Johnny strapped a saddle on his back and started down the trail for Old Tom Creek and Mary Palmer's cabin.

Lots of folk had gathered in front of the Widow Palmer's place—folk from all over the mountains and farther still. It seemed strange how they had got the word. There were people from Black Mountain, Swannanoa, Weaverville, Lake Junaluska, and Old Fort.

That chap Slewbasch, the photographer, was bossing everything. He had four men with cameras planted on the trails leading up to Cloud Center, and he had two in front of the Palmer cabin waiting to get Johnny and Mary when they stepped out. It looked as if it was Slewbasch's show—him shouting out orders to the crowd to stand back, and then giving orders to Johnny about the way he should lift Mary on the bull.

But Johnny didn't want any instructions from Slewbasch. He took Mary up in his arms like as if she was a feather, kissed her prettily, the big cameras grinding away, then he seated her in the saddle, took the lead rope of the bull, and started up the trail.

Mary was all in white, dress, stockings, and shoes, with a white veil over her hair. And she was smiling as only Mary Palmer could smile.

The crowd cheered; then, as Nebuchadnezzar started off, the mountain folk commenced to sing an old song of the mountains. A nice song that went well on that Sunday morning in the green hills. It runs:

* * *

An American Negro soldier and a German corporal met face to face. It was one or the other. The Negro reverted to his trusty razor, and made a mighty swipe at the German's throat.

"Ha!" gloated the German. "You missed me!"

"Missed you, huh?" echoed the Negro. "Brudder, jes' you wait till you tries to turn yo' head!"

* * *

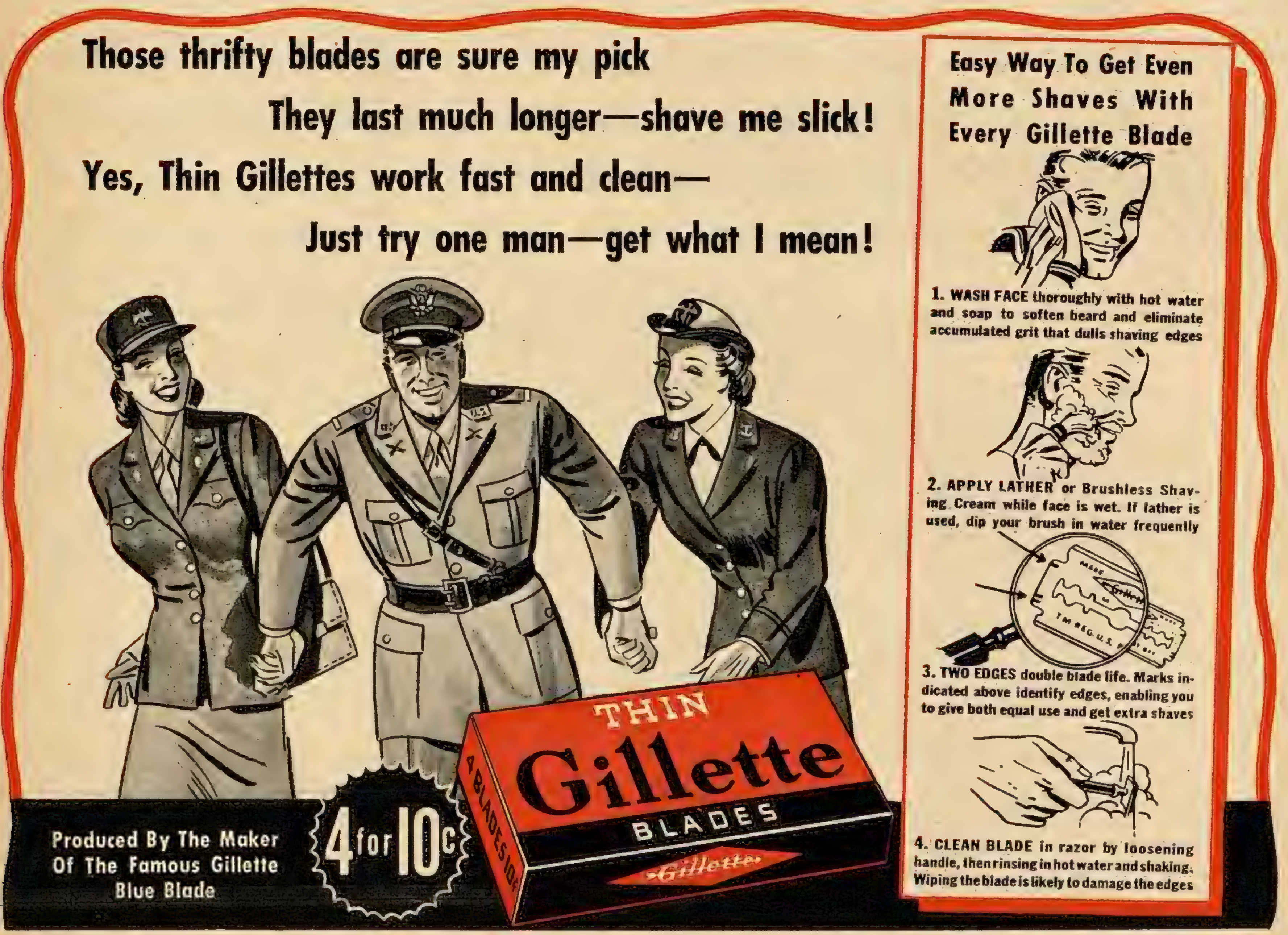
Bring her home, Johnny darling,
An' you'll have the featherbed,
With the checkerboard that granny made
Upon it as a spread,
And the pretty linen pillowcase
On which to put her head.
Bring her home, Johnny darling,
On the morning you are wed.

It sure sounded good. Johnny Hallam was as proud as a buck in the springtime. He looked well, did Johnny. Slim and straight as an ash, the muscles moving under his tight jacket. Great boy, Johnny Hallam.

And Mary? Mary never stopped smiling. Her face was flushed with the excitement and the crowd shouting out good wishes to her, and the cameramen running alongside and taking close-up pictures of her, while the other camera fellows up the trail were grinding away, taking everything in from the moment the procession started from the cabin.

That bull knew that he was acting in a big show. He held his head high and acted as if he was the only bull in the Carolinas. The people noticed the slow and solemn way he put down his feet and they cheered him, and I'm danged if Nebuchadnezzar didn't acknowledge that cheer with a toss of his head. He looked real pretty with the blossoms dropping off him.

That fellow Slewbasch was everywhere—shouting to the cameramen and running here and there through the crowd to find people that were dressed in mountain clothes so that he could photograph them for what he called "color." He nearly got into trouble with old Pete Whistler. Pete has a face as hard as Chimney Rock and he's as much a part of the Great Smokies as Clingmans Dome. Slewbasch caught hold of him and tried to drag him in front of one of his cameras, but Pete does a bit of moonshining and he didn't want his



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picture shown anywhere, lest Sheriff Brown and his deputies might get it fixed hard in their heads. Pete handed Slewbasch a punch in the face and threatened to bust up the camera. Slewbasch had to give him a dollar to quieten him.

Up and up went the procession. The going was tough. Some of the folk from the towns dropped out, but other mountain folk came out of little paths in the woods and joined in. And the song went on. It was a long song, telling of drink and food:

Bring her home, Johnny darling.
  There's a turkey in the pot,
There are chit'lin's in the fryin' pan
  An' scrapple smokin' hot.
There's likker, ham, an' guinea hen
  An' ev'rything we've got—
Bring her home, Johnny darling,
  To our little mountain cot.

Up by Spider Rock, Pilly Willy, and Dismal Cave went the procession. Old Jed Willis, who had his two legs amputated at the Battle of Petersburg and was never down to the trail since that time, was sitting on a rock, waiting for Johnny and Mary. Johnny halted Nebuchadnezzar so the old man could have a good look at him, and Slewbasch turned the cameras on Jed. Jed was pleased. His three sons had carried him half a mile from Dismal Cave and they had to carry him back when the procession moved on. They were big men and goodhearted. They would have carried Jed to Asheville if he asked them. Slewbasch gave Jed a new pipe.

The Pop Hallam cabin was in sight now. The crowd sang louder. They were hot and tired with the walk, but they were all excited about the marriage and the manner in which Mary was coming home. Slewbasch urged them to sing louder. He had all the cameras working now, one up near the entrance to the Hallam cabin, taking shots of Pop as he waited near the gate—standing up spry as a bluefly, straight as when he marched with the Fighting Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment.

WHEN Johnny led Nebuchadnezzar up alongside the gate, Pop stepped forward, lifted Mary down from the bull, and kissed her. A camera twister called out, "Once again, Pop," and Pop smacked Mary twice as if he liked it. The crowd cheered and Johnny and Mary went into the cabin. Every one thought the fun was over, but it wasn't.

Pop Hallam stepped up to Slewbasch, the photographer, and put out his hand. Slewbasch laughed, clapped Pop on the shoulder, then put his hand in his pocket.

"Great show, old un," he said. "You've lived up to your agreement. Never paid away money with more satisfaction." Then, in front of everybody, he counted out five hundred dollars into Pop's hand.

Folk sort of got wise then. They guessed it was Pop's plan. He had put the idea up to Slewbasch as a big thing for his pictures of the mountains, then he had argued Johnny into it, and Johnny had got Mary and her mother to agree. Pretty clever for an old man of ninety-nine!

Pop counted the bills a second time, put two hundred and fifty in his pocket and held the other two hundred and fifty in his hand. Then he looked over the crowd till he saw the fellow he wanted. It was the loan shark from Asheville who had the mortgage on the farm.

Pop walked up to him. "You durned copperhead," he shouted, "write me out a quittance quick as you can an' get off my ground! Twenty times I've bin on the point o' killing you, but the good Lord held me back till He got up this pagint so as I could pay you off! Write quick or I might lose my temper!"

THAT loan fellow never wrote quicker in his life. Pop tossed him the money and tried to take a kick at him as he started down the slope. The crowd roared.

Now the funniest thing in the world happened to that moneylender. He was in such a hurry to get out of the mountains that he took a short cut through the woods to Kettering Creek where there's a single plank crossing over a tidy strip of water.

Old Pete Whistler, the moonshiner, who had dropped out of the procession, was down near the crossing. Pete heard the fellow running, and jumped into the bushes. Pete thought the loan shark was a deputy sheriff looking around for his still, so when the Asheville lad was on the middle of the plank Pete stepped quietly out and knocked the end of the plank off its base, letting the moneylender drop into the creek!

The water was pretty swift and he was carried half a mile down the creek before he grounded on a mudbank. But he had lost his coat while he was struggling in the water, and the two hundred and fifty dollars that he had got from Pop Hallam was in that coat!

The coat was never found. Might have gone right down the hills and into the French Broad and on and on. Or it mightn't. Funny things happen in these hills of North Carolina—the finest hills in all the world.

THE END

A gob on convoy duty in the North Atlantic wrote home: "Dear Dad—Gue$$ what I need mo$t of all? That'$ right. $end it along. Be$t wi$he$. Your $on, Tom."

The father replied: "Dear Tom: NOthing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNOn. NOw we have to say good-by."

(Pocket Book of War Humor)

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STALK THE HUNTER—Continued from Page 37

"I've got to hurry, Dan. Please let me go."

At the hint of restraint, he stepped back as though he had been slapped.

"Of course," he said hastily.

Kit walked down the corridor, fighting against the temptation to look back and ask why Dan should have picked just this time to delay her. There was no doubt of the sincerity of his protestations; but the timing of his visit, coupled with his past associations, cast a very different light on him. He was a puzzle to Kit, with absolutely no hint as to the answer.

SHE hurried to the subway in a slowly mounting excitement. A sense of urgency drove her on, in a feverish desire to get where she was going before some nameless and barely foreseen thing happened.

The clock above the change booth when she left the car showed three minutes to six, and Kit knew that, at best, she'd be ten minutes late. Outside, there was no trolley in sight, nor was there a cab.

It was an old section of the Bronx, each side of the street lined with grayish apartment houses.

Kit had to walk eight blocks through the quiet streets, and as she rounded the corner she saw the modernistic canopy of the movie picked out in three different colored lights. As she walked up to the ticket booth in front, she could hear the metallic voices from within.

A uniformed usher stood by the doorman who took her ticket. She hurried into the whispering darkness past their conversation.

"Fine thing to happen," one of them was saying. "You'd think if she was sick she'd know enough to stay home."

"You're right," was the answer. "It has a bad effect on the other customers."

The voice died away, merging into a woman's laugh from the crackling sound track. Kit's eyes were blinded by the transition. Only the lighted screen was visible. Whether the theater was filled or not she couldn't tell, but there were people in the last row, and Kit moved in.

No woman sat there, and Kit was relieved as she realized that she had arrived before Anna. When she came to a series of empty seats, she sat down in the center. A man moved from a seat farther along the row and sat down next to her. Before her annoyance could even come into being, he whispered something to her, chuckling at the same time.

"We got her, thanks," was what he said, and Kit looked up and saw his face and a cold hand closed around her heart and wrenched it.

The smiling man was Paul. She could see his face very clearly in the half-light. He looked young, very crisp and clean. His expression was one of amusement. He winked at her, patting her wrist. Involuntarily she withdrew from the contact.

"Nice work, Kit! Keep it up," he was saying. "I'll see you tomorrow about the next assignment."

"Next?" Kit heard her voice, stupid and mechanical, all sense and tone bleached out by shock.

"Of course!" Paul said, gathering up his trench coat. "This is only the beginning. I've got you slated for big things. You're going places, my dear. I'll talk to you tomorrow. So long!"

He rose and walked away along the row of seats. Kit could hear his murmured "Excuse me!" when he passed people on the way.

Kit shivered in an icy fright as she realized that this was her greatest defeat so far. Whatever work she had contributed to her people was more than canceled by this. She saw now that she should never have called Anna. She remembered the little man with the hearing aid who had been loitering about her door all afternoon until she made her telephone call.

She remembered every word he said, and one sentence, "You have time to go to the movies!" repeated itself endlessly like the insane chatter of a cracked record. How did he know she was talking about a movie? Kit hadn't mentioned the word. The only one who had said it was the restaurant proprietor who had talked for Anna. Then the man wasn't deaf! The hearing aid he had worn was simply a small sound amplifier which allowed him to hear the voice of the man who was speaking to Kit.

It was a perfect piece of camouflage because it was so simple. But that was no excuse, Kit kept telling herself. This was her own fault. She had to insist on the fact, because in her shock the first impulse was to run and hide. But hide from what? It was no longer a question of Paul or his brilliant efficiency; it was Kit who had made the mistake.

That meant it would do no good to run from Paul. She carried within herself the seeds of her own destruction. She had made the mistake in her own panic, and therefore it was her own panic that she must escape. She had been warned not to call Anna, and the warning had been very precise. *Under no conditions,* they had said. The reasons for this were sound: since Kit was not a full-time operative any longer for the Czech underground, there was no way for her to know the day-to-day changes in relationships. If there was anything she wanted to know or to say, she was to go to only one person. He was her contact.

But she had given way to panic, and the one thing everybody feared, the one thing all the safeguards had been erected to prevent, had happened. Even though her head was whirling as if in a fever, Kit knew exactly what she had done, and also the penalty. Such things had occurred before. Kit knew the opinion people held of a bungler. She knew because she had shared it when a gruesome mistake had been made by somebody else.

A TREMENDOUS feeling of loneliness and nostalgia pressed down on her. Then she remembered suddenly the conversation between the usher and the doorman when she had come in. It made sense to her now. It told her exactly what had happened. She put on her coat and hurried out to the lobby. They were still standing there.

"Did you notice the lady who left before? The sick one?"

"Do you mean the one whose sons took her home?" asked the usher.

"Sons?"

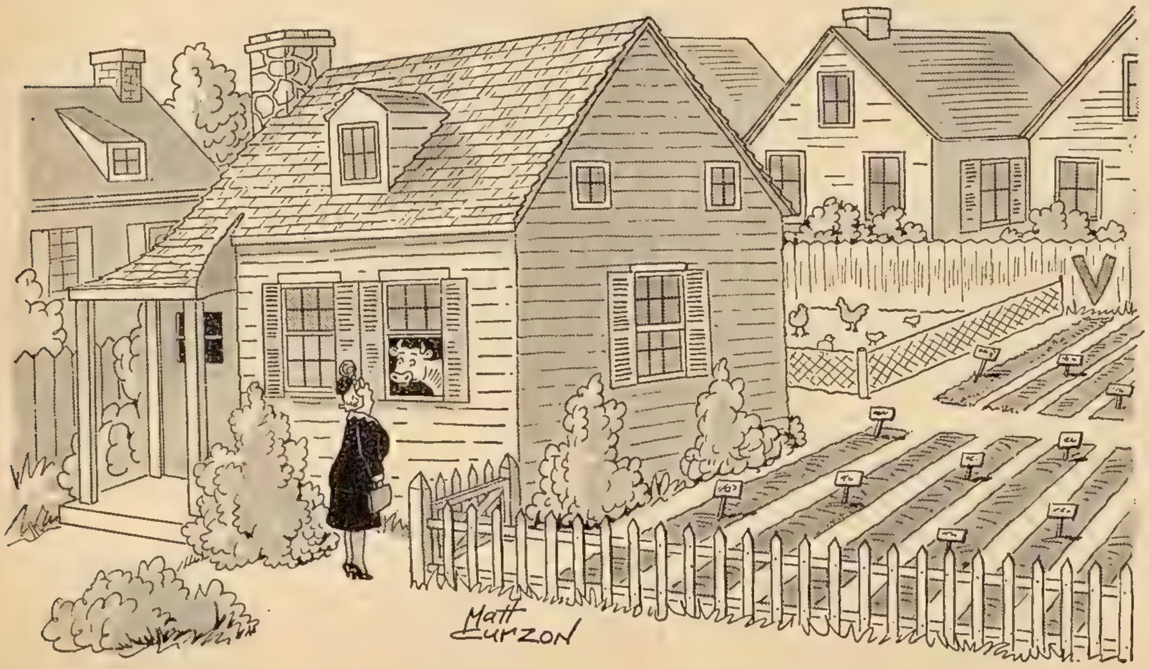
"It's funny," the doorman remarked. "How did they know exactly what was going to happen?"

"What happened?" Kit asked impatiently. "What sons?"

"Well—" The usher stopped to take a ticket and hold the door open for a customer. "About ten minutes ago this old dame comes in—"

"She didn't look sick at all," said the doorman. "It's hard to tell about heart trouble, I guess."

"You can *never* tell!" the usher



"Pardon me—don't the Kellys live here any more?"

agreed. "I had an uncle, a cop in Albany, big and healthy as a horse! Then one fine day—"

"But about the woman," Kit insisted.

The usher left his uncle with some regret. "Well, as I said, she came in here about ten, fifteen minutes ago, and right after her two guys—"

"There was three," the doorman insisted. "The two big guys, and the one in the trench coat."

"The guy in the trench coat was by himself. You saw him walk out just now by himself, didn't you?"

"Yeah; but—" The doorman was puzzled. "Why should he do that? He just came in."

The usher rolled his eyes and tapped his forehead impatiently. "Why do you bother me with *why?* All the time *why* this, *why* that! How should I know why a guy comes, sits down, and then goes out?" His face was getting red. "The lady wants information. Are you going to let me tell her, or are you going to horn in all the time?"

"Then tell her, you dope," said the doorman. "And don't be talking about your uncle, the Albany cop." And he turned and walked away.

The usher glared after him, and turned finally to Kit.

"LOOK, lady." He was talking to an idiot and everything had to be very simple. "She comes in, like I said. Right? Then come the two guys. Got it? They say to me, where is their old lady—she shouldn't be out of bed. I say I don't know. O. K., they say; they'll find her themselves. O. K.?"

"Go on," said Kit.

"A few minutes later they come out with the old dame between them. She's sick. She can hardly stand. Like this." He hunched over, hugging his stomach, and made a face of terrible agony, and Kit's panic flared again. "The guys are saying, If I told you once I told you a million times to stay in bed and don't look for trouble. Then they went out that door, got into a car, and that's the end. That's what happened."

"Which way did they go?" Kit asked, fighting for a level voice.

"They went north on University Avenue. That's all I know."

"What did these men look like?"

"Look like?" He shrugged. "They were pretty big, sort of heavy-set. They looked like cops off duty, I guess."

Kit thought of Anna in their hands, and a wave of cold trembling flicked over her back lightly on caterpillar's legs. She turned away from him without a word.

Kit looked behind her, but could see no one who looked as though he might be following her. Down the street, a man with paper bags in his arms stood in front of a bakery, staring into the window; and across the street a woman read the headlines on a newspaper stand. But this time Kit resolved to take no chances. She remembered her stupid caution with Dan, while she had committed the greatest indiscretion of all.

She walked mechanically back to the subway, got on the first uptown train that came along, and rode out to the last stop. The crowds had thinned out considerably and only about ten or fifteen people got off with her. Out here the train had become an elevated; and as Kit stood on the station platform some twenty feet above the ground, the lights of the park on one side and in the houses on the other stood out like yellow motes in the bluish spring dusk.

Kit waited nervously until the few people who had left the train with her walked away from the station. From one minute to the next she didn't know what she was going to do; but, deep underneath her emotional turmoil, an animal intuition guided her actions.

For a few minutes she was absolutely alone on the long, exposed platform. But, one or two at a time, others came along. Kit recognized none of the faces. By the time the train was ready to leave, some ten passengers were on board. Kit examined them suspiciously, since it was entirely possible that she *had* been followed on the way up and in the meantime had been handed over to somebody else for the trip down. It was possible but not too probable, because no one knew beforehand that she'd come up here, and so there would be no one up here prepared to meet her.

The train was made up of a dozen cars, and Kit found herself entering the last one, sitting near the center door. An extremely fat woman got on. She sat down directly opposite Kit, and shook her head dolefully as her eyes slowly took on a questioning cast.

"What's the matter, dearie?" she asked. "You feel sick?"

Kit looked up sharply.

"I feel very well," she said, weighing her voice. "Why?"

The woman shook her head in sympathy. "You don't look good to me. Your head hurt?"

THE woman gathered herself together and waddled across the aisle and sat down next to Kit, squeezing her against the edge of the seat. She laid a fat hand on Kit's wrist, and Kit bore the contact, hypersensitive to any increase in pressure. She sat there passively, ready to take flight at the first sign of animosity. If the woman were as asthmatic as she seemed, Kit thought, it ought not to be hard to lose her.

A sudden rumble set all the cars into vibration as the power was turned on. It throbbed beneath the seats. Kit edged closer to the door.

"Your pulse is racing like a fire horse," said the woman. "You sure are sick!"

"I'm very well, I tell you!" Kit insisted.

The conductor walked through the train again, and took up a position

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between the last two cars. He stepped up on a little platform and leaned far out for a signal. The tempo of the vibration was stepped up sharply, and after a minute or two the conductor pulled the cord. The doors began to close very slowly.

Without being aware of it, Kit freed herself from the woman just as the doors were about to close, and then stepped suddenly off the train. Nobody followed her, and she was alone once more as the train left. The fat woman stared at Kit through the window.

Getting off a train like that is standard technique to shake a follower, and it came as naturally to Kit as a simple gesture with her arm to ward off a blow. Once more she tried to get her nerves under control, and this time she succeeded to a marked degree. She sat down on a bench, smoked a cigarette, and felt much better. She was satisfied that she wasn't being followed.

She took the next train all the way downtown to Fourteenth Street and changed for a local. The evening rush had just passed its peak, and, while the subway platforms were still crowded, they had lost the milling note of mad hysteria. Kit walked a few blocks until she came to a radio and phonograph shop.

It was a neatly kept little place. In the back of the store were small soundproof cubicles where a customer might listen to any of the records that seemed promising.

The woman behind the counter greeted Kit as she stepped into the store, and smiled.

"May I help you?" she asked. Her eyes were very discreet.

"Good evening," Kit said. "Do you have nursery rhymes for children?"

"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "we have quite a collection." She picked up several albums and handed them to Kit. "You can take them into the last booth and select those you like."

THE booths had no windows but they were air-conditioned. In each one were two small armchairs side by side, with a smoking stand and a record player between them. Kit lit a cigarette and selected some records at random, then stacked them up on the changer.

There was a moment of silence after the record began to spin, and a pleasant man's voice said, "And now, children, come a little closer, and I'll sing you your favorite songs." A piano faded in, and the voice began to sing Baa Baa, Black Sheep.

Suddenly the far wall of the cubicle moved and swung open on hinges. It was a door, and a tall, grave-looking man in a shiny black suit stood there. He was smoking a well chewed cigar. He spoke to Kit in her own language.

"Hello!" He held out his hands. "It's a surprise to see you!"

"Hello, Conrad," Kit said. It was impossible to respond to his affability until she had told him. "Something terrible has happened. Anna Mahler has been taken by Nazi agents."

The man's round face went absolutely white. He took the seat next to Kit and clutched her arm.

"My God!" he sighed. "How did that happen?"

"It was my fault," said Kit. It was necessary to convey that fact first, and then to fill in the background. If they turned out to be extenuating circumstances, all well and good; if not, then there was no help for it. "I led them to her without realizing it."

He looked at her as though she were crazy.

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"Did you ever hear of a man called Paul Campbell?"

He shrugged. "I saw his name in the papers. He's somebody in the art world, isn't he?"

"Yes, and a little more than that. He works for the Gestapo."

Conrad's eyes hardened. "And still another one?" he asked with wry humor. "Do you know, there are more Nazi agents in this country right now than there were in France in 1940? They have everybody who was in France and then some. That's not even counting the domestic variety. Go ahead; tell me what happened."

> **Invited to dinner by a friend, Will Rogers said, "No, thanks, I've already et."**
>
> **"You should say 'have eaten,'" his friend corrected.**
>
> **"Well," drawled Rogers, "I know a lot of fellers who say 'have eaten' who ain't et!"**
>
> **(Fuller's Thesaurus of Anecdotes)**

As she did so, his mouth grew very straight and small.

"In that case," Conrad said, when she had finished, "what are you doing here? Do you want us all to get picked off?"

"I wasn't followed here," Kit protested. "I know that."

The lines in his face deepened, and then, as though he could no longer contain himself, he plunged a fist into his palm.

"How could you be so stupid! Don't you realize our position here today?" He leaned forward restlessly. "We have absolutely no standing diplomatically. The Nazis have done a better job in this country than almost any place else. Why, I could walk through the streets of Washington and point out a hundred German agents, all extremely well placed socially and politically. Yet there's nothing at all we can do. It's imperative that we exercise the utmost caution and tact. Then *you* have to go and shoot a man! Do you know who he was?"

She shook her head. "No; that's the worst part!"

Kit sat in helpless silence as he went on.

"This isn't Europe! Gunplay is still not on the order of the day!"

"What should I have done?" she asked.

"You should have left New York at once. Left the country if necessary. We could have managed something."

"Well, do something now."

He sat back in his chair and his voice was cold.

"No," he said. "It's too late. You're marked. More than that, you showed a complete lack of discipline in calling Anna. Complete and unpardonable. You're through with us!"

KIT'S throat was thick with tears. She had known Conrad Kreutzer almost all her life. When she was a child, he had been "Uncle" Conrad, a noisy, gay man with a booming voice and smelling of cigars. And there had always been something elegant about Uncle Conrad. Kit remembered his huge strong hands with their small manicured nails.

"These are engineer's hands," he used to say. "They build bridges, roads, and tunnels for little girls like you."

When Kit was older she had the same magically childish regard for him. He never seemed to change. She used to meet him for lunch when she was still at the university. She would find him waiting, impeccably dressed in a dark suit, with gloves, stick, and cigar in his right hand like a bouquet.

Uncle Conrad never took any interest in politics. In the beginning he pooh-poohed Hitler because he had been assured by some of his most influential German colleagues that Hitler was just talking for effect; that was all he was being paid for. As late as 1938 he had given Kit's father his solemn promise that it would all blow over. Munich stunned him. It just didn't make sense. Why, everybody had told him!

When the Nazis marched into Prague on a winter morning, Conrad Kreutzer discovered that two of his assistants had been arrested for having harbored a refugee German engineer. Conrad Kreutzer put on his black Homburg, his fur-lined, fur-collared coat, took his cane, marched down to Gestapo headquarters, and with incredible naïveté said, "I protest!"

"What do you protest?"

"I protest the unwarranted arrest of my colleagues. What they did was entirely legal. Who do you think you are?"

The official was an extremely busy and harassed man.

"I'm the man who ordered their arrest," he said. "Just as I'm the man who's ordering yours. Take him away!"

The next time Kit saw Conrad Kreutzer she hardly recognized the man. He was sitting with a dozen other escaped prisoners in the rear of a farmer's barn, receiving instructions as to how to live on the land without coming into contact with its occupiers. He was listening very attentively to a twenty-one-year-old student. As Kit watched him, she saw that he would never again look quite so spruce, no matter what he wore, because the gloss had been removed. For the first time, he looked his age.

Six months after that, they passed each other on a street in Vienna, neither one showing the slightest recognition of the other. This time Kreutzer was wearing a battered felt hat and a worn gray suit. A bedraggled cigar was clenched in his teeth. She could tell that he had become a very busy man.

She met Uncle Conrad again in a Paris suburb just before the war. He wore a black cap and a muffler. He rarely smiled now, and his eyes seemed to have become drier and harder. He looked desiccated, refined to bone, muscle, and nerve. The same hands that had so joyfully built bridges and dug tunnels were now employed in tearing them down.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Secretary of State Cordell Hull is an extremely cautious speaker, striving always for absolute accuracy. One day on a train a friend pointed to a fine flock of sheep grazing in a field. "Look. Those sheep have just been sheared," he said.

Hull studied the flock. "Sheared on this side, anyway," he admitted.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"You look tired," she told him.

"Perhaps," he said. "But, in one way, I'm completely happy. I feel, finally, that I am alive. If I ever worked for my country before in building things for her, I'm working doubly hard to keep these things from the Nazis. By the time we get through we won't leave them a stick of wood, a blade of grass. It's no loss to us; we can always build again." His voice grew very tight. "We'll build, by heaven, twice as much, twice as high, twice as deep, and a million times as strong!"

Now this man she loved, this man who loved her, was sitting a few inches away from her and saying for the entire Czech underground:

"You're through with us!"

"But what am I to do?" Kit asked.

"You're to leave us alone. You're never to get in touch with any of us. I was your contact. That's over. You know there's a picnic next week. We expect about two thousand people, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, Serbs, for an anti-Nazi rally. You are not to appear at that, nor at any other function connected with any anti-Nazi movement. You're blacklisted!"

"Conrad!"

For a moment his hardness wavered.

"Kit—Kit, my dearest child—there's no help for it. You're under deep suspicion." Then his voice resumed its dispassionate tone. "We have every right to suspect you. This disintegration we have seen too many times before."

"Disintegration?" Kit accented the word indignantly.

He looked at her with clouded eyes, but his voice was firm.

"Yes, Kit, that's the word I used. It's not too harsh. Sometimes our people get tired and make mistakes—serious mistakes. But that's not mere chance, you know. The human mind works in a very devious way. It sometimes does the thing it most fears because deep down it really wants to."

Kit felt her face getting hot. "You don't think that I—" she protested.

"I have no way of knowing," Conrad answered in a tight, forced voice. "And I can take no chances! We are forced to play it this way because we can take no chances with weak elements."

"But, Conrad, you can't really suspect me! You know me too well. I acted stupidly, I admit, but no more than that."

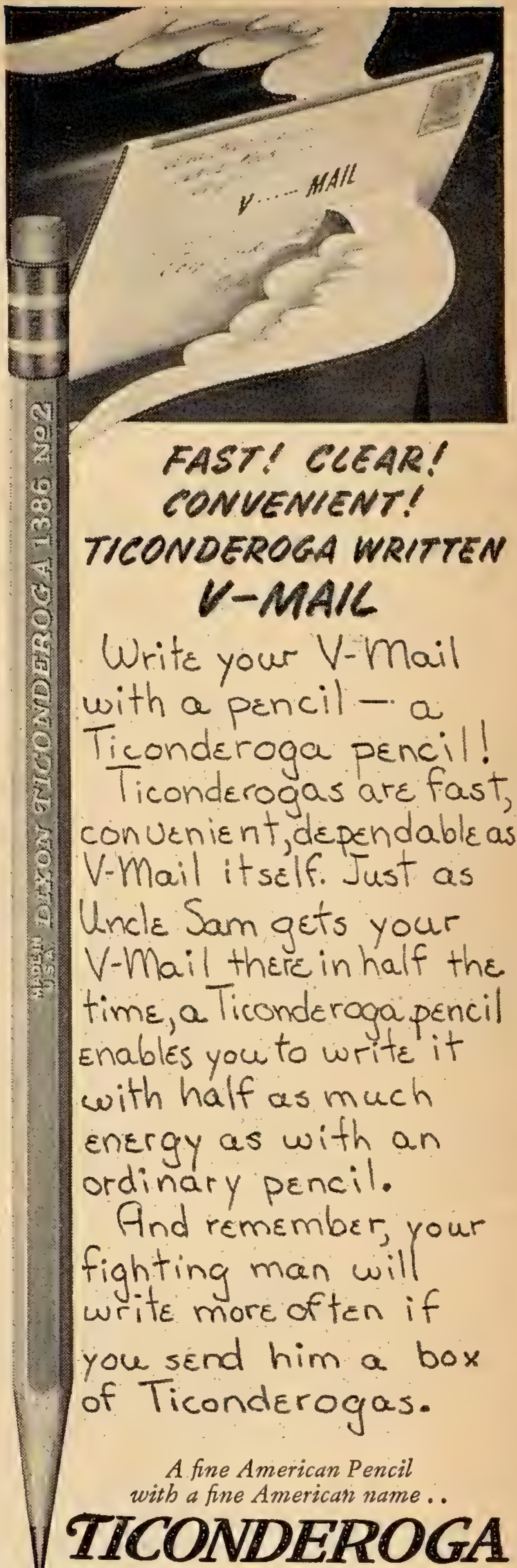
"No more?" Kreutzer's voice was politely inquiring. "No more than the loss of Anna Mahler? Do you think stupidity is any excuse? The fact that you called her shows a deplorable lack of inner discipline. In whatever we do, we have to realize that we are working with millions of others."

Listening to him and watching his tortured strong face, Kit saw that she no longer knew Conrad Kreutzer. He had developed into another personality entirely. This was an altogether different man. This new hardness, this cold self-discipline, this selfless concern for the fate of his country was not merely another side of his character; it *was* his character now. They were speaking to each other in the present circumstances, but reacting with the emotions of their old characters. This, Kit saw, was a concession on Conrad's part. A sense of deep respect and fear came over her. What Conrad was saying, she deserved; and no matter how he might state the case now, he would be implacable in action—far more implacable than Paul ever could be.

"THERE are many times," he was saying, "when each of us individually may be able to do something to save our own necks; but it will always, directly or indirectly, be at the cost of many others. And that's inexcusable." He broke off with a sudden gesture as he suppressed the sentimentality that made him soften toward her. "Why should I go through this with you? You know it all; you've even explained it to others."

His voice stopped for a moment.

Kit buried her face in her hands. This was no time to break down. Her nerves were in shreds, but it would only damage her case to go



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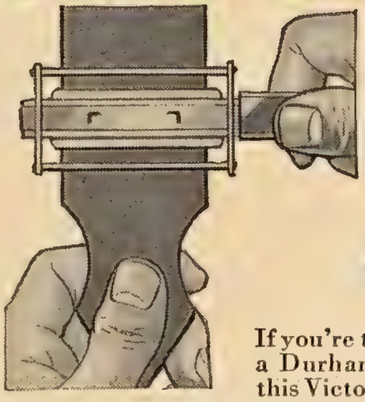

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to pieces. Tears of repentance would never move Conrad now. He would sympathize only with tears of pain endured in action.

When she raised her head, her eyes were dry and the hard lump in her throat was dissolving.

"Listen to me," she said, and she was whispering. "Conrad, please—"

He watched her heavily, not moving a muscle.

"There's no appeal," he said at last. He shook his head. "You knew better, and yet you did it. You're through, and that's all!"

He got up with unexpected lightness and left. He did not look back. Kit could see that it was an effort from the awkward movements he made to avoid the necessity. The heavy door closed behind him, but the sound was absorbed in the music.

Now, finally, she had cut the last thread that tied her to the underground; and the work in the underground was all that tied her to her homeland, her former life.

She suddenly remembered Paul's threat, "If you can't be a Czech, you'd be more use to us dead!" Which was true. And Kit realized exactly what would happen to her if Paul ever found out that she had been blacklisted by her own people.

With a sudden gesture she snapped off the phonograph. The silence was abrupt and complete in the soundproof room. Kit rose and left. The girl at the counter was waiting for her with a smile which faded almost immediately; then she avoided Kit's gaze.

THIS is discipline, Kit thought. She had known this girl for three years, but something in Kit's expression told the girl that now there was to be a new relationship. Although she was probably dying of curiosity, no questions were asked.

Kit walked out without a word. The streets now were dark and deserted. Huge loft buildings stood like cliff walls along a narrow pass. From somewhere she heard the nervous bark of a horn, and then there was quiet.

She returned to the museum to finish her work, she told herself. Actually, there was no place else to go. The solitude of her own room was unbearable now. She couldn't think clearly. She wouldn't begin to think for a day or so, when the enormity of her position would add up to reality.

The museum was the best place. Work was an anodyne. The huge building seemed empty except for an occasional guard. The long corridors were dimly lit by a few lamps throwing everything out of perspective. The suits of armor looked ten times larger, and their rigid positions became furtive men trying to shrink out of sight by fading into the shadows. Her heels clicked on the marble floor like the clattering of bones, and the small sound was nothing in the gloomy vastness.

Kit walked on to her office and snapped on the light. It was too high to do any more than illuminate the ceiling. The desk lamp was better. She worked a few minutes, and, in her hypersensitivity, found the room too close. She opened the door to the exhibit, and the window, but the warm air was still. There was another door beside her desk which opened on a back staircase. A slow draft from somewhere moved the air sluggishly and that was all.

She went back to her work, but the soft sound of leisurely footsteps walked into her consciousness. It was a man, and he was coming toward her room. Kit leaned back in her swivel chair, glad for the spring's squeal. She didn't want to be surprised and she didn't want to surprise any one else.

The footsteps came still closer, and then Dan Shay was in the doorway. He had a topcoat over his arm, a soft felt hat in his hand.

"I saw you come in," he said, looking at her steadily. "And I decided I'd drop in on my way out."

"That was nice."

"Yes!" He mimicked her politeness with the grave inflection of his voice. "I wanted to talk to you about what I said earlier this evening—when you were on your way out just before dinner."

He stood awkwardly in the doorway, staring at the ribbon of his hat and fingering the bow.

"Perhaps I misunderstood Paul, that's all." Dan shoved his hat behind him with a sudden gesture, and then met her eyes. His face was dark in the shadowed light. "I hate the idea of pushing in on you," he said with terrible vehemence. "I don't want to do it, but I just can't understand your attitude; that's all. We used to be friends, and now—"

His voice trailed off and there was a tight moment of silence.

"You said that perhaps you had misunderstood Paul."

"Well, obviously I did. I suppose I was looking for something that just wasn't there."

"But what did Paul say?" Kit insisted. The tone of suppressed urgency caught and puzzled him, but he hesitated.

"I don't know exactly. It might sound silly, since I didn't get it straight."

"What did you *think* he said?"

"WELL—" He was playing with his hat again. "He told me that you were upset by my attitude toward you. You were hurt by it. You weren't sure what was on my mind, but that if I were to come down and see you right then and there, we could straighten out everything."

"Paul said that?"

"Yes." He frowned. "You sound as though it were something you'd never heard before."

Kit rose and walked a step toward him.

"Tell me," she said. "When did he say this?"

"Just before I came down. It must have been around five. Why?"

She began to laugh helplessly, but it was more like a sob. Kit went back to her chair, almost falling into it, and hid her face in her hands, sobbing and laughing.

"I'm so stupid!" she sighed, and went off into racking sobs that shook her like a fit of coughing.

Dan stood immobile in helpless alarm. He made short random gestures, but finished none of them.

"Kit!" he said. "Kit, listen to me!"

Finally she controlled herself, and motioned for him to sit down.

"Dan, what would you think if some one said he suspected you of being a Nazi?"

Dan's face puckered incredulously. "Me? Some one suspected *me?*"

Kit nodded.

"But—but why? I'm an American," he said, as though that explained everything. He shook his head. "How could I be a Nazi?"

"There are Americans who are Nazis," Kit pointed out.

He dismissed them impatiently. "Of course there are. Crackpots. I've met some myself. But—"

"But what?"

"But you said *me!* Isn't that too stupid?"

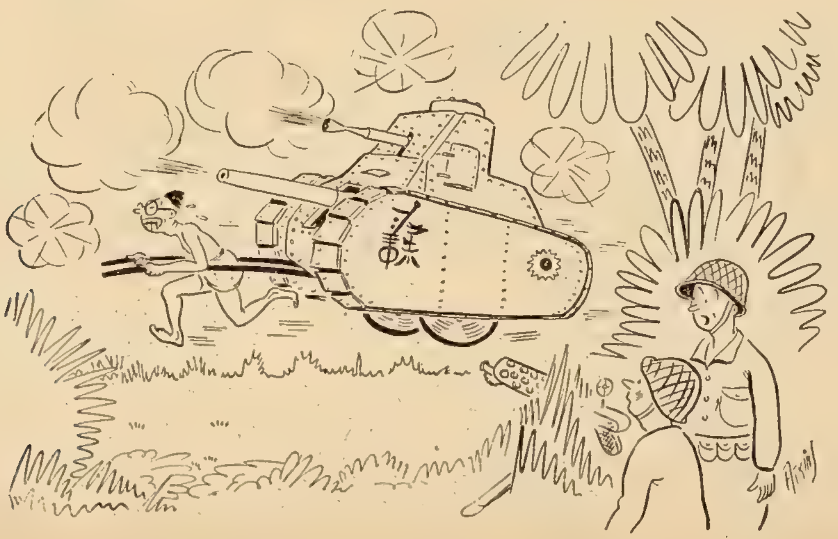
She nodded slowly. "I said that myself."

"But who'd you say it to? Who thought I was a Nazi?"

"*I* did," Kit replied dryly.

He sat opposite her with his mouth open. He tried to say something, but couldn't.

"Because of Mikkelson," Kit ex-



"I had no idea they were that short of gas."

plained. "You worked so closely with him in Copenhagen, and admired him. You said so yourself."

"Well, I do! I think he's a fine chemist. But what has that got to do with my being a Nazi?"

"But don't you see? Mikkelson's being a Nazi, one of the most important in Denmark, is much more important than his being a chemist."

Dan shook his head.

"He may be a more talented traitor than he is a chemist, but he's still a good chemist," he insisted stubbornly, and then he grinned. "That makes him a whale of a Nazi, doesn't it?"

His entire expression was lighter now. "Is that what Paul meant before?" he asked.

"No!" Kit said. "Paul didn't mean anything like that. I didn't even speak to Paul about anything like that. Paul had his own little plans."

"I thought you liked him," Dan said slowly. "As a matter of fact, I thought you were very fond of him."

"What makes you think I'm not?" Kit asked.

He looked up in surprise. "Your tone of voice."

"What did you think was the reason you found me being a nursemaid instead of doing what I'm supposed to do?" she asked quietly.

His eyes were sharp. "At first I thought it rather odd; but then, after I left you, it dawned on me that you might be hiding from something. I never asked questions, because if it were important for me to know you would have told me."

Kit glanced at him suddenly. This, too, was discipline, she thought. The strength not to ask questions out of idle curiosity when the answers might be more important than appears superficially.

"Getting back to Paul," Kit said—"do you know anything about his politics?"

"His politics?" Dan shrugged. "He's English, and I can't tell one English party from another."

"Paul's a Nazi, Dan," Kit said simply. "He's more than a mere sympathizer; he's an active worker for the Gestapo."

Dan's eyes had an odd expression.

* * *

Music-word quiz: Do you know what a hemidemisemiquaver is? It's a sixty-fourth note, and it's probably over before you can begin to say it.

And there's a longer name for a shorter note. It's semihemidemisemiquaver, and it's . . . of course! A one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth note. We give up too.

* * *

Kit saw shock, incredulity, and mistrust.

"The way I was supposed to be?" he asked.

"No," Kit said; "not that way. This is the way he *says* he is."

"He told you?"

Kit nodded. He looked away for a moment, and then turned back.

"But isn't that odd? To *tell* you—"

"Well, it wasn't gratuitous information. He knows something about me, and he wanted to use it so that I would have to do something for him. But in the process he was forced to declare himself."

Dan listened, and said nothing. Kit admired his canniness. He obviously didn't believe all she had said, but, on the other hand, his affection for her tended to convince him. So that he wouldn't commit himself either way, he kept quiet and waited for something else to be said to resolve his doubts. It was an awkward moment. For Kit to say much more would reveal everything to him, and to do that before she had his sympathy and assistance would be the height of stupidity.

The telephone rang sharply in the silence, and Kit answered it.

"Hello."

"This is Paul. I'm up in my office and I saw your light down there. I wanted to know if it were you or the cleaning lady."

"Why?" she asked.

He laughed. "Then I won't have to make a special trip in tomorrow to talk to you. We can settle it tonight. It's silly to let your talents go to waste. I'll be down in a minute."

His receiver clicked in her ear, and she felt a little sick. She turned to Dan.

"You don't believe me, do you?"

"It sounds fantastic; you must admit that."

"I don't know. It would have at one time, but these things have come to seem almost a matter of course."

"Oh, I've heard of such things," he admitted slowly. "But Paul? It's laying it on a bit thick."

"THEN I'll convince you," Kit replied. "Paul just called me, and he's on his way down here. I want you to stand behind that door in the stair well, so you can listen. I'm sure you'll be convinced."

He glanced at the doorway, displeasure very marked on his face. He had the usual inhibitions about eavesdropping, and he seemed to resent the position. "Well, if it comes to that!"

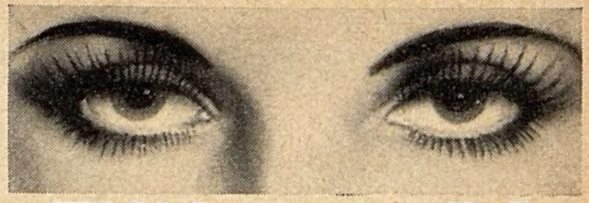
"Dan, listen to me," she said swiftly. "You said before you wanted to be friends with me. I need a friend now more than I need anything in the world. I'm completely alone, and helpless. I don't know where to turn. Please—please do it for me."

He stood up, and his long face was extremely grave and mature.

"O. K., Kit." He touched her arm reassuringly and stepped outside, closing the door after him without a sound.

Is Kit right in trusting Dan? Will he help her when he finds out what Paul really is? Desperately, Kit hopes so. But will he turn away if he discovers that Kit is a murderer? Follow the story next week.

EYES TIRED?



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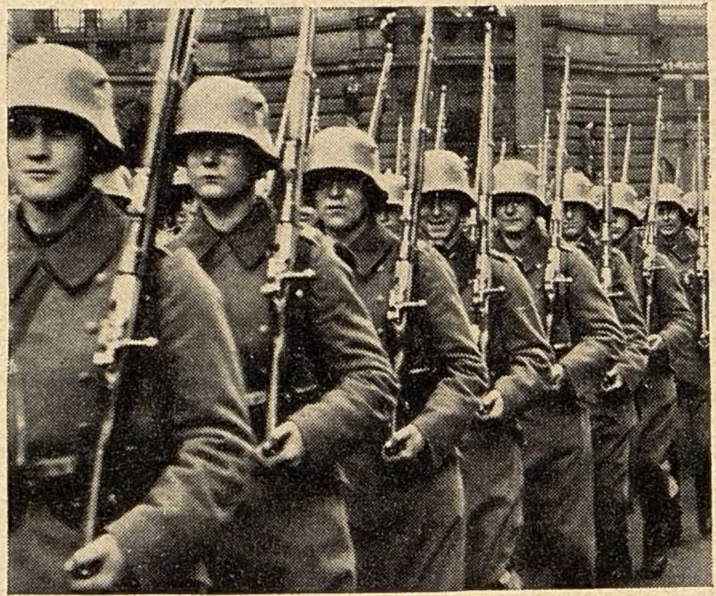
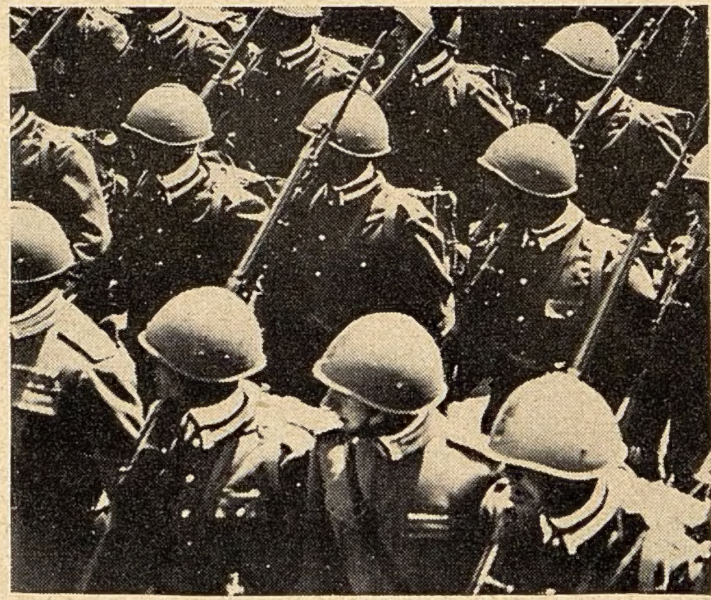
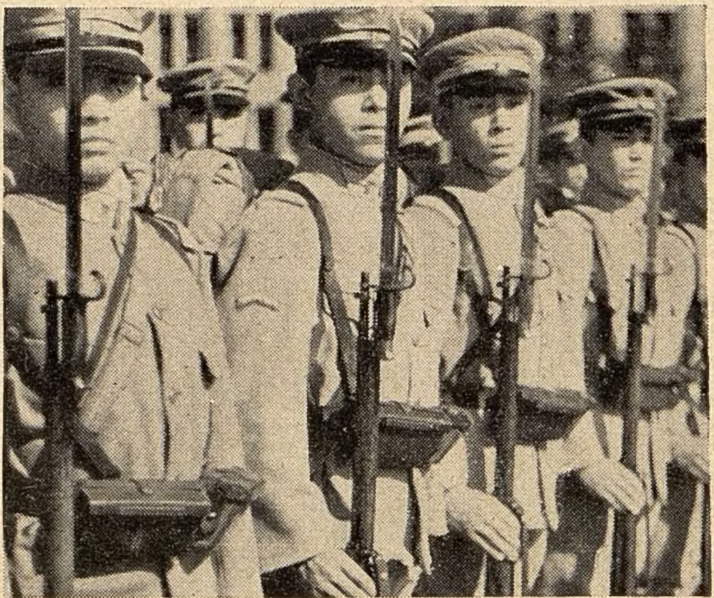


GERMANY



ITALY



JAPAN

THE new American soldier goes into battle not only well trained and equipped but with a clearer and more complete understanding of why he fights than any soldier in history. The public, too, is now being given a chance to understand the war by the same method used to show the fighting men what it's all about.

The Special Service Division of the Army has what it calls an "orientation" course which is given to all recruits. It is designed to acquaint them with the underlying causes of the war and how it came to pass. Earlier, the boys were herded into meeting halls and given a series of lectures by officers.

These were successful enough, but now the army has called upon the most dramatic and effective mode of education ever devised to make this orientation course not only effective but tense, gripping, and interesting to a degree which must be seen to be believed. It's being done now with motion pictures.

In co-operation with the Signal Corps and under the supervision of ex-Hollywood professionals, notably Lieutenant Colonel Frank Capra and Major Anatole Litvak, the Special Service Division has produced a series of seven films. The first of these is called Prelude to War. It begins with the actual start of the conflict, which, as we now know, was way back in 1931 when Japan invaded Manchuria. Step by step it goes through the growth of militarism, the rise of dictators to power, the Ethiopian campaign, and the entire sequence of events which led up to the conflict. It does not neglect the appeasement phase of the shortcomings of ourselves and our allies.

This true drama of history grips the spectator as nothing out of Hollywood ever did. Furthermore, it is not what is commonly called propaganda. It is all true, and you know it is true as you look at it. It could be shown in any of the Axis nations to their own soldiers after they have been defeated, and would do more to "re-educate" the people of those countries than almost anything else that could be devised.

So important are these films and so successful have they been in camps, that the army decided to release the first one, Prelude to War, to the general public. It is being distributed to the theaters of the nation right now by the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry. It is a *must* on anybody's movie list. Not only does it give you a more comprehensive grasp of what the war is all about, but it is thrilling in the extreme. Don't miss it.

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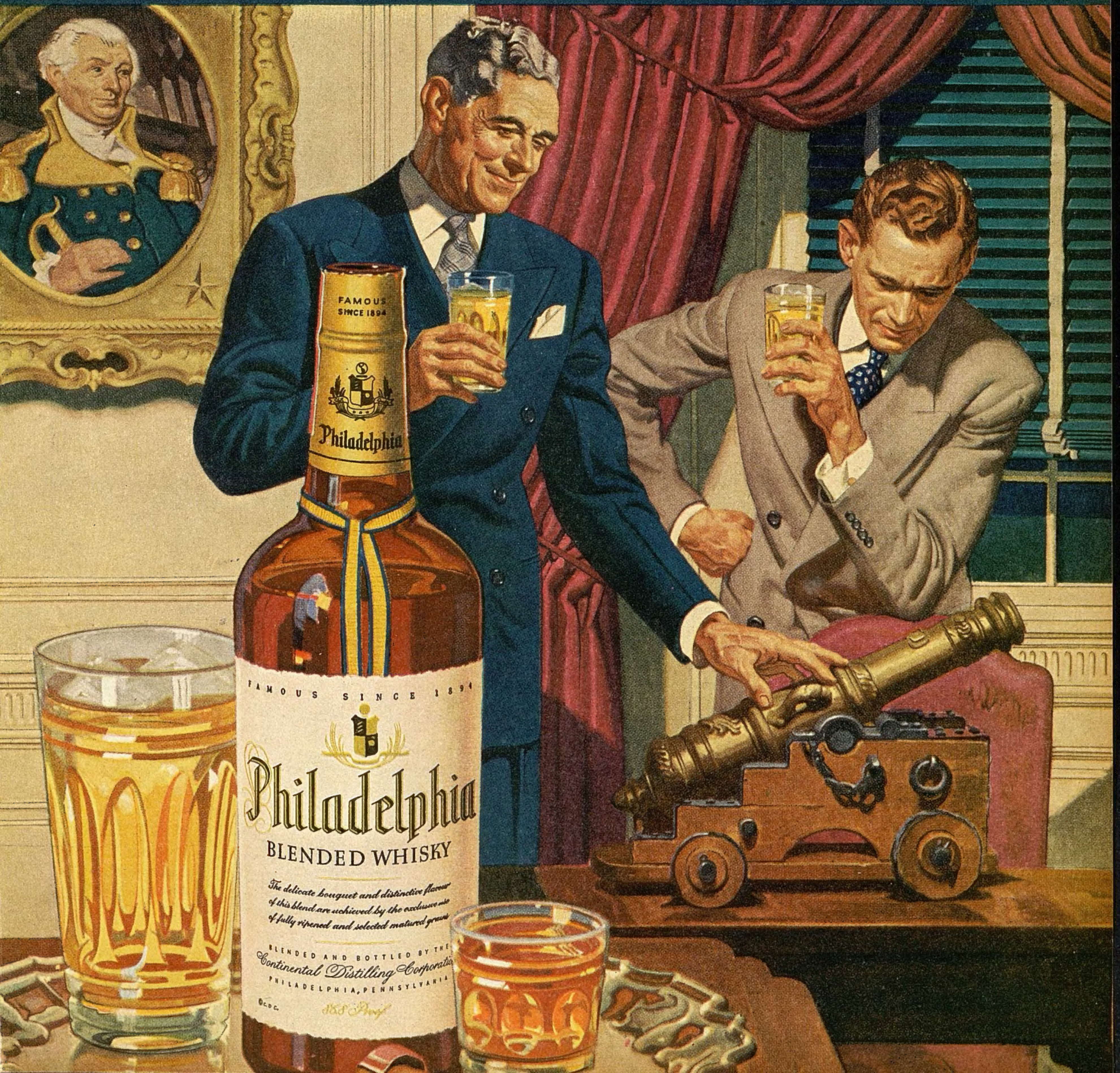
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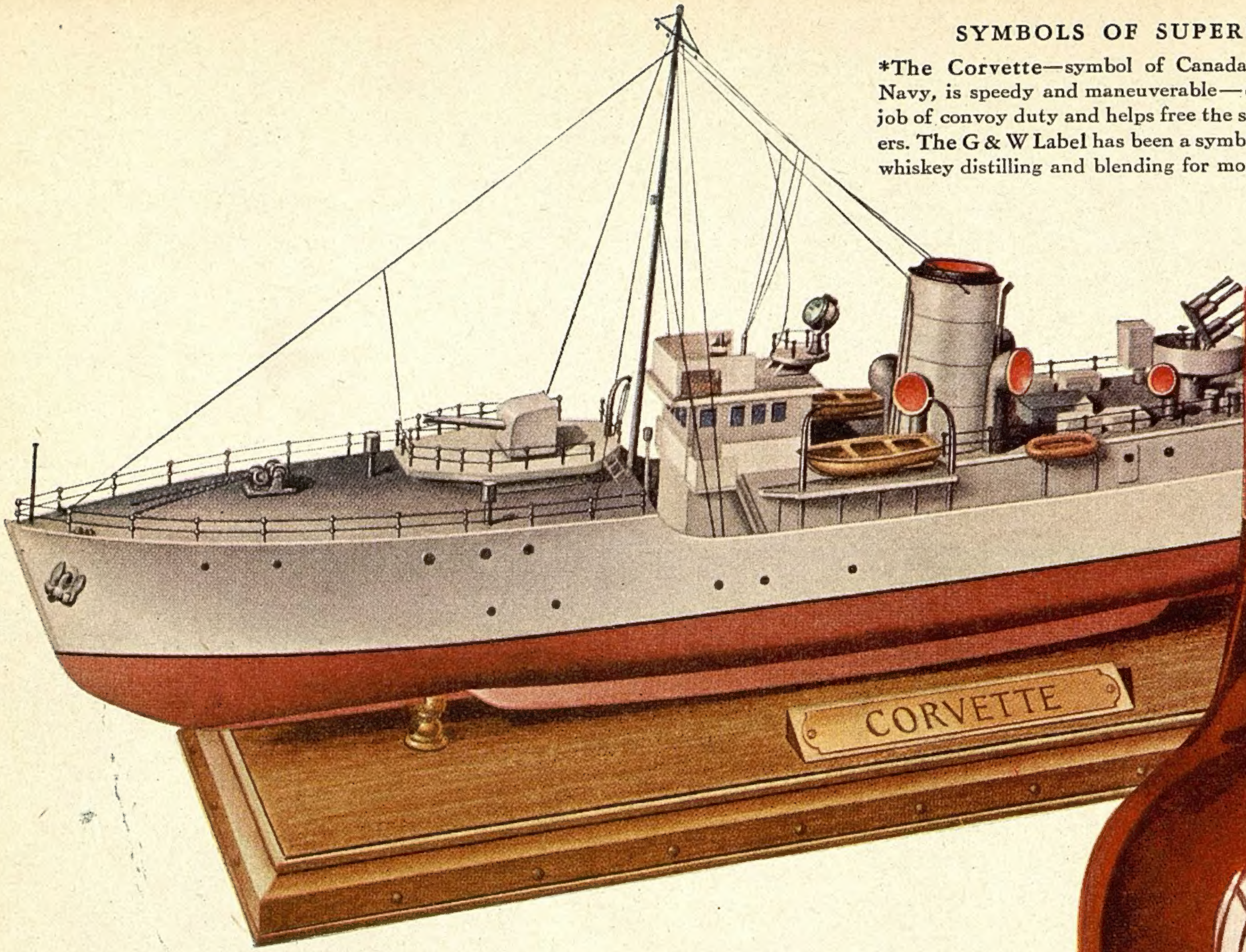

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